CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION
WEBSTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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University of California.

GIFT OF

Webster Historical Society

Oct. 1854.

Daniel Webster.

From a Daguerrotype taken at Franklin, N.H., July, 1852, and presented to Stephen M. Allen by Mr. Webster.
(The last picture from life ever taken of Mr. Webster.)

THE

WEBSTER CENTENNIAL.

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

WEBSTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY

AT

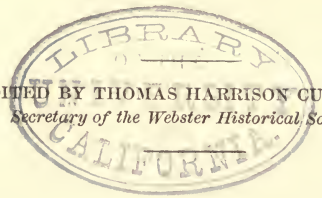
MARSHFIELD, MASS., OCTOBER 12, 1882.

WITH

AN ACCOUNT OF OTHER CELEBRATIONS ON THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

BIRTH OF DANIEL WEBSTER.



EDITED BY THOMAS HARRISON CUMMINGS,
Secretary of the Webster Historical Society.

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PREFACE.

THIRTY years have now elapsed since the death of the great Webster fell like a deep shadow across the path of our country's progress. And though his loss fell with peculiar emphasis upon the people of Massachusetts, it was also keenly and profoundly felt throughout the length and breadth of the land. That his death was indeed a national loss, was abundantly shown by the expressions of grief that followed him to the tomb. No man since the days of Washington called forth so many and such eloquent tributes of respect and veneration.

But the year of our Lord 1882, besides marking the thirtieth anniversary of the nation's mourning, likewise brings to mind the centennial anniversary of Daniel Webster's birth. And verily did the shade of the great statesman seem to be born again this year. His spirit seemed to traverse the land and flood it with an old-time eloquence which only the memory of a Webster could inspire. There is a long succession of eulogies and panegyrics, beginning with the proceedings at Chicago and the Webster centennial dinner at Boston, January 18, 1882. Subsequently came the meeting at the Revere House, Boston, January 25, 1882, followed by the anniversary observances at Dartmouth College, June 29, 1882. Finally came the Webster Historical Society with their celebration at Marshfield, October 12, and the pilgrimage to Salisbury, N.H., October 23, 1882. Most of these celebrations have been published separately, and bear ample testimony to the deep hold which the personality of Webster still has upon the affections of the American people. The present volume is published by the Webster Historical Society, and is specially designed to embody, in a permanent form, the testimonials of respect to Webster's memory called forth by their celebration at Marshfield. It was supposed

that such a volume might not be without its value to the friends of the Society, and not without some interest to the country at large. The fact that the President of the United States, Chester A. Arthur, himself a member of the Webster Historical Society, aided the celebration by his presence, gave a national importance to this event. Considerable space has therefore been given to the reception of the President by the State and city authorities on the day preceding the Marshfield celebration, for the reason that the events were so interwoven as to make both days appear one continued effort of commemoration. The value of the work as a memorial of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Daniel Webster has been enhanced by the addition of an account of the proceedings of the Marshfield Club at the Parker House, January 18, and of the Dartmouth Alumni at the Revere House, January 25. This book is likewise designed to set forth more fully the purposes and aims of the Society itself, and will be the initiatory volume of a series of publications to be issued annually by the Society. The first chapter, on "American Statesmanship, its Relation to the Purposes and Aims of the Webster Historical Society," is from the pen of Hon. Stephen M. Allen, the first President of the Society. We are under great obligations to the Boston daily papers, from which we have borrowed freely, and to George E. McNeill, Esq., of Cambridge, for valued services. The task of the present editor has, therefore, been little more than that of mere selection and arrangement.

T. H. C.

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Note. — We are indebted to Mr. A. N. Hardy, of Boston, for the two excellent photographic pictures, The Presidential Party at the Webster Mansion, and Reception of the President and Guests by Mrs. Fletcher Webster; to Mr. J. H. Williams, of South Scituate, for the picture of The Home of Webster; and to Hon. Stephen M. Allen for the photo-engraving of the last picture ever taken of Mr. Webster.

The Presidential Party at the Webster Mansion.

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WEBSTER CENTENNIAL AT MARSHFIELD.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE WEBSTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

I.

AMERICAN STATESMANSHIP;

ITS RELATION TO THE PURPOSES AND AIMS OF THE WEBSTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

AT no period in the history of our great Republic was there ever a more pressing need of an elevated statesmanship in national and State legislation, than at the present time. Fifty millions of people are waiting to be practically taught the arts of national union, domestic prosperity, and that political faith which the free institutions and resources of this country would naturally warrant. That these free institutions are inestimable benefits, and that these resources are almost unbounded, no one can deny. They afford every comfort and even luxury which any civilized people could reasonably desire. They furnish the nation's mind with subjects that quicken its thought and discussion. They can secure to all the highest growth in education and culture consistent with the prosperity of the country itself. Such advantages place the American people above any other nationality on the face of the globe. And this it was that led Webster to say on Bunker Hill, in one of his most glorious bursts of eloquence, "That motionless shaft will be the most powerful of speakers. Its speech will be of civil and religious liberty. It will speak of patriotism and of courage. It will speak of the moral improvement of mankind. Decrepit age will lean against its base, and ingenuous youth

will gather round it, speak to each other of the glorious events with which it is connected, and exclaim, Thank God! I also am an American." So should we say, Thank God that we are Americans! Thank God that we live in a free country, where free institutions prevail to awaken and keep alive the faculties of the people; where every man, by his share in the government, is called upon to cherish a public spirit, and to have a regard for the general welfare of his country; where knowledge must prevail, and where liberty and union are the only basis on which our system can exist. With such benefits, therefore, and such interests to care for, it behooves us to learn what means are best adapted for perpetuating this Union which Providence has so wonderfully vouchsafed us. Of that Union, it is no exaggeration to say, that Daniel Webster's influence is one of the highest and most controlling forces. It is the purpose of this Society, therefore, first and foremost of all, to transmit this influence as a sacred legacy to future generations, unsullied and unbroken; reverently to gather up the works of the great statesman, his written and spoken words alike, that his integrity may be preserved, and his memory kept alive in the hearts of the American people. Finally, to study his relations with the life of the country, that a better appreciation may be brought about of his far-reaching work as a statesman.

Chancellor Kent said at a public dinner in New York given to Webster in 1831, just after his famous reply to Hayne, "Socrates was said to have drawn philosophy down from the skies and scattered it among the schools. It may be said with equal truth that constitutional law, by means of these senatorial discussions and the master genius that guided them, was rescued from the archives of our tribunals and the libraries of our lawyers, and placed under the eye and submitted to the judgment of the American people. Their verdict is with us, and from it there lies no appeal."

In looking back now and examining this work with a critical and careful eye, it is not difficult to see that Webster borrowed freely from the principles of those statesmen who preceded him in the management of our public affairs. His acquaintance with the history of the governments of the world, with the constitution and the writings of its earlier founders, with the laws, history and interests of the country itself, had served to establish him in those eternal principles by which particular measures are effected.

Now it needs no great prescience to determine that the highest principles of statesmanship which the fathers of the country taught, are more needed at the present time than when they moved and spoke. Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Hamilton, Webster, Clay, Calhoun and Jackson, never taught national principles in their day that are not as much and even more necessary in our own. Then, the issues giving rise to these questions were vivid before their minds, *without the ocular proof*, while to-day we have them before our eyes, and can make the application without any doubt as to the ultimate results. Our politics, descending as it often does to the grossest forms of selfishness, partakes more of the nature of passion than of principle. It includes many different classes of men who are constantly perverting the right uses of government, and arrogating to themselves things and principles peculiar to their own selfish notions, from the strait-jacketed religious sectarian with his dogmatic opinions, to the inebriated free-thinker who can see no virtue in a Christian life except through his own libertinage, and the rendering of all law, both human and divine, to suit his own special beliefs. Again, there is the monopolist and the usury class. The former would control all honest effort or gain for his own selfish purposes, to the exclusion of all legitimate business. The latter would carry himself according to law, take the pound of flesh and rob the poor man of his last

dollar, if the bond but permitted. Again, there is the speculative class, who will not labor in any profession, but deliberately plan out a life — and far as possible live it — of sponging the community out of what they can get, regardless of the consequences. Not the least dangerous of all these is the class not confined to any particular party, who would barter all principle and the country's good for personal preferment, and are determined to live at the expense of the government at all hazards. Such men are the pests of society and of all good government, and need to be watched more closely than any other class of our citizens. It is a melancholy fact that they are not confined to ward politicians alone, but rise sometimes to the higher positions of our political society. It is, therefore, the purpose of this Society not only to perpetuate the name and influence of Webster, but to awaken, if possible, in the minds of the young an increasing interest in the principles of government taught by the fathers of the Republic, and repeatedly enunciated in each succeeding decade of our history by the distinguished statesmen of the different political parties. The work of the present must be to bring together a majority to remedy these evils, and maintain a pure and righteous government, and to strive to educate the minority to appreciate and support it with their hearty co-operation.

A government protecting all in their religious, political, economic and social rights, encouraging all, upholding all and fostering all alike, — this was what Webster sought to build up; this was the aim of his whole life and the keynote to his whole existence. And herein lies the innate power of the Webster Historical Society. It should seek to study and propagate national, unpartisan principles, and the importance of this study cannot be too highly valued or too faithfully prosecuted. "It is the moral character of his public conduct," says the scholarly Curtis, "the unselfish and

unsectional scope of his patriotism, the grandeur of his views, which could take in the welfare of a great country and stretch beyond the narrow limits of local interests and sectional feelings, . . . these are the traits in Mr. Webster's public character about which the men of the present day are most concerned. Teach them, I pray you, by precept and by example, that what is now needed for the welfare and happiness of this people is to imitate his regard for the rights, the feelings and the interests of all sections, and to love with equal affection all who bear the name of Americans and who honor the flag of the Union as the symbol of their country."

This idea regarding the real character of Webster's abiding influence for the cause of the Union is unquestionably the only true one. And with all his power and greatness Daniel Webster well knew just what the nature of his surviving influence would be. As long ago as 1850, in an interview which the writer had with him, he expressed the same idea, and then it was we got the first inspirations for the establishment of this Society. This fundamental idea of transmitting his mighty influence as defender of the Union furnished the ground-work of our plan. But it was not from this alone — it was from Webster's own acts — that we got our earliest encouragement.

In 1848, at a meeting held in Louisville, Ky., with some private friends, a question of establishing lyceums for young men and assisting them in the study of the history of their country came up for discussion. There were present Judge Huntington, of Indiana, Hamilton Smith, of Kentucky, and others. Subsequently a similar meeting was held at the house of Thomas Buchanan Read, of Cincinnati. I was requested by the first-named gentlemen to speak to Mr. Webster about furnishing his own speeches to help along the cause of political education. I wrote him on the subject in 1850, and he sent me at Boston a boxful of speeches in pam-

phlet form, and soon came in person to my office to help make a selection. Five hundred of these speeches were distributed by me in the West. This was the beginning. The political animosities preceding and the concentration of energy during the war, rendered it impossible to continue the work or to organize a society of this sort, even with the help of Fletcher Webster. It was not until the death of Peter Harvey, and the appearance of his volume, that the other friends of Mr. Webster found it practicable to organize a permanent body.

There was then a renewed disposition to recognize and discharge the long-standing debt of justice and gratitude which the country owed to the memory of Daniel Webster. On January 18, 1878, the first regular meeting was held, and the organization of the Webster Historical Society was permanently effected. Its subsequent history may be found among its records and in the books of the Society. With its present membership of six hundred names, including the most distinguished men of the country at large, it has a sufficient guarantee for its future existence and a wide career of usefulness in the field it has chosen.

II.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE WEBSTER CENTENNIAL.

THE Society having determined to hold a centennial celebration at Marshfield, in memory of the great statesman, and the State and city authorities having cordially entered into their plans for the demonstration, the press of the country at once took up and greatly popularized the object, and, from the beginning, forwarded with great liberality the views and purposes of the Society. Invitations were extended to the President of the United States and his Cabinet, and other distinguished statesmen throughout the country, to attend as guests of the Society. The Governors of the several New England States with their military staffs were invited, as were also many distinguished literary and scientific gentlemen, who cordially responded to the invitations. The twelfth day of October was selected as the day for the meeting at Marshfield. The merchants of Boston provided liberal contributions for paying the expenses. The ancient and Honorable Artillery Company kindly accepted the invitation of the Society to do full escort duty on the occasion, both in Boston and at Marshfield, and the Old Colony Railroad Company at once tendered cars for the President and invited guests free of charge. The following Committees were appointed to make arrangements for the Celebration : —

General Arrangements. — Stephen M. Allen, F. O. Prince, Albert Palmer, W. W. Clapp, R. M. Pulsifer, George E. McNeill.

Finance. — Stillman B. Allen, E. S. Tobey, W. B. Wood, Roland Worthington, Peter Butler.

Invitations and Receptions. — Oliver Ames, E. S. Tobey, George C. Richardson, Roland Worthington, G. Washington Warren.

Arrangements for Tents, &c., at Marshfield. — R. M. Yale, Henry W. Nelson, Edwin Adams, Frank B. Devereaux.

PRINTING. — John H. Butler, F. M. Boutwell, T. H. Cummings, Addison C. Getchell.

ENTERTAINMENTS AT MARSHFIELD. — John H. Butler, Frank B. Devereaux, Stephen M. Allen.

TRANSPORTATION. — Edward F. Thayer, Jas. R. Kendrick, Francis M. Boutwell.

STAFF OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY. — Horace G. Allen, Frank B. Devereaux, Thomas Nelson, Thomas Aspinwall, Charles A. Prince, Thos. S. Lockwood, Wm. J. Wright, E. S. Tobey, Jr., John H. Butler, E. W. Hall.

The Committees were assisted in their work by the officers of the Society and members of the Executive Committee, who were as follows : —

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY. — Stephen M. Allen, President; Francis M. Boutwell, Treasurer; Thomas H. Cummings, Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. — Albert Palmer, Stillman B. Allen, Henry W. Nelson, Wm. H. S. Jordan, Theo. H. Bell, John D. Long, A. E. Pillsbury.

The following Programme was arranged for the day's proceedings : —

PROGRAMME AT THE TOMB.

Dirge. — By Boston City Band.
Original Hymn. — Air, "Zion." (An old favorite of Mr. Webster.)
Prayer. — Rev. Ebenezer Alden, D.D.
Address. — By Hon. Stephen M. Allen.
Poem. — By W. C. Wilkinson.
Singing of Selections from Longfellow's "Psalm of Life."

PROGRAMME IN THE TENT.

Dinner.
Announcement of Officers of the Society.
Address of His Excellency the Governor, John D. Long.
Response. — By the President, Chester A. Arthur.
Reading of Unpublished Manuscript. — By Stillman B. Allen.
"The United States Senate." — Hon. Henry L. Dawes.
"The New England States." — Hon. Chas. H. Bell, Governor of New Hampshire.
"The City of Boston." — Hon. Samuel A. Green, Mayor of Boston.
"Marshfield." — Rev. Ebenezer Alden.
"Dartmouth College." — President S. C. Bartlett.
"Harvard College." — Hon. Geo. B. Loring.

"N.E. Historic, Genealogical Society." — Hon. Marshall P. Wilder.

"Pilgrim Society." — Hon. Thomas Russell.

"The Relation of Statesmanship to Commerce." — Hon. Alexander H. Rice.

Concluding Address. — Hon. Geo. S. Boutwell.

Letters from Distinguished Men.

Resolutions of Thanks, introduced by Secretary T. H. Cummings.

III.

THE STATE AND BOSTON RECEPTION.

THE fact that the President of the United States was to be the guest of the Webster Historical Society on October 12, led the State authorities and the city government of Boston to extend an invitation to the President requesting him to accept a reception at their hands.

The President, being unable to extend his proposed visit, consented to anticipate it by one day. A joint programme was arranged, consisting of a grand review of the entire State militia, a procession, a reception at Faneuil Hall, a drive in the suburbs, a dinner and reception at the Brunswick Hotel. In accordance with this plan the Presidential party left New York at 5.15 P.M. October 10, via the Fall River Line, steamer "Old Colony."

The Presidential party consisted of—

Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States.
Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, Secretary of War.
Hon. W. E. Chandler, Secretary of the Navy.
First Assistant Postmaster General Hatton.
Hon. Daniel G. Rollins, Surrogate of New York.
C. E. Miller, Esq., of New York.
W. M. Cooper, Esq., of New York.
Hon. Stephen M. Allen, of Boston, President of the Webster Historical Society.
T. H. Cummings, Esq., Secretary of the Webster Historical Society.
Hon. C. F. Choate, President of the Old Colony Railroad and Steamboat Companies.
Cornelius N. Bliss, Esq., of Bliss, Fabyan & Co., New York, Director of the Old Colony Railroad Company.
Chester A. Arthur, Jr.
Fred T. Phillips, Esq., Private Secretary to the President.

As the steamer left the pier the crowd gave three hearty cheers, and when rounding the Battery and headed up East

river, she was saluted by the whistles of all the steamers near by, and every craft in the harbor dipped her colors.

The night on the Sound was a perfect one, with a clear sky and a light northwest breeze, and the President appeared to take the utmost enjoyment in the trip. A portion of the time was spent in the wheel-house, where the genial captain, Baylis Davis, the commander of the "Old Colony," entertained him with pointing out the objects of interest, or the relation of a few of the many incidents which have occurred to him in his long service with the Company.

At 8 o'clock dinner was served in the forward dining saloon, which had been arranged for the occasion with bunting in profusion. As the party proceeded to the saloon the passengers lined the way on either side, and stood with heads uncovered during the passage. The table was shut off from the rest of the saloon by a judicious use of flags and bunting, and was ornamented with three handsome baskets of flowers, and was presided over by President Choate of the O. C. R.R. Those who sat at the table were President Arthur, Secretaries Lincoln and Chandler, and Assistant Postmaster General Hatton, Hon. S. M. Allen, President, and T. H. Cummings, Secretary, of the Webster Historical Society, Surrogate Rollins, Director Bliss, C. E. Miller, Esq., C. A. Arthur, Jr., W. M. Cooper, Esq., and Private Secretary Phillips. The dinner was prepared under the direction of Steward George A. Rice, to whom much credit is due for its excellence.

At the dinner there were no formalities, and subsequent to it the conversation became general. After the dinner a concert was given in the main saloon by Gilmore's band.

The steamer reached Fall River at 5.10 A.M. Wednesday, after a smooth passage on the Sound.

After the boat had been docked, the guard of Cadets, under Lieutenant Ticknor, who, with General Berry and Colonels

Fiske and Martin of the Governor's staff, had come down the night before, took breakfast on board.

Just before 8 o'clock General Berry and the accompanying officers were presented to the President, whom they took in charge in the name of the State, and soon after the party sat down to breakfast.

At exactly 8.34 A.M. the train started for Boston, Superintendent Kendrick, of the Old Colony Railroad, taking a seat on the engine.

The train consisted of the engine "Gen. Warren," Engineer S. P. Willis; the sleeping car "Meriden," with the guard of Cadets, a baggage car, No. 21, and the parlor car "Border City," for the President and his party, placed in the rear to afford a view of the road. In the parlor car Conductor C. E. Russell looked after the interests of his guests, and the entire train was in charge of Conductor C. P. Haskins. The Cadets were detailed at the gangway and along the passage to the train, and saluted as the President, leaning on Gen. Berry's arm, passed and entered the car, followed by the other gentlemen of the party. At nearly all of the stations of the road there were few spectators to note its passage, but at Taunton there was quite a demonstration, necessarily brief, however, for the train flashed by like a meteor. Handkerchiefs were fluttered from the windows of trains on side tracks, and laborers, farm hands and mechanics paused at their work to throw a passing glance at the speeding cars. At North Easton the only stop of the trip was made to receive telegraphic orders. At 9.44 the train arrived at the South Boston station.

The Presidential party were received by Gov. Long and Staff, Lieut. Gov. Weston and Mayor Green, and after an informal reception were escorted to their carriages, and under the escort of the Cadets and Lancers proceeded to the Com-

mon, where the entire militia of the State were in process of forming for the grand review.

Gen. Wales, in his capacity as Police Commissioner, had made ample police arrangements, and never before were they so effectually carried out. The Common for a considerable distance to the east and north of the parade ground was roped off, and the line was guarded by one hundred and twenty-five officers, and only those having business were permitted to enter the enclosure. The officers were at their posts at half-past eight precisely, and their duty for the first hour was comparatively easy, as but a few hundred people had assembled; but as the militia began to march upon the Common the hundreds increased to thousands, and when the President arrived there were probably fifty thousand scattered in every part of the Common to which they could gain access.

As the horses of the President's carriage passed over the curbing of the Boylston-street entrance the commanding officer of the battery gave the order "Fire," and three guns alternately belched forth until the Presidential salute had been given. As he passed the right of the line of the Second Brigade, the band gave the "President's March," which was repeated by the bands of the several regiments all along the line until the Second Corps of Cadets was reached, the band of which struck up "Hail to the Chief." The steadiness with which the troops remained in position while the President was passing, and the correct manner in which the officers saluted, could not be excelled by the same number of regular-army troops, and Massachusetts well has reason to be proud of such a fine body of organized and disciplined men. The moment the President and his party reached the left of the Second Brigade the bugler, by direction of Gen. Peach, sounded "Forward," and almost instantly the brigade was in motion, the start being

made at 10.35. The President in a few minutes had reviewed the entire column, and was driven to his place in line between the two brigades, immediately behind the Second Corps of Cadets. As the President was awaiting the movement of the advance column, which was somewhat delayed on Columbus avenue, the crowd gave him quite an enthusiastic reception, which he acknowledged by touching his hat. He also received quite an ovation as he went out of the Boylston-street entrance, and in Park square there were rounds of cheers and waving of hats and handkerchiefs.

The procession was headed by a platoon of mounted police, and then followed the entire militia of the State in the following order : —

SECOND BRIGADE.

Brigadier General, Benjamin F. Peach, Jr.

Staff — Lieutenant Colonel Charles C. Fry, Assistant Adjutant General; Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Kittredge, Medical Director; Major Joseph A. Ingalls, Assistant Inspector General; Captain Charles W. Knapp, Brigade Quartermaster; Captain Ezra J. Trull, Captain A. N. Sampson, Aides-de-Camp; Captain Edward E. Currier, Engineer; Captain Elijah George, Judge Advocate; Captain Aaron A. Hull, Provost Marshal.

NINTH REGIMENT OF INFANTRY, 344 MEN.

Boston City Band, 26 pieces, T. F. Hersey, leader.

Colonel, William M. Strachan.

Staff — Lieutenant Colonel, Lawrence J. Logan; Major, Patrick J. Grady; Major, Frederick B. Bogan; First Lieutenant David McGuire, Adjutant; First Lieutenant Simon S. Rankin, Quartermaster; First Lieutenant Frank P. Scully, Assistant Surgeon.

Company A, Boston — Captain, Patrick C. Reardon; First Lieutenant, D. J. Keefe; Second Lieutenant, John M. Doherty — 43 men.

Company E, Boston — Captain, Lawrence J. Ford; First Lieutenant, Frederick F. Doherty — 40 men.

Company B, South Boston — First Lieutenant, James W. Mahoney; Second Lieutenant, Edmund W. Hagerty — 37 men.

Company C, Boston — Captain, James J. Barry; Second Lieutenant, James H. Nugent — 40 men.

Company F, Lawrence — Captain, Daniel F. Dolan; First Lieutenant, William H. Donovan; Second Lieutenant, Eugene A. McCarthy — 35 men.

Company D, Charlestown — Captain, Matthew J. Callahan; First Lieutenant, E. P. Sullivan; Second Lieutenant, Edward O'Brien — 58 men.

Company G, Charlestown — Second Lieutenant, Michael J. Mitchell — 35 men.

Company H, East Boston — Captain, Charles J. F. Madigan; First Lieutenant, John J. Foley — 34 men.

FIFTH REGIMENT OF INFANTRY, 331 MEN.

Fifth Regiment (South Abington) Band, Wm. Bowles, leader, 25 pieces.

Colonel, William A. Bancroft.

Staff — Lieutenant Colonel, Alonzo L. Richardson; Major, G. Frank Frost; Major, John L. Curtiss; First Lieutenant Richard W. Sutton, Adjutant; First Lieutenant Henry N. Wheeler, Paymaster; Rev. Samuel J. Barrows, Chaplain.

Company D, Boston — Captain, Henry A. Snow; First Lieutenant, George T. Sears; Second Lieutenant, Samuel Porter — 40 men.

Company B, Cambridge — Captain, Thomas C. Henderson; First Lieutenant, Charles H. Cutler; Second Lieutenant, William H. Wilson — 31 men.

Company C, Newton — Captain, Isaac H. Houghton; First Lieutenant, W. E. Glover; Second Lieutenant, George H. Benyon — 37 men.

Company G, Woburn — Captain, Charles W. Converse; First Lieutenant, Charles E. Halliday; Second Lieutenant, Joseph M. Hall — 43 men.

Company H, Charlestown — Captain, J. Henry Brown; First Lieutenant, Everett P. Miers — 34 men.

Company A, Boston — Captain, Leon H. Bateman; First Lieutenant, L. Edgar Timson; Second Lieutenant, George M. Hodgdon — 33 men.

Company F, Waltham — Captain, John E. Glidden; First Lieutenant, Gideon F. Haynes; Second Lieutenant, William H. Holland — 26 men.

Company E, Medford — First Lieutenant, Harry J. Newhall — 30 men.

EIGHTH REGIMENT OF INFANTRY, 509 MEN.

Haverhill Cornet Band, 26 pieces, T. D. Perkins, leader.

Colonel, Charles L. Ayers.

Staff — Lieutenant Colonel, Francis A. Osgood; Major, William N. Tyler; Major, Lawrence N. Duchesney; Major, Clarence M. Sprague; First Lieutenant Oscar C. Lougee, Adjutant; First Lieutenant Fitz W. Perkins, Quartermaster; Major George W. Snow, Surgeon; First Lieutenant F. A. Durgin, Assistant Surgeon; First Lieutenant John G. Warner, Paymaster; Rev. Gilbert C. Osgood, Chaplain.

Company E, Beverly — Captain, Charles L. Dodge; First Lieutenant, Winthrop E. Perry; Second Lieutenant, Lucius H. Perry — 43 men.

Company K, Salem — Captain, James Leonard; First Lieutenant, Almon Allard; Second Lieutenant, Charles H. Marsden — 40 men.

Company G, Gloucester — Captain, Fitz E. Oakes, Jr.; First Lieutenant, Edward G. Winchester; Second Lieutenant, Howard E. Gaffney — 34 men.

Company L, Salem — Captain, George A. Copeland; First Lieutenant, S. M. Eastman; Second Lieutenant, N. F. Barker — 31 men.

Company F, Haverhill — Captain, George H. Hanscom; First Lieutenant, George W. Sargent; Second Lieutenant, Benjamin H. Jellison — 44 men.

Company B, Newburyport — Captain, Charles N. Safford; First Lieutenant, J. Hermann Carver; Second Lieutenant, William D. Sargent — 43 men.

Company A, Newburyport — Captain, J. Albert Mills; First Lieutenant, Charles W. Adams; Second Lieutenant, Elmer E. Towne — 39 men.

Company M, Lawrence — Captain, John I. Gibson; First Lieutenant, William L. Stedman; Second Lieutenant, Edward A. Rogers — 40 men.

Company I, Lynn — Captain, Charles E. Chase; First Lieutenant, James F. Pool; Second Lieutenant, Eben T. Brackett — 42 men.

Company H, Chelsea — Captain, Charles J. Foye; First Lieutenant, Seldon A. Lennan; Second Lieutenant, Amos N. Kincaid — 34 men.

Company D, Lynn — Captain, Harry E. Palmer; First Lieutenant, Horace E. Monroe; Second Lieutenant, T. Dexter Johnson — 42 men.

Company C, Marblehead — Captain, Stuart F. McClearn; First Lieutenant, Edward D. Tutt; Second Lieutenant, John C. Caswell, Jr. — 40 men.

FIRST BATTALION, LIGHT ARTILLERY, 8 PIECES, 169 MEN.

Major, George S. Merrill.

Staff — First Lieutenant James Ingalls, Adjutant; First Lieutenant James McConnell, Quartermaster; Major L. S. Dow, Surgeon; First Lieutenant Albert D. Swan, Paymaster.

Battery A, Boston — Captain, Joseph W. Smith; First Lieutenant, George W. Brooks; First Lieutenant, William Appleton; Second Lieutenant, George B. Cartwright, Jr. — 75 men.

Battery C, Melrose — Captain, Charles O. Boyd; First Lieutenant, James Marshall; First Lieutenant, Thomas B. Stantial; Second Lieutenant, Amos W. Lynde — 81 men.

FIRST BATTALION OF CAVALRY, 294 MEN.

Higgins' Mounted Band, 26 pieces, C. Higgins, leader.

Major, Charles A. Young.

Staff — First Lieutenant James P. Frost, Adjutant; First Lieutenant Sullivan B. Newton, Quartermaster; Major William H. Emery, Surgeon; First Lieutenant H L. Burrell, Assistant Surgeon; First Lieutenant Michael W. Fitzsimmons, Paymaster; Rev. Edward A. Horton, Chaplain.

Company A, Boston — Captain, Benjamin W. Dean; First Lieutenant, Horace G. Kemp; Second Lieutenant, Henry D. Andrews — 101 men.

Company D, Boston — Captain, Francis H. Goss; First Lieutenant, John Thomas; Second Lieutenant, Thomas Talbot — 70 men.

FIRST CORPS OF CADETS, 139 MEN.

Boston Cadet Band, 30 pieces, J. Thomas Baldwin, leader.

Lieutenant Colonel, Thomas F. Edmands.

Staff — Major, Wm. F. Lawrence; First Lieutenant Henry B. Rice, Adjutant; First Lieutenant Charles C. Meleher, Quartermaster; Major Wm. L. Richardson, Surgeon; First Lieutenant Charles M. Green, Assistant Surgeon; Captain Charles E. Stevens, Paymaster.

Company C, Boston — Captain, George R. Rogers; First Lieutenant, William A. Hayes — 24 men.

Company A, Boston — Captain, Francis H. Appleton; First Lieutenant, William M. Rice — 24 men.

Company B, Boston — Captain, William H. Alline; First Lieutenant, J. Edward R. Hill — 32 men.

Company D, Boston — Captain, Albert C. Pond; First Lieutenant, Thomas B. Ticknor — 22 men.

SECOND CORPS OF CADETS, 116 MEN.

Salem Cadet Band, Jean Missud, leader, 25 pieces.

Lieutenant-Colonel, Edward Hobbs.

Staff—Major, Frank Dalton; First Lieutenant Andrew Fitz, Adjutant; First Lieutenant Edward A. Simonds, Quartermaster; Major David Coggin, Surgeon; First Lieutenant Samuel B. Clarke, Assistant Surgeon; Captain Thomas H. Johnson, Paymaster; Rev Ellery C. Butler, Chaplain.

Company B, Salem — Captain, John W. Hart; First Lieutenant, Samuel A. Johnson; Second Lieutenant, George A. Hart — 41 men.

Company A, Salem — Captain, Walter C. Harris; First Lieutenant, Edward W. Abbott; Second Lieutenant, Edward A. Maloon — 40 men.

THE PRESIDENT'S PARTY.

First Carriage — The President, Governor Long, General Berry.

Second Carriage — Secretary Lincoln, Mayor Green, the Collector of the Port.

Third Carriage — Secretary Chandler, Lieutenant-Governor Weston, Colonel Fiske, General Dale.

Fourth Carriage — Assistant Postmaster-General Hatton, Secretary to the President Phillips, Colonel Draper, Hon. George B. Loring.

Fifth Carriage — Cornelius N. Bliss, Charles E. Miller and D. G. Rollins, of New York, Colonel Bouvé.

Sixth Carriage — Hon. Stephen M. Allen, C. A. Arthur, Jr., General N. P. Banks, General W. W. Blackmar.

Seventh Carriage — Colonel E. H. Haskell, Colonel Morris Schaff, Hon. Daniel A. Gleason, Hon. Henry B. Peirce.

Eighth Carriage — Hon. Charles R. Ladd, Hon. George S. Heywood, Colonel Lockwood, Colonel Jordan.

Ninth Carriage — Hon. Rodney Wallace, Hon. E. C. Fitz, Hon. Rufus D. Woods, Colonel Harwood.

Tenth Carriage — Hon. M. J. Flatley, Hon. Matthew H. Cushing, Hon. Joseph Davis, Hon. Nathaniel Wales.

FIRST BRIGADE.

Brigadier-General, Nathaniel Wales.

Staff — Lieutenant-Colonel William M. Olin, Assistant Adjutant-General; Lieutenant-Colonel George E. Pinkham, Medical Director; Major John W. Sanger, Assistant Inspector-General; Captain John B. Osborn, Brigade Quartermaster; Captain Benjamin F. Field, Jr., Captain Joseph H. Lathrop, Aides-de-Camp; Captain Frank N. Brown, Engineer; Captain Bowdoin S. Parker, Judge Advocate; Captain F. W. Reynolds, Provost Marshal.

SECOND REGIMENT OF INFANTRY, 359 MEN.

Fitchburg Band, Warren Russell, leader, 26 pieces.

Colonel, Benjamin F. Bridges, Jr.

Staff — Lieutenant-Colonel, Embury P. Clark; Major, Frederick W. Merriam; Major, George F. Sessions; First Lieutenant James B. Bridges, Adjutant; First Lieutenant Charles D. Colson, Quartermaster; Major Daniel Clark, Surgeon; First Lieutenant Orland J. Brown, Assistant Surgeon; First Lieutenant Charles L. Hayden, Paymaster; Rev. Henry W. Eldridge, Chaplain.

Company H, South Deerfield — Captain, Pharcellas D. Bridges; First Lieutenant, Albion C. Boynton; Second Lieutenant, Edson M. Roche — 44 men.

Company E, Shelburne Falls — Captain, Herbert W. Swan; First Lieutenant, Willis M. Johnson; Second Lieutenant, George D. Eldridge — 40 men.

Company F, North Adams — Captain, Charles L. Frink; First Lieutenant, Perry M. Farley; Second Lieutenant, Edwin Barnard — 40 men.

Company D, Holyoke — Captain, Charles W. Brown; First Lieutenant, George E. Russell; Second Lieutenant, George Maxwell — 33 men.

Company A, Worcester — Captain, Edwin R. Shumway; Second Lieutenant, Frank W. Barrett — 44 men.

Company C, Worcester — Captain, Winslow S. Lincoln; First Lieutenant, Edward A. Harris; Second Lieutenant, Phineas L. Rider — 43 men.

Company G, Springfield — Captain, Hubert M. Coney; First Lieutenant, J. J. Leonard; Second Lieutenant, Henry Knapp — 42 men.

Company B, Springfield — Captain, Frederick G. Southmayd; First Lieutenant, Henry McDonald; Second Lieutenant, Thomas F. Cordis — 41 men.

SIXTH REGIMENT OF INFANTRY, 526 MEN.

American Band of Lowell, R. McDaniell, leader, 26 pieces.

Colonel, Smith M. Decker.

Staff — Lieutenant-Colonel, Henry G. Greene; Major, Henry Parsons; Major, Charles F. Woodward; Major, Josiah W. Bride; First Lieutenant Charles H. Littlefield, Adjutant; First Lieutenant Ambrose M. Page, Quartermaster; Major Nathan S. Chamberlain, Surgeon; First Lieutenant Lewis G. Holt, Paymaster; Rev. Alphonso E. White, Chaplain.

Company L, Boston — Captain, Charles F. A. Francis; First Lieutenant, W. J. B. Oxley; Second Lieutenant, G. W. Brady — 50 men.

Company F, Marlborough — Captain, Thomas E. Jackson; First Lieutenant, T. Joseph Beaudry; Second Lieutenant, George J. Andrews — 47 men.

Company I, Concord — Captain, Frank W. Holden; First Lieutenant, Sherman Hoar; Second Lieutenant, Thomas T. Buttrick — 43 men.

Company M, Milford — Captain, Henry J. Bailey; First Lieutenant, George P. Cooke; Second Lieutenant, Horace E. Whitney — 37 men

Company G, Lowell — Captain, Charles H. Richardson; First Lieutenant, Asa W. Mead; Second Lieutenant, Frank E. Cleveland — 33 men.

Company C, Lowell — Captain, George O. E. French; First Lieutenant, Charles Conners; Second Lieutenant, William M. Foster — 41 men.

Company A, Wakefield — First Lieutenant, Charles A. Cheney; Second Lieutenant, Herbert W. Walton — 44 men.

Company H, Stoneham — Captain, George H. Chaffin; First Lieutenant, John F. Berry; Second Lieutenant, S. A. Lawrence — 47 men.

Company D, Fitchburg — Captain, Thomas H. Shea; First Lieutenant, James P. Kane; Second Lieutenant, Frank S. Lynch — 39 men.

Company E, Ashburnham — Captain, Walter H. Laws; First Lieutenant, Charles H. Pratt; Second Lieutenant, Alvah S. Fullford — 38 men.

Company K, Leominster — Captain, Edgar A. Buffington; Second Lieutenant, Clement H. Turner — 36 men.

Company B, Fitchburg — Captain, George Burford; First Lieutenant, George A. Bailey; Second Lieutenant, Frederick E. Bruce — 34 men.

FIRST REGIMENT OF INFANTRY, 441 MEN.

Reeves' American Band of Providence, 26 pieces, D. W. Reeves, leader.

Colonel, Austin C. Wellington.

Staff — Lieutenant-Colonel, Daniel A. Butler; Major, Alfred B.

Hodges; Major, Samuel R. Field; Acting-Major, Captain Henry L. Parkinson, Jr.; First Lieutenant Frederick G. King, Adjutant; First Lieutenant Wm. W. Kellett, Quartermaster; First Lieutenant James F. Jackson, Paymaster.

Company M, Fall River — Captain, Sierra L. Braley; First Lieutenant, Valorous O. Sayward; Second Lieutenant, C. B. Woodman — 46 men.

Company F, Taunton — Captain, Alden H. Blake; First Lieutenant, Edward E. Hill; Second Lieutenant, Alanson Pratt — 30 men.

Company G, Taunton — Captain, Walter Carter; First Lieutenant, Thomas J. Brady; Second Lieutenant, Thomas R. Peabody — 41 men.

Company E, New Bedford — Captain, John K. McAfee; First Lieutenant, Zacheus C. Dunham; Second Lieutenant, William R. Spooner — 46 men

Company I, Brockton — Captain, James N. Keith; First Lieutenant, Frederick Wood; Second Lieutenant, Nathan E. Leach — 29 men.

Company D, Roxbury Captain Horace T. Rockwell; First Lieutenant, Harry C. Gardner; Second Lieutenant, Joseph H. Frothingham — 43 men.

Company H, Plymouth — Captain, John W. Hunting; First Lieutenant, Charles D. Burgess; Second Lieutenant, E. B. Pierce — 22 men.

Company A, West Roxbury — Captain, John B. McKay; First Lieutenant, D. T. Curtin; Second Lieutenant, Thomas Holden — 35 men.

Company L, East Boston — First Lieutenant, George E. Harrington; Second Lieutenant, Seymour Harding — 41 men.

Company C, Boston — Captain, Charles L. Hovey; First Lieutenant, J. Marion Moulton; Second Lieutenant, Henry C. Durkee — 40 men.

Company K, Boston — Captain, George E. Lovett; First Lieutenant, Samuel Hobbs; Second Lieutenant, Charles A. Wyman — 26 men.

Company B, Cambridge — Captain, Albert F. Fessenden; First Lieutenant, William L. Fox; Second Lieutenant, Henry G. Wells — 34 men.

LIGHT ARTILLERY, 4 PIECES, 50 MEN.

Worcester Cadet Band, M. Ingraham, leader, 26 pieces.

Battery B, Worcester — Captain, Henry C. Wadsworth; First Lieutenant, George L. Allen; First Lieutenant, Mason A. Boyden; Second Lieutenant, Fred W. Wellington; First Lieutenant Henry S. Knight, Assistant Surgeon.

COMPANY F, CAVALRY, 75 MEN.

Dunstable Band, H. Spaulding, leader, 20 pieces.

Captain, Sherman Fletcher; First Lieutenant, Arthur M. Clement; Second Lieutenant, William L. Kittredge; First Lieutenant Joseph B. Heald, Assistant Surgeon.

The procession moved steadily over the following route: Columbus avenue, West Newton, Washington, Franklin,

Congress, Milk, India, Commercial, South Market, Merchants row, State, Washington, School, Beacon, Dartmouth, and Boylston streets to the Common. The President and escort passed through Berkeley street from Beacon to the Brunswick. A strong detail of police was necessary to keep clear the line of march at many points.

Shortly after 11 A.M. the long line filed into Columbus avenue and began its march. First came two or three mounted policemen skirmishing along far ahead of the column, removing teams and warning back too venturesome pedestrians. Then followed Superintendent of Police Adams with an escort, and behind him the regular detail, which stretched from curb to curb. With but a little space intervening was the head of the column, Gen. Peach and his staff, of the Second Brigade, then the famous Ninth Regiment, which, as did all the other organizations, marched with company front. Its ranks were full, the bearing of the men was soldierly. The Fifth Regiment came next, and then followed the Eighth, both of them showing that they are well up in drill, as well as careful of their accoutrements. Then came the First Battalion of Light Artillery, its bright scarlet trappings being the first masses of color to break the sober blue. Following this were the Lancers and the Roxbury Horse Guards, and then at an interval the two corps of Cadets, the first with their white coats, the second with those articles of costume of crimson hue, and then, at length, the President. He was seated with Gov. Long in a landeau drawn by four white horses. Around this equipage were mounted officers of the Governor's and the Brigade staffs. In the other carriages were other guests of the State, and State officers; their escort were details of the Lancers and of the Horse Guards.

After another little break came the staff of the First Brigade, surrounding and supporting General Wales, its commander. Then in quick succession marched the Second, the

Sixth and the First Regiments of Infantry, Battery B of Light Artillery and Company F of Cavalry, a squad of police following the last and closing the line. The progress was rapid; it was watched by a large and decorous crowd, whose members greeted the President by removal of head-covering or wave of handkerchief, to which he responded with raised hat.

The scene in and around State street during the procession may be regarded as in a sense the culmination of the outdoor demonstration. For several hours of the forenoon the street from Merchants row to the Old State House was occupied by a constantly increasing throng, the overlooking windows and even the house-tops being occupied. The windows of the Old State House, which were chiefly restricted to persons connected with the City Government, afforded a rare opportunity to note the massive effect of the militia bodies as the long columns moved up, the narrow space at the north side of that building necessitating a wheeling movement opposite Congress street, which added much to the animation and picturesque effect. As the head of the organizations wheeled into State street and marched up with the Superintendent and a double force of police, and then the mounted staff of the Second Brigade, the sight was a very striking one. The long blue lines of the Ninth, Fifth and Eighth Regiments followed in quick succession; then the Light Artillery and the briliantly uniformed Lancers gave variety to the picture. After the passage of the Cadets, whose rhythmical and elastic step was particularly admired, the cheering announced the advent of the carriage containing President Arthur. As he sat in the barouche with Gov. Long and Gen. Berry he was the centre of observation. Audible comments were heard on every side as to the fine appearance of the guest of the day, and the plaudits that greeted him gave him occasion constantly to bow his recognition. The Governor and the Mayor were also cordially

recognized, but though the long and attractive ranks of the First Brigade remained to be seen, there was a general movement of the throng as soon as the central figure had passed, and all rushed forward to obtain a near view of the Chief Magistrate.

For fully an hour prior to the procession reaching the State House the approaches to it were crowded with a mass of people. Every window and other point of vantage in the building itself had its occupant. The grounds surrounding it contained a goodly number of favored sight-seers, while the pillars of the gates, the trees, railings and every elevated spot in the vicinity were eagerly sought by adventurous boys. The street in front of the State House was so crowded with people that, were it not for the industrious energy of the police and the force of the procession itself, a passage would have been difficult. At 12.30 a body of police officers clearing the road indicated the coming of the procession. Soon the mounted police appeared, followed by Brigadier General B. F. Peach and staff; the Boston City Band, playing the inspiring and familiar "Marching through Georgia," followed and stimulated the elastic tread of the Ninth Regiment. As the different regiments passed, the music of brass bands or tap of drum kept up the enthusiasm of the processionists and the crowded masses on the sidewalks. As the Lancers went by the sun shone out brilliantly, and the dancing plumes and gay pennants looked attractive. When the barouche containing the President, Gov. Long and Adjutant General Berry reached the State House, a halt was ordered. An enthusiastic gentleman called for three cheers for President Arthur, which were warmly given, the President acknowledging the compliment by bowing to the people. After a halt of ten minutes the march was resumed, and as the carriages containing the other visiting dignitaries went by they were pretty warmly recognized, the occupants bow-

ing their appreciation. At fifteen minutes past one the entire procession had passed.

The right of the First Brigade reached Dartmouth street soon after one o'clock, where it halted to allow the President to reach the Brunswick, where the troops passed in review before him. When the two corps of Cadets arrived at Berkeley street they broke from the line and escorted the President directly to the hotel, which was reached at precisely 1.25. The Cadets were drawn up in line in front of the hotel, and as the President left his carriage and was received on the steps of the hotel by Mayor Green, the two organizations presented arms. The formal ceremonies of tendering to the President the hospitalities of the city did not occupy more than a minute, and the Presidential party then repaired to the rooms assigned them. In the mean time the First and Second Corps of Cadets marched to the extreme left of the column, while the right of the line made preparations for the review. A few minutes later some of the members of Gov. Long's staff appeared upon the reviewing stand and gave the signal for the column to move, and almost immediately Gen. Peach and his staff wheeled from Dartmouth into Boylston street, and the great military event of the day was taking place. Before the commanding general had reached Clarendon street the President and party, Gov. Long and other State officers, Mayor Green and the Reception Committee and several invited guests, were upon the reviewing stand, the President occupying a central position, with Gov. Long and Mayor Green upon his left. The brigade contained for the first time during the day all the organizations which comprise it, the three regiments of infantry leading, followed by the artillery and the cavalry battalion, consisting of the Lancers and the Roxbury Horse Guards. The President returned the salute of Gen. Peach and his staff, and also the salutes of the field and staff officers of each organization, and remained with

uncovered head as the colors were dipped in honor of the Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy. The First Brigade took the prescribed interval, and its full regiments made a fine appearance. The troops moved by company front, and were thirty-five minutes in passing the reviewing stand. The two corps of Cadets formed the left of the line, and it is no discredit to the other commands to say that the alignment of the First Cadets as they passed the President was about as near perfect as could be, and aroused the enthusiasm of the crowd which had assembled to get a view of the President as well as to watch the military pageant.

After a lunch the guests took carriages. The Lancers and Horse Guards acted as escort to the party, who occupied carriages as follows: No. 1, President Arthur, Mayor Green and Alderman Hall; No. 2, Secretary Chandler, Secretary Lincoln and Councilman Pratt; No. 3, Chester A. Arthur, Jr., Assistant Postmaster-Gen. Hatton and Alderman Stebbins; No. 4, Hon. George B. Loring, M. W. Cooper and Godfrey Morse; No. 5, Surrogate Rollins, George Bliss, Mr. Springhart and Councilman Mathews; No. 6, Private Secretary Phillips and Mr. C. N. Bliss. In this order the party proceeded to Faneuil Hall, for the public reception.

The interior of Faneuil Hall, with its pictures and memorials, which make the place always impressive, was fittingly and elaborately decorated by Messrs. Lamprell & Marble. Below the great painting of Webster replying to Hayne, and just above the niches containing the busts of Adams and Webster, were heavy festoons of bunting, and the front of the platform was covered with pink and decorated muslin, spaced off by depending knots. In the centre of the ceiling was a medallion representation of a spread eagle, holding an olive-branch in its talons, from which extended horizontally four staves with spears holding United States

flags. Between these, and running in long, sweeping curves from the same central figure to the tops of the columns, were bunting streamers, eight on either side, falling in heavy knots at the outer ends. Just below the knots on the upper portion of the pillars were the seals of the New England States, and still further down, running around the gallery front, was a covering of pink and ornamented muslin, fastened at intervals with shields representing each of the States. Below these were heavy hanging bands of red and white, decorating the lower pillars around the interior. Above the carved eagle on the rear gallery stood six United States flags with spears on the staves; and the clock and base beneath were embellished with sunburstry and stars on a blue ground. Under the clock was placed the seal of the city of Boston in white, with closely clustering festoons of white depending. Sunbursts surmounted and environed the portraits of Robert Treat Paine and Caleb Strong on the south and north sides of the galleries, and half-way between these and the gallery ends were United States emblems, while at the gallery corners stood half-furled British, French and German standards, the whole effect combining minuteness of detail with artistic unity of design.

At 2.25 P.M. the doors were opened to the crowd that filled the space between the markets in Merchants row and extended on either side of that area for some distance. As is usually the case, in it were many women, and also, as usual, they were more eager than the men to gain admittance to the historic interior. In less than ten minutes floor and galleries were filled much more closely than could have been comfortable, and still there were thousands who sought in vain to pass inward through the portals. In spite of the crowding, however, the best of good-nature prevailed, each one, whether successful in endeavor or unsuccessful, signifying by conduct that while visits of Presidents to Boston are so rare, some

discomfort must be endured by those who desire to see him when he does come. President Arthur, accompanied by Mayor Green, the Reception Committee of the City Government, Secretary Lincoln, Secretary Chandler, Chester A. Arthur, Jr., and several others, entered the hall at 3.40 P.M. He was greeted most cordially, and then cheered.

When the applause and cheers had subsided, Mayor Green said: "I am directed by the President to say that he would like to shake the hand of each and every one of you, but the time is so limited that he will be able to spend but a very few minutes here. He will say a few words, and after that will shake hands with a very few. I have the pleasure and the honor of presenting the Honorable Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States." The President was again cheered; he said: "You have my most sincere gratitude for your cordial and enthusiastic reception. I know well that everything of the demonstration with which to-day I have been greeted does not proceed from the promptings of personal regard; they only give voice to the loyalty of Boston and of Massachusetts to the Government of the United States. [Applause.] I know that they show the respect that the citizens of this grand old Commonwealth and of this magnificent city pay to the Federal Unity which they themselves have helped to constitute, and in this spirit I accept and thank you for these courtesies." [Applause.]

Then followed a loud and persistent demand for Mr. Lincoln to say something. When it was found that nothing but compliance with its wishes would quiet the crowd, the Mayor said: I have the distinguished honor of introducing to you Secretary Lincoln." Mr. Lincoln was given three thundering cheers. He said, —

"Fellow-citizens of Boston: You are all aware that it is not expected or intended that any speeches should be made on this occasion. It was hoped by the President and myself that we would be able to take by the hand a few of you and

make your acquaintance. I can only thank you for this very kind greeting." [Applause.]

Again the crowd clamored for a speech, this time from Secretary Chandler; like Secretary Lincoln, he was unwilling to disarrange the programme that had been agreed upon, but, like him, he was obliged to utter a few words. In presenting him, Mayor Green said: "I have the great pleasure of introducing Secretary Chandler." Again the hall resounded with plaudits and cheers. Secretary Chandler said, —

"Citizens of Boston: First we were captured by the Old Colony Railroad, secondly by the Government of Massachusetts, thirdly by the city of Boston, and now we seem to have been taken possession of by the people of the city. [Applause.] I want to say to you, fellow-citizens, that you have reason to be proud of the militia of the State of Massachusetts. [Applause.] No finer military display by better-organized and disciplined soldiers was ever made on Boston Common than has been made by your citizen soldiery. [Applause.] And I reflect, fellow-citizens, that it was such soldiers from Massachusetts as were assembled on Boston Common who went out from this city in 1861 and saved the National Capitol to the American Government. [Applause.] And what I desire to say to you in addition to thanking you for this magnificent reception to Massachusetts and to Boston, and for courtesies to the President of the United States, is that I hope you will cherish as the apple of your eye the militia of your grand old Commonwealth." [Applause.]

After shaking hands with the citizens, the President and party accompanied the Mayor and Committee for a drive. Their carriages rolled quickly out over the Mill-dam to Chestnut Hill Reservoir and around the beautiful drive on the borders of the lake, and thence passed through a number of the handsome streets in the Brookline suburb, finally returning to the Brunswick at a few minutes after 6 o'clock.

Dinner was awaiting them; and after a few minutes the President was ushered into the supper room, at the end of the corridor, opposite the Venetian parlor, where a magnificent repast had been prepared. The room, beautiful in itself, had been the scene of busy florists' labors all day, and the scene was one of the most attractive ever witnessed in Boston. The table, which, of course, ran lengthwise of the room, was decorated with fruits and flowers in a very artistic and somewhat unusual manner. Most prominent were three huge baskets of flowers, mostly roses and ferns, one at each end, and the third and largest in the centre, in front of the President's plate. Trailing cissus and Failence ferns ran on the snow-white cloth from plate to plate and from dish to dish, and scattered over the table at frequent intervals were small French vases holding either orchids, Jacqueminot roses, dahlias or violets, or combinations of these flowers. The whole effect was admirable, and Messrs. Twombly & Sons, the artists, were frequently commended by the guests as they sat at the table. Another pleasing effect was produced by hanging the chandeliers with garlands of small white flowers, with their blossoms opening down, instead of festooning them, as is usually done, with smilax. The decorations of the room were no less tasteful than those of the table. Over the sideboard hung a large bronze medallion of the first President, and beneath it, on the sideboard itself, perched an eagle, bearing small silk flags representing the various nations, and protecting a floral shield of exquisite design. The lambrequins around the room were hung with smilax and bouquets; in the two small window recesses were growing palms, and in the bay window a large potted Pandarus Vetchi, and a Cyathea palm of equal dimensions. Over each door was suspended a bouquet.

The party at dinner comprised thirty-three. His Honor Mayor Green sat at the head of the table (which was really

the centre), and on his right sat President Arthur. On the Mayor's left sat Gov. Long. The President's right-hand neighbor was Collector Worthington, and at the Governor's left sat Secretary Chandler. The other gentlemen at the table were Secretary Lincoln, Congressmen Ranney and Morse, United States Attorney Sanger, Postmaster Tobey, First Assistant Postmaster-General Hatton, Judge Nelson of the United States District Court, District Attorney George Bliss, of New York, Gen. N. P. Banks, Hon. C. W. Slack, Commodore Ralph Chandler, U. S. N., Mr. Charles E. Miller, of New York, Mr. M. W. Cooper, of New York, Hon. Solomon B. Stebbins, President of the Board of Aldermen, Mr. S. F. McCleary, the City Clerk, Mr. Chester A. Arthur, Jr., Mr. C. L. Best, Mr. Godfrey Morse, Mr. T. R. Matthews, Hon. D. G. Rollins, of New York, Hon. Asa French, Mr. M. P. Kennard, Hon. D. W. Gooch, President Charles E. Pratt, of the Common Council, Mr. Alderman Hall, Mr. C. M. Bliss, of New York, Mr. Robert Grant and Mr. F. J. Phillips. The banquet was of the most sumptuous character.

As soon as the President had dined the time had come for the reception tendered him by the city of Boston For it the greater part of the ground and first floors of the Hotel Brunswick had been prepared. The decorations were simple yet tasteful. Lines of green were run around the walls, and here and there, at window spaces, alcove apertures and other appropriate places, were small bunches of brilliant flowers. There were added a few rare pot plants that served to fill up some corners that hardly needed them, but yet were made glorious by their glossy leaves. The main dining hall was converted into a music room; in fine, it was so changed that no sign of its normal uses was left. Its floors were covered with Turkish rugs; the walls were ornamented with fine paintings; its windows and doorways were hung with handsome draperies and portières. Everywhere there were wax-lights, gas-lights

and electric lights, their combined glow and glimmer and glare flooding the rooms with a radiance that was nearly as bright and far more fi ting than that of day.

All those who came — and the arrivals began promptly at 9 P.M. — entered the house by its Clarendon-street doorway, where they were met by City Messenger Peters and his assistants, who ushered them up-stairs to the dressing rooms, which were on the rear corridor of the first floor — those for ladies being on the right, those for gentlemen on the left. After the wraps had been removed there was an informal grouping in the passage-way, along which the company slowly moved, making three fourths of the circuit of the building to the grand staircase, down which it passed to the main hall on the ground floor. Along this it moved to its extreme westerly end, thence into the first of the suite of parlors opening from it there, and so on through these rooms, in the last of which was the President with Mayor Green. His Honor made the introductions, which took considerable time. The ladies, who entered on the left of their escorts, were presented first, and then the gentlemen; for many the President had a few pleasant words; to others he simply said, "I am happy to see you," in a manner that carried with it the conviction that he meant all that he said. After the President had been spoken to, there was the supper room in the east end of the house to be sought, and thence, after a salad or an ice had been eaten, there was an escape into the small supper room and the music room. After a promenade to the strains of the Boston Cadet Band orchestra, the dressing rooms were returned to, the carriages were sought, and the return home was made. Arrivals and departures were looked upon by a crowd that numbered thousands, but that was so kept back by judicious police arrangements that it did not in any way interfere with the convenience of the guests.

Full dress was one of the requirements of the event, and it was closely complied with by the three or more thousand who were present. A few gentlemen appeared in Prince Albert coats and black cravats, but all the others were in dress coats and satin ties, or in military or naval uniforms. All the ladies were arrayed in tasteful costumes. Many of them were elegantly as well as expensively dressed, the attractions of beautiful silks in all the fashionable hues being enhanced by family diamonds and laces and other jewels and draperies of lesser interest and value. The progress through the rooms was made as easy and comfortable as possible by Messrs. Nathan G. Smith, Henry Parkman, William F. Wharton, Charles H. Orr, James G. Freeman, William H. Whitmore, Robert Grant, Charles Albert Prince, Francis Peabody, Jr., Hugh Cochrane, J. Montgomery Sears, Henry M. Martin, W. C. Fisk, George P. Sanger, Jr., Louis Curtiss, William K. Millar, John J. Hayes, Prentis Cummings, Malcolm S. Greenough, M. J. Houghton, George L. Huntress, Munroe Chickering, Nathan Appleton, A. Frank, Roger Wolcott, Henry W. Swift, Frederick A. Winslow, Otis Kimball, B. L. Arbecam, S. A. B. Abbott, A. A. Rand, Charles J. Prince, John F. Andrew, Christopher P. Donahue, who acted as ushers, and who were ever courteous and ever ready to comply with the many requests that were made of them. Although the reception nominally came to an end at 11 P.M., it was continued until well past midnight, no shorter lapse of time being sufficient for the full performance of its courtesies.

The number of invitations issued by the committee was 2210, each commanding the presence of a lady and gentleman, and among the prominent persons invited, very few of whom were absent, were the following: Gov. Long and staff, Lieutenant-Governor Weston and the Executive Council, Chief Justice Morton and Associate Justices Field,

Devens and Charles Allen of the Supreme Court, Chief Justice Brigham and Associate Justices of the Superior Court, of whom Judges Rockwell, Pitman, Colburn, Gardner, Staples, Knowlton, Blodgett and Mason were present, Hon. Josiah Quincy, Hon. Alexander H. Rice, Hon. F. W. Lincoln, Jr., Hon. J. M. Wightman, Hon. William Gaston, Hon. Henry L. Pierce, Hon. Samuel C. Cobb and Hon. F. O. Prince, all ex-Mayors of Boston, General Nathaniel Wales, staff, field and line officers of the First Brigade; Gen. B. F. Peach, Jr., staff, field and line officers of the Second Brigade; Collector Worthington and Deputy Collectors Fiske, Munroe, Barnes and Swift; Gen. A. B. Underwood, Charles W. Slack, M. P. Kennard, Sub-Treasurer; Hon. E. S. Tobey, Postmaster; Hon. Horace Gray and Hon. John Lowell, and Hon. Thomas L. Nelson of the United States Court, Hon. George P. Sanger, Gen. N. P. Banks, Col. J. F. Head, Major T. J. Eckerson, Capt. J. F. Weston, Lieut. H. D. Borup, Capt. N. C. Cook, Col. C. L. Best, Capt. John Egan and Gen. N. B. McLaughlin, of the United States Army; Commodore O. C. Badger, Capt. Ralph Chandler, Lieut. Com. A. S. Snow, Capt. R. L. Plythian, E. D. Robie, C. H. Baker, Lieut. Col. E. B. Hebb, Lieut. S. J. Logan, all of the U. S. Navy; Capt. J. Mack and field and staff of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company; Gen. B. F. Butler, Hon. Stephen M. Allen; C. Wolff, C. S. Gile, H. C. Adams, C. A. Henderson, W. H. Stuart, Horace N. Fisher, E. C. Hammer, Henri Verleye, S. B. Schlesinger, J. M. Rodocanachi, E. M. Brewer, B. C. Clark, José M. Aguayo, C. L. Bartlett, G. Lootz, M. Crosby, W. Brandt Storer, Croiz Antonio Furro, Joaquin M. Torroza, Oscar Iasigi and Luther Carroll, Foreign Consuls residing in Boston; Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Hon. Oliver Ames, Waldo Adams, Hon. Josiah G. Abbott, Edward Atkinson, Thomas B. Aldrich, John F. Andrew, Nathan Appleton,

Nathaniel J. Bradlee, F. Quincy Browne, J. Tisdale Bradlee, Rev. Joshua P. Bodfish, Martin Brimmer, Edward Burgess, Causten Browne, A. A. Burrage, A. W. Boardman, Mrs. Ole Bull, Hon. S. Z. Bowman, Mrs. James M. Bebee, George H. Bond, Dr. Henry I. Bowditch, H. P. Bowditch, Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, Dr. W. S. Bigelow, Hon. R. R. Bishop, Hon. S. W. Boardman, Hon. George S. Boutwell, H. J. Bowerman, William Bliss, Matthew Bolles, William H. Baldwin, Henry F. Coe, T. Jefferson Coolidge, Hon. John W. Candler, Hon. E. W. Converse, Dr. David W. Cheever, Charles R. Codman, U. H. Crocker, Frederick Crowninshield, Miss Maria Cabot, Parker C. Chandler, Arthur Cabot, Dr. Samuel Cabot, Samuel Cabot, Jr., Gen. P. A. Collins, Charles F. Choate, Linus M. Child, Geo. P. Denny, Thomas Dana, Oliver Ditson, A. S. Dabney, Walter Dabney, L. S. Dabney, R. H. Dana, M. F. Dickinson, Jr., Charles F. Donnelly, Rev. Chas. F. Dole, Gen. M. T. Donohoe, Dr. De Gersdorff, Wm. Endicott, Jr., Percival Leveritt, Samuel Eliot, Charles W. Eliot, Dr. Calvin Ellis, Prof. Wm. Everett, Julius Eichberg, John M. Forbes, Col. Jonas H. French, Isaac Fenno, Charles E. Fuller, John S. Farlon, Hon. Rufus S. Frost, Dr. Reginald H. Fitz, William H. Forbes, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Hon. James A. Fox, A. A. Folsom, John L. Gardner, Patrick Grant, John C. Gray, Jr., Charles E. Grinnell, Prof. E. Palmer Gould, H. H. Hunnewell, Dr. John Homans, Alphenus Hardy, E. B. Haskell, Hon. E. R. Hoar, Samuel Hoar, Franklin Haven, Jr., Col. Wm. V. Hutchings, Clement Hugh Hill, Francis L. Higginson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Dr. Charles D. Homans, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Col. John Jeffries, E. D. Jordan, Jerome Jones, Francis Jacques, Henry P. Kidder, E. W. Kinsley, Col. Theodore Lyman, A. A. Lawrence, Gen. Samuel C. Lawrence, Weston Lewis, Henry Cabot Lodge, Solomon Lincoln, William Caleb Loring, Dr. S. K. Lothrop, John

Lathrop, Col. Thomas L. Livermore, Mrs. James Lodge, Mrs. James Lawrence, Hon. Leopold Morse, William Minot, Jr., R. M. Morse, Jr., Thomas Motley, Dr. Francis Minot, Miss Abby May, Martin Milmore, David Nevins, Hon. Charles J. Noyes, Gen. F. A. Osborne, Richard Olney, Dr. J. P. Oliver, James R. Osgood, Rev. Jeremiah O'Connor, Rev. H. Roe O'Donnell, Edgar Parker, George Putman, Hon. Albert Palmer, Avery Plumer, R. M. Pulsifer, Robert Treat Paine, Jr., H. W. Putman, F. H. Peabody, Jacob Pfaff, Dr. Henry P. Quincy, General Samuel M. Quincy, Miss Mary Quincy, Hon. Joseph S. Ropes, General A. P. Rockwell, Hon. Thomas Russell, Benjamin S. Rotch, W. R. Robeson, Dr. Le Baron Russell, Hon. A. A. Ranney, Maj. Geo. B. Russell, John P. Spaulding, Maj. J. Henry Sleeper, Gen. R. H. Stephenson, Lemuel Shaw, Gen. Horace Binney Sargent, Ignatius Sargent, Prof. Charles S. Sargent, Geo. O. Shattuck, Moorfield Storey, O. H. Samson, Mrs. Mary L. Seavy, Dr. Lucy Sewall, Mrs. Dr. Mary J. Safford, John H. Sturgis, R. H. Stearns, Hon. Thomas Talbot, Benjamin H. Ticknor, Howard M. Ticknor, Mrs. Fenno Tudor, Henry Van Brunt, Gen. Francis A. Walker, J. Huntington Wolcott and Gen. Charles F. Wolcott.

IV.

MARSHFIELD, THE HOME OF WEBSTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER was born at Salisbury, N.H., January 18, 1782. It was deemed advisable for the Executive Committee of the Webster Historical Society to defer the celebration of the event until the fall; and as Salisbury was remote, and Marshfield was Webster's chosen home, the committee decided on the choice of the latter as the best place to commemorate his memory. On the morning of October 12 the town of Marshfield was early astir, in anticipation of the great event to occur within its borders, and of the distinguished personages who were to honor it by their presence. The day broke with the sky laden with dull, heavy clouds, betokening rain, and the wind was in a quarter which presaged a storm; but before eight o'clock it shifted and the clouds lightened, but did not break away. The highways were less deserted than is usual in the first hours of daylight. Here and there was an occasional farmer driving in with his family from a neighboring town to make a day of it. As the morning advanced the chill easterly wind proved a source of great discomfort, but the clouds grew less threatening as the day advanced. Not until nine o'clock did the crowds from the surrounding country begin to assemble in large numbers. Conveyances of every conceivable fashion were driven in. Many came by the regular morning trains from the south, and others in the neighborhood wended their way on foot. Crowds lingered around the station, waiting the arrival of the Presidential train, and others visited the Webster homestead and the tomb of the departed statesman.

At no season does the quiet Marshfield homestead appear adorned in so many of nature's beauties as on the morn of an Indian summer day, when a few frosts have touched the forest with a glory of autumnal colors. At dawn to-day, before even the van of the multitude had broken the natural quiet of the scene, the delights of the spot which won the heart of Daniel Webster were perhaps seen at best advantage. The showers of the previous night had improved the sandy roads and washed a coating of dust from the foliage near the public thoroughfare. Going from the village of Marshfield, or rather from the point where the railroad left the visiting multitude, the Webster mansion is approached over an ordinary country road, which winds through the woods up a gentle slope for something more than half a mile. One or two houses and a few clearings are all that break a gorgeous panorama of rainbow tints, which hang dancing upon the branches as far into the woods as eye can reach. Rarely has this rich grandeur of nature's handiwork been surpassed. It is a season of exceptional delight for all who find pleasure in the lavish treasures of the fountain of art. The chill winds of September across the marshes intensified the coloring of the heavy foliage, and the beauty of a Marshfield landscape seemed to be at its height. It is, then, through such scenes that half the distance to the Webster mansion is passed. As a higher elevation is reached, breaks in the trees disclose glimpses of the blue waters of Massachusetts bay, a mile or two away, and scattered along the horizon are always to be seen the sails of the nation's commerce, which the friends of Webster know he loved to watch on their course, from his windows. A few rods west of the grounds surrounding the modern Webster mansion is a large tract of pasture land, whereon were spread the tents for the principal exercises of the day's celebration. Stretching away in unbroken expanse to the marshes, which seem to broaden

into the ocean beyond, the view from the road at this point is enchanting. Facing the sea to the northeast, a glimpse is caught of the Webster homestead through the trees at the right of the immediate foreground. A quarter of a mile to the left there rise the white stones of the little cemetery on a commanding knoll, whereon the tomb of the great man is the central object.

Passing on from this point of observation, the road turns slightly toward the south, and the entrance to the Webster estate is by a pleasant driveway beneath a brilliant canopy of foliage. The destruction of the original mansion by fire in February, 1878, has not been forgotten by the public, and the loss is keenly felt. The little building a few yards from the house, often used by Mr. Webster as a study, was the only thing to escape the flames. The present mansion occupies the exact site of the old one, but it is of modern construction, and therefore of no historical interest. Commodious barns and other out-buildings have replaced those destroyed, and the present aspect of the estate is that of a country residence of a retired merchant of ample means. Since the death of Ashburton Webster, a few months after the fire of 1878, Mrs. Fletcher Webster, daughter-in-law of the departed statesman, has had control of the property, and during nearly all the time has occupied the mansion.

Within the lands of the estate the ceremonies of the day were to be enacted. The place resembled a miniature camp. The most noticeable objects were the two large dinner tents for the use, respectively, of the Webster Historical Society and the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. That of the former was nearest the road, between which and the dinner tent are three smaller tents for the ladies' and reception rooms. The larger canvas was oblong in shape, and within were accommodations for about five hundred persons at sixteen tables. Raised on a platform along the south side was

a table sixty feet long for the officers and guests of the Society, to the number of twenty-five, and directly in front and below were the tables for the members of the press. Running from south to north were thirteen long tables, eight having plates for fourteen persons on each side, and the remainder, three at one end and two at the other, seating thirty-six people each. Flanking the officers' table, on either side, and running in the same direction, were two smaller tables, each for fourteen persons. The ornamentation of the tent was simple, and consisted of a line of flags of all nations pendent from the top of the pitch, with streamers of red, white and blue carried from the intervals between the flags to the sides; those at each end being arranged in semi-circular form around the tent poles.

Near by, and at such a distance that when the flaps were raised they would make a covered way between the two, were the dining quarters of the Ancients. This was like the other in form and size, and its interior arrangements were very similar. Along the north was a raised table, with plates for eighteen, for the commander and members of his staff, and below, on either side, two tables, with accommodations for fourteen each, were placed for the invited guests of the corps. The main body of the command was provided for by ten tables running north and south, and capable of seating seventeen persons on each side, making provision for a total of three hundred and eighty-six persons within the tent. The decoration was more elaborate than in the Society's tent, with which it corresponded as far as concerns the arrangement of flags and streamers, but, in addition, around the top of the flap, tri-colored bunting was gracefully draped, and behind the commander's seat was a glory of flags, in the centre of a lace drapery arranged on a partition for the entire length of the table.

To the east of the dinner tents, and making three sides of

a square, on which they faced inward, were three large wall tents, each divided into two compartments. That fronting to the west, and with a large flag-pole rising above it, from which floated the President's flag above the new banner of the Ancients, denoted that here were the quarters designed for the most honored guest of the day. As befitting the high station of its occupant, its interior was gotten up more elaborately than was to be seen elsewhere. In the first compartment entrance a board floor was laid, and on that was a Persian rug surrounded with a wide border of Prussian blue. On the pole which rose in the centre was a national shield, draped with flags and lace in a tasty design, while above, streamers were carried from the pole to all parts of the room. At the top of the walls was lace drapery, caught up in graceful loops by large plaques, representing the four seasons, and a liberal use of bunting heightened the effect of the drapery. In front of the centre pole was a bamboo table, and near it a comfortable reclining chair upholstered in a rich crimson material. The rear apartment was intended for private use, where the President could receive and entertain his personal friends, and where he could be secure from intrusion. The approach to it was marked by parted curtains formed of flags, with a large shield and eagle disposed to advantage above it, and apparently held in position by two flags on either side, whose folds were allowed to fall unconfined. The centre pole in this apartment was relieved of its bareness by a pretty arrangement of flags, and bunting and lace, caught up as before with plaques, were freely used, although not to the same extent as in the public or reception room of the tent. In rear of all was a small tent for toilet purposes.

Fronting to the north on the square was a tent of form and size like to the President's for the use of Commander Mack. Its interior arrangements were similar, except that the floor

Home of Webster, Marshfield, Mass.

was of nature's own manufacture, and the decorations were far less elaborate. Directly opposite was the tent of the Committee of Arrangements, in which no decoration was visible save that for the inner man. Three quartermaster's tents were placed north of and parallel with the dinner tent, and to the west were the quarters of the commissary and the kitchens, while away off in one corner were the headquarters of Chief Wade of the State Police. The whole field was roped in, for which purpose the ropes and stakes so familiar on occasions around the parade ground of Boston Common were brought into service. Standing in the centre, the outlines of the Webster mansion could be seen through the trees, and in the far distance occasional glimpses of the deep blue waters of Massachusetts Bay rounded off the scene.

The Webster estate, as seen in 1852, just before his death, has been so fully described in one of the Boston dailies that we give the description almost entire:

It was more of a magnificent farm with elegant appendages, than the mere elegant residence of a gentleman; a place indeed, which, if in England, could hardly be described without using the word baronial. There were in the estate about 2000 acres of undulating and marshy land, suggesting the appropriateness of the name of "Marshfield," and sloping down to the sea. The farm was combined from those of Thomas, a noted royalist in the Revolution, and Winslow, the latter having been famous in the history of the Commonwealth. The estate came into Mr. Webster's possession about the year 1827, during the administration of John Quincy Adams, and here he gratified his taste for, and manifested his knowledge of, the science of agriculture. In that direction Mr. Webster accomplished more good than can be easily estimated. He was amply compensated for his pains and outlay in the satis-

faction of possessing one of the best farms in New England. It was a good deal to say in those days that the flower-garden covered more than an acre of ground, including the richest and rarest varieties. In arboriculture Mr. Webster was conspicuous, an imposing array of forest trees of every size and variety adorning the avenues, slopes and otherwise unutilized areas. Mr. Webster was unable to patronize nurseries during the inception of his enterprise, and, from the seed-planting of his own hand, there had in 1852 risen more than 100,000 trees to a respectable growth, and which since that time must have increased in size and multiplied in number, supposing them to have been undisturbed, in a manner to astonish the far-sighted originator, could he now look down upon the unbrageous fields of Marshfield. Of fruit trees there was an abundance, the old orchard containing 300 trees and the new one 1000 in most vigorous and flourishing condition. The estate was admirably laid out, the landscape-gardening being so exquisite that, as the different walks, paths, avenues and drives were traversed, every element in the refined and beautified landscape appeared to be exactly where it should be — in the very fittest place. That which has been claimed as essential to every perfect landscape was not lacking in Marshfield. The trio of lovely lakes has been often expatiated upon, and to marked degree enhanced the beauties of the prospects. They were near to the mansion, and fed by the purest of springs. In the largest of these lakes, Mr. Webster, by the device of providing peculiar islands in the centre, was enabled to domesticate a flock of wild geese — a rare accomplishment. It will be seen that the rural scenery of Marshfield, under the master touch of this wonderful man, must have been a congenial retreat for painter and poet. And the effect was augmented by the outlying territory, supplementing the immediate prospects, the immense expanse of marsh-land, streams, islands, forest patches, all skirted

by the beaches stretching far away to right and left, with old Ocean filling out the vistas into a magnificent outspread of delightful scenery. We now come to the buildings of the estate, of which there were some 30. The mansion, out-houses, residence of the superintendent, dairyman's house and fisherman's, the landlord's office, gardener's premises and all those structures which cluster about the large barns and stables — these give the air of large population to the estate, and impress the observer with the presence and power of varied life. The mansion itself was worthy of extended scrutiny. The main portion was built in 1774, and the subsequent additions more than doubled the size and completely modernized the appearance. Its location was on the summit of a beautiful lawn, and it stood, completely girded by a piazza, under the delightful shadow of a great elm. Below stairs there were nine elegantly furnished rooms, all *en suite*, the chief apartment being the gothic library. Articles of *vertu* abounded throughout the establishment, and the conspicuous results of womanly taste were everywhere manifest. There were portraits of Mr. Webster by Stuart and Healey; one of Lord Ashburton; of Judge Story, by Harding; of other members of the family, together with many other excellent artistic productions, both of painter and sculptor. Mr. Webster's daughter Julia made a deep impression on that home, and to her he was indebted for his finely designed library. His entire collection of books, just before his death, was valued at $40,000.

Mr. Webster gives a description of Marshfield in a letter to Mrs. Curtis: "And now, from generalities to facts. An old-fashioned two-story house, with a piazza (stoop?) all round it, stands on a gentle rising, facing due south, and distant fifty rods from the road which runs in front. Beyond the road is a ridge of hilly land, not very high, covered with oak wood, running in the same direction as the road,

and leaving a little depression or break exactly opposite the house, through which the southern breezes fan us of an afternoon. I feel them now, coming, not over beds of violets, but over Plymouth bay, fresh, if not fragrant. A carriage-way leads from the road to the house, not bold and impudent, right up straight to the front door, like the march of a column of soldiers, but winding over the lower parts of the ground, sheltering itself among trees and hedges, and getting possession at last, more by grace than force, as other achievements are best made. Two other houses are in sight, one a farm-house, cottage-built, at the end of the avenue, so covered up in an orchard as to be hardly visible; the other a little farther off in the same direction, that is, to the left on the road, very neat and pretty, with a beautiful field of grass by its side. Opposite the east window of the east front room stands a noble spreading elm, the admiration of all beholders. Beyond that is the garden, sloping to the east, and running down till the tide washes its lower wall. Back of the house are such vulgar things as barns; and on the other side, that is, to the north and northwest, is a fresh-water pond of some extent, with green grass growing down to its margin, and a good walk all round it, one side the walk passing through a thick belt of trees, planted by the same hand that now indites this eloquent description. This pond is separated on the east by a causeway from the marshes and the salt water, and over this causeway is the common passage to the northern parts of the farm. I say nothing of orchards and copses and clumps interspersed over the lawn, because such things may be seen in vulgar places. But now comes the climax. From the doors, from the windows, and, still better, from twenty little elevations, all of which are close by, you see the ocean, a mile off, reposing in calm, or terrific in storm, as the case may be. There, you have now Marshfield; and let us recapitulate: 1. The ocean: as to that, when it is men-

tioned, enough is said. 2. A dry and pure air: not a bog, nor a ditch, nor an infernal gutter, in five miles; not a particle of exhalation but from the ocean and a running New England stream. 3. A walk of a mile, always fit for ladies' feet, when not too wet, through the orchard and the belt. 4. Five miles of excellent hard beach-driving on the seashore, commencing a mile and a half from the house. 5. A region of pine forest, three miles back, dark and piney in appearance and in smell, as you ever witnessed in the remotest interior."

V.

THE WEBSTER CENTENNIAL.

WHILE the preliminary arrangements were being completed in Marshfield, the officers of the Society and Committee of Arrangements were completing their work. The President, Stephen M. Allen, and his aids, were each at the Brunswick, awaiting the pleasure of their guests.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery, who had been untiring in their efforts to make the occasion the grandest of their long history, and who had for the first time in a great many years changed the time of their fall field-day celebrations in order to do escort duty to the Webster Historical Society and their guest, the President of the United States, were promptly at their armory at seven o'clock in the morning, and, notwithstanding a raw, cold east wind was blowing, the old corps turned out over two hundred men, exclusive of band, drum corps and staff. After breakfast was served, the formation was made by Adjutant McDonough, and, headed by the Boston City band, with Simpson's drum corps, the column commenced the march to the Brunswick.

The following is the roster of the corps: —

Captain, Capt. John Mack, of Boston; First Lieutenant, Capt. Samuel Hichborn, of Boston; Second Lieutenant, Sergt. William P. Jones, of Boston; Adjutant, Maj. John McDonough, of Boston.

First Sergeant of Infantry, Col. A. N. Proctor, of Boston; Second Sergeant, Sergt. Edward E. Wells, of Boston; Third Sergeant, Edwin Warner, of Boston; Fourth Sergeant, Capt. Samuel H. Babcock, of Boston; Fifth Sergeant, Col. Henry A. Stevens, of East Cambridge; Sixth Sergeant, Lieut. J. Henry Taylor, of Chelsea.

First Sergeant of Artillery, Dr. E. W. Sweet, of Worcester; Second Sergeant, Sergt. William M. Maynard, of Hyde Park; Third Sergeant, William Tyner, of Boston; Fourth Sergeant, Samuel Farquhar, of Newton; Fifth Sergeant, James M. Gleason, of Boston; Sixth Sergeant, Sergt. William N. Mills, of Boston.

Chief of Staff, Maj. Charles W. Stevens; Surgeon, Dr. Melville E. Webb; Assistant Surgeons, Lieut. John Sullivan and Lieut. Thomas Risteaux; Paymaster, Vincent Laforme; Assistant Paymaster, Lieut. George H. Allen; Quartermaster, George P. May; Sergeant Major, Lieut. J. P. Frost; Quartermaster Sergeant, John H. Peak; Commissary Sergeant, James H. Smith; Hospital Steward, Alfred S. Dinsmore; Color Bearers, Capt. John S. Blair and Sergt. William F. Bacon; Directing Sergeant, William C. Pfaff; Right General Guide, Capt. Edwin R. Frost; Left General Guide, Lieut. George E. Hall; Chaplains, Rev. E. C. Bolles, Rev. H. Bernard Carpenter, Rev. E. A. Horton.

Honorary Staff, Past Commanders, Col. Isaac H. Wright, Col. Marshall P. Wilder, Capt. James A. Fox, Major Gen. N. P. Banks, Maj. George O. Carpenter, Col. Edward Wyman, Capt. A. A. Folsom, Maj. Dexter H. Follett, Capt. John L. Stevenson, Col. Charles W. Wilder and Capt. W. H. Cundy, Brig. Gen. B. F. Peach, Jr., Col. W. A. Bancroft, Col. B. F. Bridges, Jr., Brig. Gen. I. S. Burrell, Maj. George S. Merrill, Maj. Charles A. Young, Lieut. Col. Edward Hobbs, Capt. E. J. Trull, Capt. Benjamin F. Field, Jr., Capt. Ralph Carpenter, Col. A. C. Eddy; with Capt. G. A. Fuller, Capt. Frank S. Belton and Lieut. G. Henry Witthaus, Lieut. H. R. McMurray, Lieut. H. H. Brockway and Lieut. Benjamin Gurney, all of the Old Guard of New York.

After leaving the armory, the route, the column being headed by a fine squad of police from station 2, was through South Market, Commercial, State, Washington, School, Tremont streets, to the Park-street gate, thence across the Common to Boylston street, and down that street to the Hotel Brunswick.

Arriving at the hotel, where Mayor Fox, of Cambridge, assisted by Major Davis, of the Ancients and Honorables, was in charge of the arrangements of the occasion, the organization deployed in line and saluted President Arthur as he emerged from the hotel, at 9.10 o'clock, accompanied by President Allen, of the Webster Historical Society. The procession then started in the following order: —

The military Division of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, eighty-four muskets, preceded by the band.

First carriage, containing President Arthur, Mayor Green, and Stephen M. Allen, President of the Webster Historical Society.

Second carriage — Secretaries Lincoln and Chandler, Chester A. Arthur, Jr., and Collector Worthington.

Third carriage — Judge Sanger, Judge Nelson and ex-Gov. Banks.

Fourth carriage — Assistant Postmaster Hatton, of New York, Secretary Phillips, Postmaster Tobey and Mr. Cooper.

Fifth carriage — G. W. Burnham, of New York, Judge Warren and Stillman B. Allen.

Sixth carriage — Ex-Governor Farnham, of Vermont, Judge Miller, Oliver Ames and Ex-Governor Rice.

Seventh carriage — Edward F. Thayer, Mr. Tilton and Geo. C. Richardson.

Eighth carriage — Horace G. Allen, Francis M. Boutwell, Thomas S. Lockwood, Thomas H. Cummings.

Carriages containing the City Committee of Entertainment, and invited guests of the Society.

The Civic Division of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, preceded by a drum corps.

The President's carriage was flanked by ex-Commanders Folsom and Cundy of the Ancients, with six members on either side wearing the uniform of the Worcester Continentals. At the rear of the carriages was a detachment of the Ancients. On starting, the President was cheered by the students of the Institute of Technology, who stood on the steps of that institution. The procession then moved through Bolyston street, Park square, Eliot and Kneeland streets to the South-street side of the Old Colony station, the President being heartily greeted along the way. The train carrying the Ancients, which was announced for 9.15, did not start until 9.50. It comprised nine cars. This was followed precisely at ten o'clock by the President's train. The train for Marshfield which started ten minutes after the President's had five cars, as did also the one which left before the escort train.

Groups of people were gathered at stations to see the train pass, but no stop was made until Hingham was reached, where Governor Long joined the party, accompanied by Dr. B. Joy Jeffries and Colonel W. T. Bouvé. A great crowd gathered at this station, and the President bowed his acknowledgments from the rear platform of the car.

The Ancients' train arrived at 11.02 o'clock, and the line was at once formed, to be ready to move on the arrival of the Presidential train a few minutes later. Details from several of the Plymouth County Grand Army Posts had arrived in the mean time, and they took position at the rear of the line. The parade was in charge of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, that organization acting as escort to the Webster Historical Society and its guests. Col. Wyman acted as Marshal. The arrivals by the public trains had been large, and when at 11.06 o'clock the President's train drew up at the platform there was a great crowd waiting to receive him. He immediately stepped upon the platform, accompanied by Hon. Stephen M. Allen, President of the Webster Historical Society, Gov. Long, the members of the Cabinet, and other distinguished guests. Carriages were in waiting, and as the party took their places in the line there sounded from a high hill opposite the tented field the roar of cannon, as a detachment of Battery A, of Boston, began firing a Presidential salute of twenty-one guns. The line of march was taken up in the following order: —

Platoon of mounted police under command of Chief Wade. Band of 26 pieces.

FIRST DIVISION.

Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company (infantry), Col. Wyman, Marshal and Aids.

Carriages containing President Arthur and other guests, as follows: —

First — The President, the Governor, Hon. Stephen M. Allen.

Second — The Mayor of Boston, the Collector of the Port of Boston, Secretary Lincoln, Secretary Chandler.

Third — Chester A. Arthur, Jr., Assistant Postmaster-General Hatton, Hon. E. S. Tobey, Private Secretary Phillips.

Fourth — C. F. Choate, M. W. Cooper, C. N. Bliss, Hon. Oliver Ames.

Fifth — Gov. Plaisted, of Maine, Gov. Bell, of New Hampshire, ex-Gov. Farnham, of Vermont, ex-Gov. Rice, of Massachusetts.

Sixth — Gov. Bigelow, of Connecticut, Gov. Littlefield, of Rhode Island, ex-Gov. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, ex-Gov. Banks, of Massachusetts.

Seventh — President Bartlett, of Dartmouth College, Charles A. White, Hon. Thos. Russell.

Eighth — Mrs. Stephen M. Allen, Mrs. H. G. Allen, Mr. C. A. Grinnell.

Ninth — Gordon Webster Burnham, of New York, Judge G. W. Warren.

Tenth — Senator Hoar, Senator Dawes, Hon. George B. Loring, ex-Gov. Jewell, of Connecticut.

Coombs' Fifth Regiment Band, of South Abington, 25 pieces.

SECOND DIVISION.

Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

Plymouth County Division Grand Army of the Republic, Benj. S. Atwood, Division Commander; Charles D. Nash, Assistant Adjutant General. Details from the following Posts: —

Fletcher Webster Post 13, of Brockton, Alfred C. Monroe, Commander, 40 men.

Post 76, of Plymouth, John Shannon, Commander, 50 men.

Post 8, of Middleboro', B. W Bump, Commander, 30 men.

Post 31, of Scituate, A. A. Seaverns, Commander, 40 men.

Post 74, of Rockland, Isaac Hopkins, Commander, 60 men.

Post 73, of Abington, A. H. Wright, Commander, 60 men.

Post 78, of South Abington, Timothy Reed, Commander, 100 men.

Post 111, of Pembroke, Henry H. Collamore, Commander, 40 men.

Post 14, of Hingham, I. Frank Goodwin, Commander, 60 men.

Post 120, of South Scituate, Alphonso Thomas, Commander, 40 men.

Post 127, of Hanson, Charles Atwood, Commander, 35 men.

Post 124, of East Bridgewater, W. H. Osborne, Commander, 50 men.

Honorary Members of the Webster Historical Society, in Barges.

The Webster Historical Society on foot.

Rear Guard of Police.

Among those in the ranks of the Webster Historical Society were Judge Nelson, of the United States District Court, District Attorney Sanger, Hon. Robert C. Pitman, of the Superior Bench, Sheriff Clark, of Suffolk, Hon. Leopold Morse, Hon. Eustace C. Fitz, Aldermen Slade and Hall, and President Pratt, of the Boston City Council. In addition to the guests named above as occupying carriages were the following persons: Rev. Elisha Mulford, D.D., Col. Joseph A. Harwood, Hon. George W. Johnson, of Milford, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Rev. E. C. Bolles, Hon. Charles E. Gallagher, Hon. James Smith, Rev. J. P. Bodfish, Hon. Joseph M. Wightman, Hon. F. W. Lincoln, T. S. Amory, Esq., George

Reception of President Arthur and Guests by Mrs. Fletcher Webster.

W. Morse, Esq., of Newton, R. G. F. Candage, Esq., of Brookline, Hon. E. S. Converse, of Malden, Nathan Warren, of Waltham, Gen. Horace Binney Sargent, of Salem, Hon. Jeremiah Gatchell, of Blackstone, Hon. James W. Stockwell, of Sutton, George H. Patch, Department Commander of the Grand Army, Hon. Harmon Hall, of Saugus, Harbor and Land Commissioner Nye, George W. Ware, Jr., of Belmont, Hon. Warren E. Locke, of Norwood, H. O. Houghton, of Cambridge, Hon. Selwyn Z. Bowman, S. N. Gifford, Hon. B. W. Harris, Hon. John W. Candler, Hon. Francis B. Hayes, Eben D. Jordan, George B. Hyde, Insurance Commissioner Julius H. Clarke, C. F. Choate, President Old Colony Railroad, Gov. Head, of New Hampshire, Gen. Jno. Eaton.

The line proceeded as promptly as possible over the heavy sandy road. The first half of the line went directly to the Webster mansion. The Second Division, beginning with the second corps of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, turned to the left at the field where the tents were spread, where the President's escort also returned after having proceeded to the Webster house.

It was precisely 11.50 o'clock when the head of the procession filed into the grounds of the Webster mansion. As the carriage containing the President of the United States passed up the winding avenue, under the graceful elms and sturdy maples planted by Mr. Webster with his own hand, the sun, which had been previously obscured in heavy clouds, suddenly burst forth, and President Arthur entered the house in the full brightness of the meridian sun. It was a picturesque sight — groups of people scattered over the spacious grounds awaiting the approach of the distinguished guests. A photographer was present, and secured a view of the Presidential party at the entrance of the Webster mansion. Six members of the G. A. R. of Plymouth County acted as

guards on the portico of the mansion, whose piazzas were crowded with the neighbors of the hostess. On alighting from the carriage, President Arthur stepped into the portico, and Mrs. Fletcher Webster and the Selectmen of Marshfield at the same moment appeared in the vestibule, and President Arthur was presented, as were Gov. Long, Chester A. Arthur, Jr., and several others of the distinguished guests. Mrs. Webster extended a cordial greeting to the President and guests, and a formal welcome was given by Hon. Stephen M. Allen, President of the Webster Historical Society. He said, —

"Mr. President: In behalf of Mrs. Fletcher Webster, the surviving possessor of this domain, as well as for the Webster Historical Society, I welcome you to the home of Daniel Webster, the defender of the Constitution under which you were made Chief Magistrate of the Republic. The associations and teachings of this spot cannot fail to add new confidence to your position and hopes, and impress you with all the strength, dignity and beauty of that high responsibility which Providence so suddenly and unexpectedly thrust upon you. To your coolness and strength of nerve under the nation's calamity; to your intellectual and moral independence, your patriotism and fidelity, all so powerfully felt and quickly known through the whole country and around the world, it was owing that the Republic passed its most dangerous and solemn crisis without serious public difficulty. It is due to your discretion and statesmanship with its moral dignity and independence, that confidence was so soon restored and has since been so fully maintained. In behalf of this Society, on the books of which your name was enrolled as an early member, I thank you for this attention and presence. May the occasion prove valuable to us all."

When Mr. Allen had done speaking, the President responded briefly, expressing his pleasure that he was able to visit the home of a man who was so famous in his time, and

whose influence since his death has been so powerful and so widespread. The President and Mrs. Webster then passed into the house, where, at the end of the great hall opposite the door, an informal reception took place, the President standing directly in front of the celebrated paintings of Mr. Webster and Grace Fletcher, which he turned to and attentively studied. At the President's left stood Mrs. Webster; next to her Mrs. James Campbell, and then the two Misses Devereaux. The following were the guests of the house present: Hon. James A. Campbell and wife, of Philadelphia, Mr. George Fred Williams, of Boston, Mr. W. K. Armistead, and the two Misses Devereaux. Conspicuous in the mansion were the elegant articles of art and adornment saved from the conflagration of the Webster mansion; on the right of the hall, near the entrance, hung the portraits of Edward and Fletcher Webster, sons of Daniel, one of whom died in the Mexican war; the other being killed at the head of his regiment — the 12th Massachusetts — in the late war. The swords which each carried during those wars hung between the pictures. A large number of the more prominent guests of the occasion were present at the house. At 12.15 the following list of guests invited to remain to the breakfast was read, the persons being seated on the right and left of the President, who occupied the head of the table, in the following order: Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Stephen M. Allen, Secretary Lincoln, President Allen of the Webster Historical Society, Mrs. Campbell, Secretary Chandler, Assistant Postmaster-General Hatton, C. A. Arthur, Jr., Mayor Green, President Choate of the Old Colony Railroad, Oliver Ames, Gen. N. P. Banks, Judge Hatch, Judge Nelson, Judge Russell, President Bartlett, Gov. Bell, of New Hampshire, ex-Gov. Boutwell, Gov. Plaisted, of Maine, Mr. Baker, Mr. Armistead, Hon. Marshall Jewell, Gov. Long, Gov. Littlefield, of Rhode Island, Gov. Bigelow, of Con-

necticut, Gov. Farnham, of Vermont, Capt. Sprague, ex-Gov. Rice, Mr. Bliss, Mr. Chas. Austin White, Mr. Kellogg, G. W. Burnham, Mr. Phillips, the President's private secretary, and Roland Worthington. The names of Andrew J. Hall, Lucius Slade, Chas. E. Pratt and Godfrey Morse, of the Boston Committee, and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Wright and Miss Wright, of Duxbury, friends of the President, were called, but they were unable to reach the room because of the crowd. The tables were spread for forty-two guests, ten of whom were members of the household or their guests. This breakfast was given by Messrs. Blake, Hatch and Sprague, Selectmen of Marshfield. At 12.30 the breakfast was put upon the two tables spread in the front and back parlors at the right of the hall. The President then descended from the upper floor, whither he had retired to arrange his toilet, and the party entered the breakfast parlors as their names were called. This entertainment occupied something more than an hour. The procession then re-formed in the same order as the march from the station, Mrs. Fletcher Webster and Mrs. S. M. Allen riding with President Arthur and the Hon. S. M. Allen.

AT THE TOMB.

The Webster lot occupies the crest of the little hill which for two centuries has been the burial-place of many of the dead from the neighboring towns. The cemetery is now in charge of the Webster Historical Society, and fresh interments are but rarely made. The lot wherein are buried the remains of nine members of the Webster family is a rather small enclosure, surrounded by a plain iron fence, according to the custom of twenty-five and fifty years ago. The tomb of Daniel Webster occupies a rectangular wing in the rear and facing the entrance which fronts to the east. The exterior appearance of the tomb is simply that of a large grass-

grown mound, upon which is an upright marble slab of the simplest description, with shape and inscription as here indicated :

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Nothing else marks the resting-place of Daniel Webster. In other positions are placed head-stones, suitably inscribed, indicating the graves of other members of the family. For the ceremonies of the day the tomb was made conspicuous by decorations which, while of the simplest nature, were most appropriate. Nothing could be more fit than the arch of autumn leaves over the entrance to the lot, and the like design at the top of the mound, to embellish the resting-place of the dead, while the glory of the coloring, the painting of nature on the limbs and foliage, as if in recognition of the occasion, might be most appropriately understood as a tribute to the fame and greatness of the man whose honored dust lies within. This embellishment of the tomb was in far better taste and keeping with the day and time than would have been the most elaborate and costly display of flowers. A platform, with speakers' desk, and seats for the principal guests, had been erected in front of the lot. It had been heavily draped in evergreen and flowers. On a white background, in letters of green, was the inscription, "I still live." The tomb itself was hidden under a mass of evergreen and dahlias, while festoons of green were hung between the stones marking the graves of the other members of the Webster family.

Directly in the rear of the platform centre, beneath an arch of evergreens, was an oil painting of Daniel Webster. Upon the President alighting at the platform, and after all the ladies and gentlemen comprising the party had taken their seats, the City band played a dirge. Mr. Elmore Allen

Pierce, of Boston, then read an original hymn, which the whole audience afterward sang to the air of "Zion." The following is a copy of the hymn : —

WEBSTER'S TOMB.

Darkly sealed the mausoleum, keeping
Sacred dust, so long at rest;
Nations mourn and peoples weeping,
Green the turf so fondly blest,
Faith enshrining
Joins our souls with those arisen,
Angels twining
Wreathe our prayers in one for heaven.

Not alone the statesman sleepeth,
Who listening Senates held command:
Stalwart sons the tomb here keepeth,
Martyred with the Union band.
Sorrows blending
Link the States from sea to sea.
Never ending
Triumphing in unity.

Rock of ages! cleft, to duty
Kindly hold these granite walls,
Shielding age and youth and beauty,
Yield! when God the Saviour calls.
Angels guiding,
Mouldering dust return to life.
Faith abiding,
Rise! beyond a world of strife.

After the singing, the following prayer was offered by Rev. Ebenezer Alden, D.D., of Marshfield, who officiated at the funeral of Daniel Webster in 1852 : —

Let us pray: O God, thou art our God, as thou wert our fathers' God, and we will extol thee. As we gather to-day around these graves of this ancient place of burial, we pray that thou wilt impress us duly both with mortality and immortality. As we come to commemorate the birth and life of him who lies here we pray thee that all these services in which we are engaged may tend to lift our thoughts to thee, and to fit us more faithfully to honor thee here in life

and fulfil the station in life in which thou hast placed us. We thank thee for the early influences which surrounded thy distinguished servant whose life and death we to-day commemorate. We thank thee for all the struggles of his early manhood, through which thou didst carry him with such success, and we thank thee for all the wisdom and grace that thou didst impart to him in subsequent years. We thank thee for all the influences he exerted for good as he went up to the house of God; as he evinced his deep reverence for thee; as he engaged in the various works and responsibilities as Senator and as counsellor for the nation; as he directed the affairs of our Commonwealth and of our nation; and now we pray thee that so far as his life was in accordance with thy truth, so far as he is an example of the fear of God, so far as he displayed the great truths which have been the salvation of our nation, although by thy holy providences thou hast called us to pass through this sacrifice of blood and of treasure, we pray thee as we review his life and the seal which thou hast set to the great principles which he has expounded, that thou wouldst to-day, as our minds go back to him, help us to learn such lessons as shall be for our own good and that of our entire people We come to commit to thee all who are here. We pray now especially for our President, that thou wouldst guard his life, and that thou wilt impart to him all that wisdom and that grace in the performance of duties which he needs so much. And we beseech thee that thou wouldst be with his counsellors and with all the Senators and members in Congress, teaching them wisdom and righteousness. We pray thee for the Governor of this Commonwealth, and for all in authority, and for our entire people throughout the whole country — East, West, North and South. We pray that this commemorative occasion may tend to cement the affections of this people, may draw us forth in gratitude to thee for the great men thou

hast given us, and fit us for all the scenes before us. Be with us in all time to come; may the nation be preserved not as a beacon, but as a bright and shining example to the nations of the earth, of virtue, of temperance, of righteousness and of the fear of God. And now we pray that thou wouldst be with us not only at this hour, but throughout the services of the day; and we pray not alone that all our country may be blessed, but that thy kingdom may come throughout all the world, and that that time may be imminent when thou mayst be acknowledged King of kings and Lord of lords, on whom are many crowns. Forgive us our sins; sanctify our affections; guide us individually through the pilgrimage of life; and when we finish our course, receive us to thee and to immortality. And this we ask through our Saviour, of the one living and true God, to whom with thee and the Holy Spirit we ascribe the praise of our salvation. Amen.

ADDRESS OF HON. STEPHEN M. ALLEN.

Distinguished Friends and Fellow Citizens:

The sepulchre before us has been thrice consecrated, and is a sacred one. More than two and a half centuries ago the spot on which it stands was first dedicated to civil and religious liberty, the parent of all true political union. Here, some of the most distinguished of the Pilgrim Fathers early settled, and here, at last, "they rested," surrounded by these beautiful headlands and harbors, by these green hills and fertile plains. Here were laid, a century and a half later, some of the fathers of the Revolution, sons and grandsons of the Pilgrims, worthy successors of their fame and glory. Borrowing republican ideas from Aristides and Cato through the historic pages of Greece and Rome, these sturdy patriots traced them through Hampden and Cromwell,

and saw them rise and fall under the bloody conflicts of the Commonwealth. Later on, in their own hands, these principles gleamed with living light at Lexington and Bunker Hill, and boldly rose to a zenith of brilliancy at Monmouth and at Yorktown. Here, on this spot, after three quarters of a century, the green turf was again broken, this time for the defender of that Union which their blood had so firmly cemented — Daniel Webster; and here, father and mother, sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters, alike, now lie side by side in one common family tomb. Among the family thus grouped together here in death, there are names of historic interest, — names that glorified and adorned nearly every walk of life, from the towering statesman clothed in garments of high civic life, and the patriotic soldier bathed in flowing blood, to the humbler, but no less beautiful, types of domestic virtue, and noble representatives of filial and maternal love. Scarce a year has elapsed since this family circle was made well-nigh complete by the death of one who, though mature of mind and in middle life, was still possessed of all the charms of youth and of beauty. Around this enclosure we see studded here, in strong contrast with the green mound at its head, dots of white marble, small shafts with individual names in small letters, indicative alike of the modesty and high worth of the dust that lies beneath. On searching further, we find a plain slab in no way distinguished from the rest but by the simple name of "Daniel Webster." Not a single syllable, not a character, more. There is no epitaph to sound his praises, no word to celebrate his mighty deeds and triumphs. Even for the dates of his birth and death — dates so deeply engraven on every true American heart — there is no indication here, and we have to look for them, with his sublime declaration of faith, elsewhere. All is silent, and it is meet that it should be so. For silence is golden; silence quickens thought, and the simple name of

Webster — synonymous with patriotism, the Constitution and the constitutional history of the country — suffices to tell the story of his great life. To every patriotic American it speaks louder than tongues of brass, and reveals more of his true grandeur and glory than volumes could unfold. It tells of a life spent in teaching a great nation to be just; of life-long undivided efforts to reconcile and unite in brotherly love a distracted and divided people; of unfaltering devotion to the cause of the Union; of a profound study and masterly exposition of the principles underlying the American Constitution, whose history is his history, and whose growth was symmetrical with his; and finally, of a generous self-sacrifice to his country's welfare, and a never-failing readiness to espouse the cause of truth and justice wherever and with whomsoever found.

It is, indeed, a fit spot this — looking out upon the broad blue ocean so beautifully described in one of his last letters while Secretary of State, to the President of the United States — for the final resting-place of him whose natal centennial we celebrate to-day.

Fitting too to be thus embraced within the circling dust of Pilgrims and Revolutionary patriots, inheritors of the same principles of civil and religious liberty, and fathers of the same Republic to which his own life had been so long and so fully devoted. With such associations, with such tender memories clinging around this spot, can I not with propriety exclaim, "Tread softly — the ground whereon you stand is holy. All hail, thrice-consecrated spot!"

These vivid memories, this grave, and a handful of earth, are all indeed that here remain to remind us of Webster. But of his immortality — and it is with that we are concerned more especially — how shall I speak? Where shall I find language to express it and do him justice? His fame, his character, the memory of his great deeds and actions already embla-

zoned upon the pages of history in characters of living light, will endure forever. Generations of Americans yet unborn, in studying the needs of their country, will think and speak of him with gratitude and admiration. And in every land the name of Webster will go down to posterity as the defender of humanity's cause, and the invincible champion of constitutional liberty.

Deeply impressed, then, with the greatness of my subject, and only too conscious of my own inability to render unto Webster the things that are Webster's, the honor and the glory that are justly due him, I stand here to-day as one among a thousand others, a simple friend of the departed statesman. But, mark you well, I am not here to champion the cause of Webster. He needs no champion. Choate and Parker, Curtis and Everett, and others, have done this before me right eloquently and well. But to-day I come and invite you to review once more, and reflect with me on the facts of his well-spent life. To examine how much, if any, of truth there be in the criticisms so freely bestowed upon his course. To see how he stood in comparison with the other great men and minds of his time. And finally, to recognize his transcendent greatness as a jurist, an orator, and a statesman. This will be the order of my discourse.

In the order of time and in the great tide of human events, great emergencies call for correspondingly great men; and whether men present themselves in the line of promotion, or go with a single bound from obscurity to distinction, their titles to fame are equally valid. It was an emergency in religious thought that made of Luther a bold reformer, and of Loyola a strong enthusiast. It was an emergency in political events that brought Napoleon and Cromwell to the front, and gave the name of Great to Washington. And so, in like manner, it was an emergency in

the history of our American Constitution that made of Daniel Webster almost its sole exponent and interpreter, lifting him up from nothing to greatness, from obscurity to a high position, and clothing him with undying fame and glory.

Son of Ebenezer and Abigail Eastman Webster, he was born at Salisbury, N.H., January 18, 1782, at the dawn of the final recognition of American Independence, and at the very time when William Pitt, the idol of British royalty, was coming into almost regal power. It was in a small frame cottage erected on what was once the most northerly settled farm in New England; it was in midwinter, with snow-bound roads, among the denudated hills where the hibernating brown bear still slept, dreaming of coming spring; it was in a pathless wilderness covering cratered caverns from which nightly issued the gray wolf to stalk the deer in his well-trodden browsing glen, — that the future statesman and orator first saw the light of day. Here, with the Bible as his first text-book, so early learned that his memory could never trace back his first attempt at reading it, and with the Constitution of his country printed upon his pinafore, his education was first begun.

Even now, methinks, I see the young lad listening nightly, by the pale light of the tallow dip, or the flickering of the pitchwood-split, to the fireside tales of the family, or itinerant clergy going their stated rounds. And, however fanciful my picture, certain it is that here he first learned by heart the story of the Pilgrims, and the leading events of the Revolution which separated the colonies from the mother country. Here the conflicting opinions of English statesmen, which then, as now, were a puzzle to consistency, were thoroughly discussed. And here it was that his breast first glowed with the fire of patriotism, and his slumbering intellect first awakened to real life and action, — that mighty intellect which in after years was to shape the destinies of

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a great nation, and furnish solution to problems that baffled for two-score years nearly thirty millions of people. That fervid, generous, far-reaching patriotism that never knew State lines or sections, but only a whole and undivided country.

Private lessons at home, with incidental labors upon the farm, furnished the groundwork of his primary studies, and enabled him to enter the academy at Exeter. Here, with additional teaching by the Rev. Mr. Wood, of Boscawen, he fitted for college, entering Dartmouth at fifteen, the same age at which Burke, with whom he is so often compared, was matriculated at Trinity College, Dublin.

Mr. Webster has related the story himself when his father told him for the first time that he would send him to college. "I remember," says he, "the very hill we were ascending through the deep snow, in a New England pung, when my father first made known his purpose to me. I could not speak. How could he, I thought, with so large a family, and in such narrow circumstances, think of incurring so great an expense for me? A warm glow ran all over me, and I laid my head upon my father's shoulder and wept. The next moment I felt as proud as a Roman consul to whom a triumph had been decreed." Such was the beginning of his college career; a beginning, auspicious indeed, to say the least, and the sensitive boy already seemed to foreshadow the great and mighty statesman.

At the period of entering college it is safe to affirm he was acquainted in theory with the politics of the old and the new world. This appears in all his early correspondence, and the time had evidently come when he could read and reason from the events of his own day as well as those of the past. The French Revolution, unlike that in America which had been so successful, was on the wane. Republican ideas across the ocean were then nearly strangled, this time by

the force of concentrated intellect alone. With young Pitt the premier of England, republican sympathy died early. With Chatham, his noble father, it had a longer and more natural growth. And so, while attending diligently to his other studies, Webster found time to trace the current of these events in the political world. At that time the young Corsican had just conquered Italy. A year or two later, while Webster was delivering his Fourth of July oration to his fellow-students at Dartmouth, Napoleon was fighting successfully his battles of the Pyramids and the Nile. The imagery of these strange and startling facts was not lost on him, but found a safe resting-place in his mind for future use.

His course at Dartmouth was in every way clear and creditable; he secured the respect and love of all, and maintained it to the close. Graduating with honor in 1801, the physical, moral and intellectual status of the man, thereafter, through much toil and labor, developed with that of his country, — grew with its growth, and strengthened with its strength. Even at this early day Webster seemed a part of the age in which he lived. His mind, like the rocky hills among which he was born, was metamorphic, yet strongly primitive, — fused by the broadest and most natural principles, yet recombined and cemented in great strength and harmony. Witness his orations at eighteen and twenty, — patterns of growing eloquence and of remarkable strength and skill. The former, delivered at Dartmouth, drew tears from the veterans, as well as many another's eyes. The latter, delivered at Fryeburg, Me., embraced all the principles for governing a republic; and even at the present day, for patriotic fervor, moral sublimity, national unity of thought, and grandeur of republican ideas, it is well-nigh unsurpassed.

After teaching two quarters at the academy of Fryeburg,

and finishing his course of law, he was admitted to the bar in 1805. He practised two years at Boscawen, declining the remunerative office of clerk to a county court, and subsequently removed to Portsmouth, where he worked successfully, though pitted against some of the best legal talent and experience in the county.

In looking back now, it is easy to see that this period of competition, extending over nearly ten years, produced a marked degree of influence on the development of his future ability and character as a jurist; too marked an influence, in fact, to be passed over here in silence. The names of Mason, Smith, Story and Parsons abundantly attest this, and are sufficient of themselves to honor any rival who measured lances with them. Mr. Webster himself bore testimony to this influence when presenting the resolutions of the Suffolk bar upon Mr. Mason's death. He said, "I will not say of the advantages which I have derived from his intercourse and conversation, all that Mr. Fox said of Edmund Burke; but I am bound to say that, of my own professional discipline and attainments, whatever they may be, I owe much to that close attention to the discharge of my duties which I was compelled to pay, for nine successive years from day to day, by Mr. Mason's efforts and arguments at the same bar. I must have been unintelligent indeed not to have learned something from the constant displays of that power which I had so much occasion to see and feel." Of Judge Story's influence, Rufus Choate says, "Such was his affluence of knowledge, such his stimulant enthusiasm, he was burning with so incredible a passion for learning and fame, that his influence over young Webster was instant, and it was great and permanent." It was in this arena, wrestling day by day with these gladiators of forensic dispute, that Webster grew and was strengthened and became mighty and all-powerful at the American bar.

During this decade of his life, occurred two events which in a measure helped to shape and fashion his future career. The first was his marriage to Grace Fletcher, daughter of Rev. Mr. Fletcher, of Hopkinton. It was a case of love at first sight. He first saw her when on horseback, riding up to the church door.

Their courtship, a friend assured me, was a most unique and happy one. When one day engaged with her in trying to unravel a tangled skein of silk, he suddenly said, "Grace, can you tie a love-knot that will not untie during this life?" "I know not," she replied, "but I am willing to try, Daniel." That love-knot is still in existence, and I treasure it among the choicest of my souvenirs of Webster. They were married in 1808, and their domestic life was ever after the most happy until her death in 1828.* The second event I refer to was his election to Congress from the State of New Hampshire in 1813. Remember, this was when the second war with England had already begun — when Burke, Pitt and Fox, the great statesmen of the old world, were dead, and Washington, Franklin and Hamilton of the new world had gone to their rest. It was when the influence of these political giants was somewhat subsiding, that Webster, the child of the wilderness, like a moral Achilles, first stepped into the nation's forum where his crowning triumphs were to be won. Napoleon, too, had superseded the Republic of France. He had passed from General to Consul, and from Consul to Emperor, when Webster, taking his seat in the house of Congress, May, 1813, on the 10th of June following made his maiden speech concerning the famous Berlin and Milan decrees. He was placed upon the Committee of Foreign Affairs, and his services there, his mastery of the questions of currency and finance, as well as his

*In 1829, Mr. Webster married Miss Caroline Leroy, who survived him thirty years. See note at end of address.

subsequent speeches on the increase of the navy and the repeal of the embargo and orders in council, gave him a wide influence, and raised him to the first rank of debaters. Even at this epoch, Mr. Lowndes said of him, "The North has not his equal, nor the South his superior." Remark that all this was done at the age of thirty-one, a period of years when Burke was still a neophyte in politics, and had made an unsuccessful attempt at the bar. I would also call your attention to the fact that the House at this time contained many talented men. There were Clay and Calhoun, Lowndes, Pickering, Gaston and Forsyth in the first rank; Marion, Berien, J. W. Taylor, Oakley, Gunnison, W. R. King, Grundy, Kent of Maryland, Ingersoll of Pennsylvania, Pitkin of Connecticut, and Randolph of Virginia, and many others of scarcely less note in the second. But among them all he was *facile princeps;* and, to my mind, there were only two, Clay and Calhoun, who, in their respective specialties, approached or could in any way bear comparison with Webster.

Clay was five years older than Webster, and had but little of his training and classical knowledge. Yet he knew more of the outside world, had had a larger experience in State legislation, and was twice elected to the United States Senate before meeting Webster in the halls of Congress.

The personal associations of Clay in early life, owing to the newly settled district in the West in which he lived, were not, like those of Webster's, surrounded or strongly controlled by religious convictions and a high political moral force, and he was not personally so generous. And I say this, not to rate Henry Clay's advance upon his opportunities the less, but to honor and appreciate those of Webster the more. All the world knows that Webster, out of courtesy, often deferred to Clay in politics, and gave him precedence with the people as a candidate for the Presidency, even when his

own chances for the office were most likely to succeed. Had Clay shown an equal magnanimity of soul towards Webster's elevation, I doubt not that both of these great men would have become Presidents in time, and then the destiny of the world might have felt the result. Perhaps I may be pardoned for alluding here in this connection to a calumny which has of late obtained somewhat widely among us. They say that Webster, being smitten with the Presidential fever, stooped to barter for votes, and, failing to realize his hopes, died of a broken heart. But let the dead man have a hearing. I knew Webster from my boyhood up; and I, with thousands of others now living, can say that his whole life and habit was a contradiction to this, and therefore would of itself pronounce this calumny false — utterly and profoundly false. That Daniel Webster wanted to be President of the United States, I concede. But that was a laudable ambition. That Webster so coveted the office of President that he could and did sacrifice his honor in pursuit of it, I most emphatically deny; and his own oft-repeated words bear me out in the contradiction. Webster's nature and mind were too great for that, his morality too strong, and his sense of honor and self-respect too high and unswerving; such a debasement was morally impossible. Webster may indeed have died a disappointed man. But, mark you well, it was a disappointment born of the falsity of friends, — a disappointment born of the treachery of party leaders, — a disappointment that drove him to look to young men and the people at large for sympathy, because they alone, unwarped by the prejudices of party, could judge him with fairness and impartiality. This was his only disappointment. He believed to his dying day that if the people had had their own way, unbiased by selfish and jealous party leaders, he would have been elected President of the United States; and that impression remains in the minds of his old friends to-day.

Webster had his faults, indeed, but an immodest or indelicate aspiration to the Presidency assuredly was not one of them. Mr. Clay's ambition to become President was much stronger than Webster's, and he was determined to succeed or prevent Mr. Webster from ever receiving the nomination of his party. With Clay, the law of expediency was seemingly the more natural one; and with great fertility of mind, and often to successful purpose, though he instituted compromises, it must be said they often lacked the foundation of great natural principle. Webster, on the other hand, was slow to yield a principle; he stood out strong for the right, and he resented an infringement of the Constitution and laws as he would a personal injury. Clay was eloquent indeed, but without that intellectually sublime foundation of an orator in his nature possessed by Webster. He did not reason as well as Webster, and his influence, in consequence, was more electric than logical upon the people.

The only man who could compare with Webster in logical acumen, and this only from his own standpoint, was John C. Calhoun, whose character and ability, to my knowledge, he always very highly respected.

If I may be allowed an illustration from physics, I would say that while Clay's brain battery, orally illustrated, was purely electric with metaphysical force, Calhoun's was magnetic, and was nearly always directed to one central point. Webster's was largely a combination of both, with a great natural and broad flow of illustration, eloquent as well as logical, and as convincing in manner. Clay lighted up, lifted and stirred whatever he touched and handled, making a strong impression at the time, but leaving less for future thought. Calhoun's was a sharp, keen, penetrating intellect, yet shorn of the strength it might otherwise have possessed, because of the narrow scope of its very intensity, an intensity which exposed him to the blighting effects of

sectional prejudice or narrow-mindedness. Nullification, slavery and South Carolina were Calhoun's idols; beyond them the world seemed to him secondary. Webster, on the contrary, while possessed of an equal amount of penetration and sagacity, was broader in his sympathies and larger in his views, and these he always expressed with vigor and strength. Webster indeed loved Massachusetts, but he loved South Carolina and the other States too with an almost equal love, as his letters and speeches and all his public acts show. Furthermore, Calhoun was no lawyer, nor did he ever pretend to be. In this respect Webster outstripped both him and Clay, and was, to the mind of most of his legal friends, the greatest lawgiver the country has ever produced. As an orator, Calhoun was pungent and grasping, and this peculiarity of force some call great, but Webster was even greater in all these phases of oratory. The Plymouth Rock speech, his Bunker Hill discourse, and his crushing reply to Hayne, have no equal in the field of American oratory. But it was in his sterling integrity, in his courteousness, in the sincerity of his belief in the righteousness of his cause, — a sincerity that lifted him above all suspicion of personal treachery to the Union, — it was in these, I say, that John C. Calhoun resembled Webster; and, recognizing this fact, Webster always respected him, as I have said, more than any of his peers.

Having thus shown how Webster stood in comparison with his giant associates, reaching out to a future full of promise and hope, let us resume now the thread of his life and subsequent career before the world.

Webster had now reached the age of forty years; and, though he had given promise of, he had not yet fully realized, his character of greatness. From this epoch, however, I can truly say that his career as a jurist was positively assured. Side by side with his professional character grew his reputation

as an orator and his reputation as a statesman, until they too became firmly fixed and established. Onward and upward he went in his triple career of glory to the highest niche in the gallery of his country's fame. Bear with me, then, if, glancing rapidly over this period of his life, I touch lightly on its leading events and his greatest efforts. And first, let me speak of the growth of his professional reputation, or the formation of his character and power as a lawyer. Time, indeed, will not allow me here to dwell at length upon this side of his career. But some salient facts there are which demand recognition and cannot be passed over in silence. Recall, for instance, the case of Gibbons and Ogden in 1824, which settled an important principle in navigation, and for which Chief Justice Wayne, a quarter of a century later, paid Webster the glowing tribute of having fixed the constitutionality of the whole subject Recall the case of Ogden and Saunders in 1827, the case of the Proprietors of the Charles River Bridge in 1836, the Alabama Bank in 1839, the Rhode Island Constitution in 1840, and the Girard Will case in 1844. All this recalls to mind Mr. Webster's practice in the Supreme Court of the United States, and his unsurpassed sagacity in developing constitutional law. These efforts raised him to a leadership at the American bar; "enabled him," says Mr. Everett, "to establish a new school of constitutional law, and led him to distinguish himself before all his contemporaries in this branch of his profession." But his greatest triumph (and I must not forget it) was in the famous Dartmouth College case, at Washington. Who has not heard of this brilliant trial in which he appeared as junior counsel and comparatively unknown, to win in one plea a national reputation? "In it," says Mr. Ticknor, "the logic and law were rendered irresistible. He opened his case, as he always does, with perfect simplicity in the general statement of facts; and then went on to unfold the

topics of his argument in a lucid order which made each position sustain every other. But as he advanced, his heart warmed to the subject and occasion. Thoughts and feelings that had grown old with his best affections rose unbidden to his lips. He remembered that the institution he was defending was the one where his youth had been nurtured; and the moral tenderness and beauty this gave to the grandeur of his thoughts, the sort of religious sensibility it imparted to his urgent appeals and demands for the stern fulfilment of what law and justice required, wrought up the whole audience to an extraordinary state of excitement. Many betrayed strong agitation, and many were dissolved in tears. When he ceased to speak there was a perceptible interval before any one was willing to break the silence; and, when that vast crowd separated, no one person of the whole number doubted that the man who had that day so moved, astonished and controlled them had vindicated for himself a place at the side of the first jurist of the country." Such is the tribute paid him by one fully competent to measure the value of such a speech. And to her credit be it said, Dartmouth has never been wanting either in gratitude or affection for her eloquent defender. Her sons have always delighted to honor the memory of Webster. And from Maine to Texas they have sounded the key-note to this Centennial anniversary, and risen as one man to vindicate his honor and do homage to his greatness. For my own part, confessedly partial, I doubt whether any after effort of his life has ever created for him so much genuine admiration, affection and real gratitude as this. I must confess, however, that in reading this speech I find it difficult to distinguish between the greatness of the advocate and the greatness of the orator.

But, leaving him as a lawyer to the admiration of lawyers and law students, I turn me now to Webster as an orator and in his rounded and full development as a statesman.

December 22, 1820, was the two-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth rock. On this shore, but a few miles from this very spot, from whose hilltops the monuments to the Pilgrim Fathers may be seen, and a little more than half a century ago, Daniel Webster at the early age of thirty-eight delivered an oration — and let me say it, an immortal oration — that has not only vindicated his title to greatness in oratory, but has likewise been so crystallized into the national life of this country that its passages have become as household words throughout the length and breadth of the land. So true it is that the work of genius, in whatever way or at whatever time it takes expression finds a responsive echo deep down in the hearts of the people of all times, in the hearts of old and young alike. What school-boy has not heard of the famous Plymouth Rock speech? — that speech of which John Adams said, "It is the effort of a great mind richly stored with every species of information. If there be an American who can read it without tears, I am not that American. It enters more perfectly into the genuine spirit of New England than any production I ever read. The observation on the Greeks and Romans; on colonization in general; on the West India islands; on the past, present and future in America, and on the slave trade, are sagacious, profound and affecting in a high degree. Mr. Burke is no longer entitled to the praise, the most consummate orator of modern times. This oration will be read five hundred years hence with as much rapture as it was heard. It ought to be read at the end of every century, and, indeed, at the end of every year, for ever and ever." And might he not have added, had he lived to our day, there is no further need for an expression of Webster's opinion on the evils of slavery than those uttered at Plymouth rock? His condemnation of the hor-

rors and influences of slavery, uttered in fiery lines, was like the scorching blast from a smelting furnace.

Slavery! Now I touch upon a vital question. Webster's opinions upon slavery! What were they? his critics, his earnest, severe critics, sarcastically ask. And immediately they lash themselves with rage into a blind fury, and call the dead statesman a traitor. Traitor? He whose whole life was one continual combat with slavery, a traitor? who, in sentiment and principle, was as much an anti-slavery man or constitutional abolitionist as Giddings, Garrison or Sumner. Let the truth be told! The great question with Webster was the *means* of action. Who can deny to-day that the extremists of the South were as logical in their claims for the maintenance of slavery as were the abolitionists of the North for its unconditional overthrow? Webster stood alone, but Webster was consistent. He claimed to maintain the Constitution and the laws of the land in good faith, and he acted up to his belief. He had done all he could — had succeeded in helping to abolish the slave trade, opposed the extension of slavery, and finally, had offered to buy and free the slaves at the expense of the common country. He did not know how to violate the Constitution with impunity himself, and his whole life was engaged in preventing others from doing so. He knew that, both under the original Constitution and the laws, slavery existed; that there was a fugitive-slave law as old as both of the Constitutions, under which the slaveholder of the South had the right, by solemn compact, to reclaim a fugitive slave; and he well knew that this system never could be broken except by force of arms. Webster was not ready for this, because he was always by nature more of a constitutionalist than a revolutionist, and his love of law and order, both human and divine, seemed to be a pre-natal impress upon his soul. He knew, and was free to admit, that the slaveocracy had the legal right to the pound

of flesh, because it was in the bond. Mark it well — the right was in the bond! But the earnest labor of his life was to see that they did not draw a drop of blood in payment of that bond. For this he was reviled and maltreated both in the North and South. He dreaded (and the result has proved the divinity of his prescience) that disunion would be forcibly attempted by the South, and that the country, plunged in all the horrors of the civil war, would be deluged with the blood of its citizens. Who can now say that he was not right? Who, standing here to-day and counting the fearful cost of life and treasure, would assume the responsibility of taking from God's hands the power of dealing out retribution? And yet this was done by many calling themselves Christians in both North and South. Was not this spirit calling for the enactment of the laws of God more of the Old than the New Testament? Did it not call bitterly for "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth"? Was not the passion attending it more the venom of the viper than the charity of the gleaner upon the Mount of Olives? Was it not the religion that burned martyrs at the stake rather than that which sat at the feet of Jesus of Nazareth?

This, distinguished friends, is the true statement of Webster's position on the burning question of slavery. In all justice to him, and in the light of what has since occurred, it must be said of him that the slave never had a truer friend, nor the country a more staunch and devoted adherent. Even his speech on the 7th of March, 1850 (and I may with propriety refer to that here) — that speech for which he was so cruelly and so unjustly criticised — even that speech, I say, was nothing more than a reproduction in detail of the acts and opinions of his life. For forty years he had fought nobly for the Union, and when the whole fabric seemed threatened with destruction, he gathered his mantle about him, and, forgetting his own interest, set forth boldly for the

contest. Conscious of his own sincerity of service to the country, and of his unbiased and unselfish demands upon her forbearance in hearing and helping him maintain the truth, he opened his whole heart and soul. He spoke as a defender of the Constitution and the Union. He flattered neither side upon the question at issue, but, being just to both, he laid bare the truth to all. Strong and temperate was his argument in favor of compromise, but the minds of men were in no mood for such counsel. Unmindful of the past, and with an ingratitude as base as it was undeserved, they dared to call his patriotism in question and treat him with public scorn. Did the giant quail before their pigmy wrath? He stood alone, indeed, to breast the storm of abuse they hurled upon him, but he stood calm, fearless and undaunted.

> "As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
> Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
> Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

He was determined to vindicate himself before the people of Massachusetts, and he did it. He came down to Faneuil Hall to meet his constituents face to face. He stood in the public squares of Boston and said, "that he had hoped for their approval, but however that might be, he would persevere regardless of all personal consequences. He would say nothing to foster unkind passions between North and South. The simple question was whether Massachusetts, renowned for her intelligent character, conspicuous before the world, a leading State in the Union, would conquer her local prejudices, would shrink from the fair, reasonable and moderate performance (and no more is asked) of her sworn obligations? Meanwhile," he bravely added, "I shall take no step *backward*, but shall continue to labor for peace, harmony and concord."

He wrote the cabinet's circular, which we shall hear read to-day, setting forth in clear and forcible language the principles of his defence, without alluding directly to the speech itself. And in a letter to his constituents dated March 21, 1851, he penned these noble words: "Since the commencement of last March I have done something and hazarded much to uphold the Constitution of the United States and to maintain interests of the most vital importance to the citizens of Boston. And I shall do more and hazard more whenever, in my judgment, it becomes necessary that more be done or more be hazarded. I shall perform with unflinching perseverance, and to the end, my duty to my whole country; nor do I in the slightest degree fear the result. Folly and fanaticism may have their hour. They may not only affect the minds of individuals, but they may also seize on public bodies of greater or less dignity. But their reign is without doubt destined to be short even where, for the moment, it seems most triumphant. We of Massachusetts are not doomed to a course of political conduct such as would reproach our ancestors, destroy our own prosperity, and expose us to the derision of the civilized world. No such future is before us. Far otherwise.

"Patriotism, the union of good men, fidelity, which has hitherto enabled the people of this State to discern and appreciate their own history and character, will bring them back to their accustomed feelings of love of country, and of respect and veneration for its institutions!"

Could any attempt at vindication of character be imagined more noble than this? But alas for the times! and alas for the political morals! are not some of the specimens of American statesmanship nowadays shorn of their glory? Is the day of honest, manly, straightforward defence of public action over? And instead, are we to have substituted disgusting pleas for

mercy, excuses and apologies for deliberate wrong-doing, from our politicians and statesmen?

Notwithstanding the outcry raised against this speech, whether by political or personal enemies, for myself I can find no point in the address which may be construed as inconsistent with the action of Webster's whole life, except it be the possible admission of New Mexico as a State without restriction; and be it remembered that he was not in the Senate when that bill passed. This limit, Webster said, was needless, as Providence itself had provided the remedy, in forever prohibiting slavery there. He afterwards stated that he should have proposed an amendment to the bill had he been in the Senate at the time of its passage. But however I may question his opinion upon this point, I shall none the less hold to my original proposition, that Daniel Webster's motives were always pure and patriotic; that he did an unselfish act when he made this speech; and that this speech itself will live and be admired by future generations long after those who declaim so bitterly against it now will be forgotten.

So much for the slavery question and his 7th of March speech.

I have already said that Webster in his Plymouth Rock discourse gave abundant evidence of consummate ability as an orator. His oration at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill monument, June 17, 1825, likewise proved him to be, without question, an anniversary orator of the first order. But the eulogy of Adams and Jefferson in 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, as well as the second Bunker Hill discourse in 1843, confirmed this fact, and settled it forever beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Fain would I dwell with you upon these masterpieces of human eloquence, but that is now impossible. Time will

not allow it; and, however reluctantly, we must leave them for the present to resume the thread of his career in public life as a statesman. It was at the close of the August session in 1816 that Mr. Webster removed to Boston; and his subsequent services to Massachusetts, beginning with the convention of 1820 for the revision of the Constitution, were of the highest order. After six years' absence he was again elected to the House of Representatives, where he took his seat December, 1823. From this time to 1852, the year of his death, a period of nearly thirty years, he served continuously either as Representative or Senator from Massachusetts, and also held the office of Secretary of State under several different administrations with much distinction to himself. Taking this epoch of his life all in all, I find it summed up and characterized in the discussion of three leading questions which absorbed his attention above all others — questions involving mighty interests even to the very existence of this our country, and marking his transcendent ability and character as a statesman — slavery, the protective tariff, and the doctrine of nullification. Of the first-named subject, and Webster's attitude upon it, I have already spoken sufficiently at length to dismiss the matter here without much further comment. But, in reiterating my former statement regarding the consistency of Webster's actions on slavery, I will only refer, in passing, to the comments of Thomas H. Benton on Webster's words in the Missouri controversy. "This," writes Benton, "is what Mr. Webster said on the subject of slavery, and although it was in reply to an invective of my own, I made no answer impugning its correctness, and must add that I never saw anything in Mr. Webster inconsistent with what he then said."

Let this expression of opinion, from a bitter opponent who had always watched Webster with a critical and jealous

eye, serve at least to shame, if it does not silence, the innuendoes and slurs of those who will not believe.

As regards the second question, the protective tariff, Webster always sought in this, as in all other questions, to simplify and reduce the problem to its original principles. His sole aim and purpose was to promote foreign commerce and develop domestic industries hand in hand together. Convinced that the real prosperity of this country depended equally upon the flourishing of its internal and external interests, he always sought to adjust them nicely and balance them together. It was the prosperity of the whole country, and not that of any particular section, that he constantly worked for. On such a broad principle, it was but natural then that he should fail to please all parties concerned. But as regards his courage, his consistency, his patriotism and his logical soundness upon this point, Rufus Choate in his eulogy has so vindicated him that no words of mine, however forcible, could add a single jot or tittle to its thoroughness. I therefore refer those who are disposed to question the sincerity of Daniel Webster's statesmanship on the tariff to this masterly, eloquent and definitive discourse. Let them examine it for themselves, let them examine it for their own enlightment, and, if they be fair minded and open to conviction, they must soon be convinced of their error, and their doubts will be speedily set at rest. This far-reaching principle should serve as a guide to the statesmen of our own day in the settlement of this much-vexed question.

But the greatest service by far that Webster ever rendered this country was his action upon the great question of nullification — "nullification," as Benton described it, "the right claimed by a single State to nullify at will an act of the general government;" or, as Madison more tersely puts it, "the right to violate without cause a faith solemnly pledged." This pernicious doctrine, fraught with so much

ruin to our Republic, took its rise, its force and its development, as every one knows, in the State of South Carolina. John C. Calhoun and Colonel Robert Hayne were its champions, with Webster intrenched behind the Constitution for an antagonist. It was in January, 1830, a date forever memorable in the history of our country's annals, that this question was brought to a final crisis; I refer, of course, to the famous debate on Foote's resolution, wherein Webster's brilliant reply to Hayne dealt nullification its death-blow.

"*The thunderer stood, and chose from out his store.*"

"What were his sensations during the delivery of this splendid oration, he has himself narrated in answer to a friend. 'I felt,' said he, 'as if everything I had ever seen, or read, or heard, was floating before me in one grand panorama, and I had little else to do than to reach up and cull a thunderbolt and *hurl* it at him.'"

Of that speech Mr. Everett said, "It has been my fortune to hear the greatest living orators on both sides of the water, but I must confess that I never heard anything which so nearly realized my conception of what Demosthenes was when he delivered the oration for the crown. Webster's ponderous syllables had an energy, a vehemence of meaning in them that fascinated while they startled. His thoughts, in their statuesque beauty merely, would have gained all critical judgment; but he realized the antique fable, and warmed the marble into life. There was a sense of power in his language — of power withheld and suggestive of still greater power — that subdued as by a spell of mystery the hearts of all. The exulting rush of feeling with which he went through the peroration threw a glow over his countenance like an inspiration."

"This speech," continues Mr. Everett, "is the most celebrated speech ever delivered in Congress. But I would go

further, and say, with Mr. David Harsha, that it has no superior in the annals of parliamentary debate, that in many respects it was the greatest oratorical effort ever made by any statesman in ancient or in modern times."

In 1833 the doctrine was again pressed, this time by the eminent talent of John C. Calhoun. The country was threatened with all the horrors of a civil war, when Webster again stepped to the front and averted the calamity. Little do the people of to-day realize, separated as we are from this epoch by nearly half a century, how much we owe of the blessings we now enjoy to the genius and courage of Daniel Webster. In this contest with Calhoun, this intellectual struggle of mind grappling with mind for the supremacy, in which Webster was "eloquence wrapped in action like a god sublime," — in this contest, I say, was settled a question involving the fate of untold millions of people. Those who heard him, indeed, realized this, for at the close of Webster's final effort the audience, comprising friend and foe alike, rose spontaneously to greet him as defender of the Constitution. And we to-day, distinguished friends, may not we, by the light of what has since occurred, may not we also hail him as the *savior of the country?* Was it not a god-like prescience that could see and feel and depict with so much vehemence the horrors of secession brooding like a cloud over the country? And did he not stake his reputation, which was dearer to him than life itself, did he not stake his all, I say, in standing out so boldly against public opinion on this subject? And finally, did he not succeed in averting the danger, even though at the fearful sacrifice of popularity and friendship?

But Webster's statesmanship, you understand, did not end with vindicating and interpreting the Constitution and law. There were other questions of almost equal importance, that enlisted his attention and called for the dis-

play of much broader statesmanship. The first was the settlement of the currency and bank question. You will remember that he was instrumental in passing the specie bill of 1817, which called for the payment of the public debt in hard money; and in fact, the records of Congress will show that he always sought to uphold the public credit by building up a sound currency upon a specie basis. From this, infer, as we confidently may, what his attitude would be upon this question in our own time, and then, do not forget his famous speech in 1833 upon the bank controversy, with its still more famous allusion to the extent of the British empire, that speech of which Chancellor Kent says in black and white, "that it surpasses everything, in logic, in simplicity and beauty and energy of diction, in clearness, in rebuke, in sarcasm, in patriotic and glowing feeling, in just and profound constitutional views, in critical severity and matchless strength; it is worth millions to our liberties."

Again, in 1842, Mr. Webster, as Secretary of State, negotiated a treaty with Lord Ashburton that reflected the most sublime credit upon his skill as a diplomatist. This treaty established the northeastern boundary with England, which had long been a bone of contention between the two countries. It was delicate work, this, as everybody knows, and called for an incredible amount of tact, *finesse* and skill. "It was," says Harsha, "one of the most praiseworthy acts of Mr. Webster's life, one for which his name deserves to be held in lasting remembrance by a grateful people."

And so it was, fellow-citizens, with each and every one of Webster's public acts in his capacity as a statesman. Whether he sought to sustain the Union by consistency of action, advocating reason, sense and justice, as he did on the slavery question; whether he aimed at promoting foreign commerce by free trade, or later sought to develop home industries by protection; whether he fought for the Constitution

or interpreted laws, as he did so bravely on the question of State rights and nullification; whether he upheld the public credit by restoring a sound currency and giving value to its money, or upheld the honor of his native land, and vindicated its rights in establishing boundaries, his statesmanship was always broad, manly and distinguished. It was marked with the stamp of patriotism, of genius and greatness, and well deserved the confidence and gratitude of the whole American people.

Should this great Republic ever totter and crumble, and the dust of its ruins be scattered over the earth; should the liberties we enjoy be torn ruthlessly from our grasp, grim oppression, tyranny and cruel despotism grind us to atoms, like other nations in the past; should the memory of this fair land, smiling to-day in peace and plenty, be ignominiously disgraced, covered with opprobrium or blotted forever from the human mind, — then, and not till then, will the people forget the services of Daniel Webster, the greatest of American statesmen!

Thus we have seen that Webster stood peerless and unapproachable in his threefold capacity as lawyer, as orator and as statesman.

But "it is appointed for all men once to die," says the Scripture, and, "after death, judgment."

And so, while Webster stood, as a poet describes him, with —

> "Height elate, transfigured feature, majesty sublime with grace,
> Glorious in the awful beauty of Olympian form and face," —

With the mantle of his greatness wrapt round about him and his triple laurels still fresh upon his brow, the icy hand of death, the fell destroyer, was laid upon him, and he came home to Marshfield to die.

Herein I find a most convincing proof of the simplicity and native grandeur of his character as a man.

He who, by his spoken word, had held command of listening senates; who had sat upon the thrones of state and dispensed wisdom and truth to the multitude with so much grace and dignity; who for forty years had enjoyed nearly all the honors that a flattering world could bestow, when he was wearied turned his face homeward to this little hamlet town to make it his final resting-place — this, this is indeed grandeur of an almost superhuman order.

I well remember how he was wont to say that "one may live as a conqueror, a king or a magistrate, but one must die like a man." And truly this familiar saying was the key-note to his life and death. He had walked as a king among men, conquering all through sheer force of mind and heart. "Since Charlemagne," says Theodore Parker, "I think there has not been such a grand figure in all Christendom." And when his time had arrived, he went forth to meet his fate "*corde magno et animo volenti*," with all the composure of one who had everything to hope for, and nothing to fear. Great and profoundly reverent in life, it should be said that Daniel Webster was still greater and more reverent in death. The calm serenity, the utter fearlessness, the sublime resignation and the Christian fortitude with which he met the awful summons has scarce a parallel in history. And this crowning act of his life, with his noble profession of Christian faith, cannot but win the admiration of all people forever.

It was just thirty years ago this very month of October that his great spirit passed calmly away on a quiet Sabbath morn.

And who can doubt, fellow-citizens, but that on this supreme day of his life his greatest consolation, "when his eyes were turned for the last time to behold the sun in heaven, was, to see him shining on the glorious ensign of the Repub-

lic, blazing on all its ample folds as they floated over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that sentiment dear to every American heart — Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

It is said that the words *I still live* were the last to seal his quivering lips in death. Were they prophetic? Did the dying man forecast the future? Ten thousand faithful sons of Massachusetts came down to the sea with sorrowing hearts; and here on this spot, October 29, 1852, they joined the funeral cortege to pay their last sad tribute to him they loved so well. Their ranks to-day are thinned indeed; the bones of many are whitening on the battlefields of the South; but some there are, perhaps many within sound of my voice, who remember well that famous day and year. Ask them to-day if Webster still lives, and they will give you as answer: Does the sun still move in his heavenly orbit? Have the moon and stars ceased to give forth light? Is humanity so far debased as to be unmindful of those who served her most and best? God forbid that Daniel Webster should be forgotten! He was of humanity's highest and best, with some of its weakness, but with most of its greatness. He served his country faithfully and well. And therefore I say that wherever there beats an honest American heart, wherever there throbs a pulse of the true friend of human kind, there also will the memory of Webster still live, and there will it endure forever.

Webster will live through his achievements, which, like the principles of truth wherewith they were effected, are eternal and immutable. And whether we regard him as a lawgiver or as an orator, his greatness is so unparalleled that the influences he has left behind can never die. As a lawgiver he followed nature to the extreme of just and natural compensation. There was nothing obscure or mythical in the status and principles of his mind; and he has done more

to lay a permanent legal and constitutional foundation for this Republic than any other man, although I may add that the principles of law established in his works are of so general a nature that they may be applied to almost any place and time. And first, as regards the land question in its relation to a republic, Webster said that Europe would be tied to monarchical forms only so long as the lands were kept in bulk from the people; so long as the present laws of primogeniture existed and were in force, so long would England be bound to a monarchy; while France, on the other hand, divided and sub-divided, would find in this the greatest safeguard for its Republic. Accordingly, in the free sale of public lands and the diversity of means of living, he found the strongest support to the Union. In his Pilgrim address of 1820 he predicted the occupancy of the Pacific coast by our government, and all his public efforts were on a scale comprehending such a possibility. Industrial independence was a bond of union while the general government was protected in its necessary privileges. State rights also were to him sacred as long as the rights of the Union were respected. He was a States' rights man in the fullest sense of that term, for he reserved to the general government only the power to sustain and protect itself, as the present Constitution unequivocally provides. He believed in a proper tariff adjusting itself to the needs of the whole people, but not oppressive in its local effects.

He sustained internal improvements of rivers, harbors and public highways; but improvements for the benefit of the whole people, not local improvements carried out for mere personal gain. His financial policy had its base upon a metallic currency; and yet no one would be so foolish as to say that an issue from the government holding the specie would be foreign to its privileges or detrimental to the rights of the people. As to what is now termed Civil Service Reform he

was its primary author. He did not favor the *ins* simply because they were in, irrespective of merit; but invariably sustained the "survival of the fittest." With labor and capital as connected in our day he would work no division. He honored labor, and regarded it as the best and surest capital that the country could possess. He knew our own resources as no other man; and our prosperity, he said, was dependent on their proper development. Education with him was a primary requisite for individual as well as national progress. He would not have been satisfied with a mere technical knowledge of books, but would have made education an inspired way for securing the means of living on a high progressive stage of elevation. Finally, without being in the strictest sense either a politician or a partisan, he ever recognized the value of, and always maintained a strong fidelity to, his party. And yet he often asserted, and the assertion is true to-day, that two thirds of the voters in the whole country thought alike on all essential questions of political economy —they were only separated by traditional influences of party, without which they would have voted together.

This was Webster's political platform —a platform in every way suited both to his time and to ours, and, I do not hesitate to say, suited to the real needs of this country for a century yet to come. The political works of Chatham, Pitt, Burke or Fox do not contain so much of the real science of government, whether republican or monarchical, as do the published works of Daniel Webster. And if the principles he enunciated, whether in the halls of state or otherwise, be faithfully applied by his countrymen, if the laws he gave and the counsels he recommended be diligently observed and honestly enacted, this Republic will stand — and stand while the tottering thrones of Europe decay and crumble to dust and disappear finally from the face of the earth.

So much for Webster as a lawgiver. I shall enter upon no critical analysis of Webster as an orator. We have already dilated somewhat at length upon this side of his character elsewhere. It therefore remains for me to resume, in a few words, merely the leading characteristics of this his greatness. Webster was *sui generis*, his own type of an orator. They say he lacked the imaginative faculty to give high color and vividness to his speeches. But this, to my mind, is a great mistake. Webster possessed a strong imagination, but it was of a peerless and original order. He did not like fiction, indeed, and his imagination was never used for the creation of unreal pictures. But, on the contrary, he sought to portray the truth, and the real truth, and nothing but the truth, in all its force and beauty. His highest bursts of eloquence were the imagery of nature. When observed, even through microscopic lenses magnified and brought up to the tastes of the most fastidious, they were found to be invariably true to their originals. Every thought was marked and numbered and had its appropriate place, as did the colorings of his imagery. His genius was the genius of intellect, and not the genius of intuition. The former with a high moral nature always reveals the truth; the latter paints imaginative pictures which are oftentimes unreal and evanescent. The genius of Burke was the genius of intuition. His efforts were metaphysically ideal, while those of Webster were intrinsically real. The lees of the healing oil used by Webster when tried down to their ultimates would form a mass of natural principles; while that of Burke, after its volatile elements had been exhaled, would leave nothing behind but ashes. Burke's culminating illuminations were still meteoric; Webster's, after the thunders were o'er, were the quiet cerulean beams of the rainbow with penetrating flashes of sunlight. The former went out like an incandescent flame; the latter only faded as the pacific surface of the sky became wholly serene.

It takes the best elements of both Burke and Fox to make up even a portion of the character of Webster, while for love and reverence of the divinely beautiful, those of Milton should be added.

Another characteristic of Webster's mind in oratory was his love of truth. If his cause could be gained by the illustration and proof of truth itself, he was the man to gain it; if not, like Sampson shorn of his locks, he was powerless.

His oratorical force was not of a vindictive character which would lacerate and destroy its object, but rather a sublime feeling that would make the victim feel willing to immolate himself beneath the ruin which his own folly had created.

His mind was ponderous and elephantine in its tread, but never cat-like; it never crushed principles like some of his rougher associates in legislation, nor like those whose thought was so nimble and step so light as to be able to cover up and hide the salient points of a debate. Furthermore, there was no lack of foresight in his conceptions, and the structures created by his mind were solid yet roomy, harmonious and yet comfortably adapted to real use, and always supremely beautiful.

And now, fellow-citizens, to speak of the beauty of his orations, which with golden effulgence are scattered over each line and thought and sentence, to enumerate the honeyed charms that cluster round the spoken words of Daniel Webster, to refresh your minds and revive your memories of the golden-mouthed eloquence of him whose voice to-day is hushed in the silence of the grave, — this, fellow-citizens, this is a task I leave for other and more eloquent tongues than mine. But this I will say, when the history of this world's oratory comes to be written, when the names of those who have pleaded right earnestly and well for truth, justice, humanity and honor are inscribed in letters of bronze and marble, when the names of Demosthenes and

Cicero, of Burke, Fox and Sheridan, will be no longer quoted, then will still be remembered the name and words of Daniel Webster, the greatest of American orators.

And now my task is well-nigh done. To other days in the great future we must now commit this interesting spot, its decorations and observances, its memoirs and its teachings. To those who come after us we bequeath it as a legacy of love, to be cherished as the Mecca of constitutional statesmanship. An hundred years have now winged their fleeting course, and yet, in the lapse of ages the experience of a century is as a grain of sand upon the seashore. We must not forget, however, that the duty of this day has been to analyze with the past, the period we now compass, and thus draw for the future, useful, valuable and instructive lessons.

Onward and upward our aim: as through the cycle of ages we move, forgetting not the changing ground on which we stand, nor the progressive times in which we live. With the past in our history, we strive to profit, and upon Webster's teachings predict future successful effort for increasing goodness and greatness. We leave behind a century whose march, sometimes martial in its tread, gave birth to mighty minds to formulate its civil laws. Strong men, wise heads and honest hearts, that culled from the universe of thought, texts to fortify and maintain an imperishable political union. The founders of the Republic are gone! Webster, too, its defender, is gone! and we mourn that ten decades of life, while measuring our country's weal, have buried beneath the dust all mortal of her sires! We honored them in life, we revere them in death, and shall ever love to pay tribute to their virtues in the forum, as well as over their silent and grass-grown graves.

NOTE. — We copy the following from the pen of the Rev. William Hague, as published in the "Magazine of American History," August, 1882: —

"The quiet departure of Mrs. Caroline Leroy Webster, on Sunday, February 26, at the Leroy mansion, was announced generally by the press, and awakened many slumbering memories of her life, associated with New York, Boston and Washington, as well as

PROF. WILKINSON'S POEM.

Ye see him truly, now;
Their hour and power are past
Who fain had shamed that brow:
It wears its crown at last!

Hail him, his countrymen!
First of your foremost few,
Given back to you again
Yet greater than ye knew.

Greater — for good and great;
Not false, as they forswore!
He, who to save the State,
The State to please forbore.

Well may the State be saved —
Saved at such cost of blame,
While still her mood he braved —
Accord him, late, his fame!

* * * * * * * * *

His way in farming all men knew;
Way wide, forecasting, free,
A liberal tilth that made the tiller poor.
That huge Websterian plough what furrows drew
Through fallows fattened from the barren sea!
Yoked to that plough and matched for mighty size,
What oxen moved! — in progress equal, sure.
Unconscious of resistance, as of force
Not finite, elemental, like his own,
Taking its way with unimpeded course.
He loved to look into their meek brown eyes,
That with a light of love half human shone
Calmly on him from out the ample front.

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with Pelham and New Rochelle. Born at the house of her father, Jacob Leroy, Esq., New York, 1797, a considerable proportion of her early remembrances were associated with scenes of rural life pertaining both to the manor and the town.

"Mr. Webster, having met Miss Leroy at her city residence, recognized at once the rare quality of her intellectual culture, her graceful manners, her conversational gifts, and her queenly power as a leader of society. In the year 1829 she became his second wife, and in the more extended sphere of social and public life that she thus entered, was, from first to last, perfectly at home.

"The storm that raged on Wednesday, March 1, was at its height when the funeral service was ministered in Trinity Church, New Rochelle, by the Rector, Rev. Mr. Canedy, and Rev. Mr. Higgins, Rector of Christ Church, Pelham; and as the attendance of ladies was necessarily limited, the large gathering of gentlemen, from homes far and near, was remarkable, indicating the profoundly cherished memories relating to the career of the great statesman, the completed close of whose home life on earth seemed as if now emphasized by the funeral dirge within the temple, and the majestic voice of the tempest without.

"Not long after the death of Mr Webster, as we well remember, one hundred citizens of Boston contributed one thousand dollars each to a fund of one hundred thousand dollars, which was invested for Mrs. Webster's benefit, and the interest of this she duly received at her home in New Rochelle, a timely and welcome contribution to the cheer of her tranquil life evening."

So, when he came to die
At Marshfield by the sea
And now the end is nigh,
Up from the pleasant lea
Move his dumb friends in solemn, slow,
Funereal procession, and before
Their master's door
In melancholy file compassionately go;
He will be glad to see his trusty friends once more.
Now let him look a look that shall suffice, —
Lo, let the dying man
Take all the peace he can
From those large tranquil brows and deep soft eyes.
Rest it will be to him,
Before his eyes grow dim,
To bathe his aged eyes in one deep gaze
Commingled with old days,
On faces of such friends sincere,
With fondness brought from boyhood dear.

Farewell, a long look and the last,
And these have turned and passed.
Henceforth he will no more
As was his wont before,
Step forth from yonder door
To taste the freshness of the early dawn,
The whiteness of the sky,
The whitening stars on high,
The dews yet white that lie
Far spread in pearl upon the glimmering lawn;
Never at evening go,
Sole pacing to and fro,
With musing step and slow,
Beneath the cope of heaven set thick with stars,
Considering by whose hand
Those works, in wisdom planned,
Were fashioned, and still stand
Serenely fast and fair above these earthly jars.
Never again! Forth he will soon be brought
By neighbors that have loved him, having known,
Plain farmers, with the farmer's natural thought
And feeling, sympathetic to his own.
All in a temperate air, a golden light,
Rich with October, sad with afternoon,
Fitly let him be laid, with rustic rite,
To rest amid the ripened harvest boon.
He loved the ocean's mighty murmur deep,

And this shall lull him through his dreamless sleep.
But those plain men will speak above his head,
This is a lonesome world, and Webster dead!

Be sure, O State, that he,
So great, so simple, wrought for thee,
By only being what he could but be.
He loved thee, State, with self-postponing love;
At length, through him, at leisure to be just,
Pronounce, I pray,
To-day,
Thy late "Well done!"
Well won,
Upon thy son —
Late, but full-voiced and penitent, above
His dust.

The great assembly, which at this point numbered fully 10,000 people, sang the following verses from Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," and thus closed the exercises at the tomb: —

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal:
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time; —

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

The guests made a brief inspection of the lot, and after shaking hands with a few privileged persons the President again entered his carriage, and the procession re-formed and marched to the grand tent of the Society.

It was three o'clock before the procession, returning from the tomb, reached the great dining-tents, the one devoted to the Webster Historical Society and guests, having plates laid for five hundred people. On a raised platform, running lengthwise, on the south side, was a table with twenty-five plates. In the rear of the centre was a glory surrounding a painting of Mr. Webster, a decorated rail running in the rear of the seats of the principal personages. The seats at this table were occupied as follows: To the right of Gov. Long, the new President of the Webster Historical Society, sat the President of the United States; then in order on the right were Mrs. Fletcher Webster, Hon. W. E. Chandler, Mayor Green, Hon. James Campbell, Mrs. Campbell, Gov. Bell of New Hampshire, Mr. Williams, Mr. Armistead, ex-Gov. Boutwell, Dr. George B. Loring, President Bartlett, Hon. Stillman B. Allen and C. A. Arthur, Jr. To the left of Gov. Long the order was as follows: Hon. Stephen M. Allen, Mrs. Allen, Senators Dawes and Hoar, Assistant Postmaster-General Hatton, Collector Worthington, Secretary Lincoln, Private Secretary Phillips, ex-Gov. Farnham of Vermont, and Gov. Littlefield of Rhode Island. The great tent was appropriately though not profusely decorated with streamers and illuminated seals of the several New England States, also of New York. When the assembly was seated at the table, President Allen announced the following list of officers of the Society for the ensuing year: President, Gov. John D. Long; Vice-Presidents, Hon. Albert Palmer, Henry W. Nelson, Stillman B. Allen, William Aspinwall and A. E. Pillsbury; Executive Committee, Hon. Stephen M. Allen, Hon. E. S. Tobey, John H. Butler, Ro-

land Worthington and Edward F. Thayer; Corresponding Secretary, Hon. Stephen M. Allen; Treasurer, Francis Boutwell; Recording Secretary, Thomas H. Cummings; Committee on Perfecting Organization, N. W. Ladd, Albert Palmer, E. S. Tobey, George F. Richardson, Stillman B. Allen, Edward Wyman and B. P. Smith. Without further formality the dinner was proceeded with.

Directly in front of President Arthur sat together the two ex-Governors — Rice and Jewell — respectively of Massachusetts and Connecticut. The dinner was not long, and, before it was fairly concluded, a delegation consisting of Cols. Wyman and Kingsbury and Gen. Martin, representing the Ancients, appeared and were soon in close communion with Gov. Long and the President. They expressed the desire of the Ancients to the effect that that body wished to see the ruler of the nation for only a few moments. The President was willing, and was excused for five minutes. Escorted by the delegation in question, as well as by Hon. Stephen M. Allen, the President was soon in the presence of ye Ancients. President Arthur never gazed on a happier company, and he was received with round after round of applause, the gentlemen all rising and cheering as he came to the right hand of Captain Mack. As soon as he could be heard, Captain Mack said: "Allow me to introduce to you the first President of the United States whom we ever had the honor to receive. Allow me to say to you, gentlemen, that this is a bright day for me as your Commander to think I have had the honor, commanding the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, to do escort duty for the first time to the President of the United States. Gentlemen, now allow me to introduce to you President Arthur: God bless him!" President Arthur was cheered to the echo. Bowing, as the applause ceased, he said, —

"I thank you most cordially for your kindly and enthusi-

astic greeting, and I thank you, too, for the pleasure and the honor of your escort duty. I am glad to meet so many 'Ancient and Honorable' men [laughter and applause], and I hope that each member of the corps will, like the Countess of Desmond,

> Live to the age of one hundred and ten,
> And die by the fall from a cherry-tree then.

"You each and all have my good wishes and my thanks for your escort duty, and for your courtesies." [Applause.]

After a few moments of pleasant interchange of sentiment, the President returned to his seat in the other tent.

At the close of the dinner Gov. Long was introduced as the President of the day. He spoke as follows: –

ADDRESS OF GOVERNOR LONG.

A hundred years ago last January, Daniel Webster was born. Thirty years ago this month he died and was buried on this farm. To-day we visit his grave, not pouring upon it libations of wine and milk and blood, not shedding over it the tears of recent grief, but paying it the tribute of a reverent memory, the gratitude of a nation's heart, and the justice due a mighty defender and savior of our country. My poor word of praise and criticism concerning him has been spoken, and I shall not repeat it. Here he speaks for himself. On this sacred soil, within sight of these elms, in the open air of this October day, there comes a feeling that he is here, that his great eyes greet us, and that his eloquent lips will speak and silence ours. And here indeed he is. What idle formality was it that took us to the dust he long ago shook off, when here, in every whisper of the wind, in every scarlet leaf, in these woods and fields and streams, he, the genius of them all, still lives, as he still lives in the Constitution he expounded and moulded, in the Union

he cemented and preserved, and in the impress he stamped upon the political sentiment of the American people.

This spot has well been chosen for the tribute of this day. Here, with a sense of restfulness and sympathy, came the great heart of Daniel Webster. Large as was the honor he bestowed on Marshfield, he bestowed nothing grander than he found. For here the lonely sea, which he loved, and in whose vastness and grandeur his own great soul felt a subtle kinship, communed with him, yet spoke no language he did not comprehend, and breathed no whisper he did not catch. Here with him the Pilgrim sage sought the freedom of the new world for the exercise of his conscience. Here Winslow and Standish and Bradford and Brewster walked the forest aisles and discussed with him great themes of constitutional law, of chartered rights, of civil and religious liberty. Here, under his elm and from beneath his almost equally overhanging brim and brow, he saw the sails of the "Mayflower" far off, and in her cabin gravely drew the compact that embodied the germ of those basal ideas of union and liberty, one and inseparable, which were imprinted on his heart like a legend. Here in all the earth and air was the spirit of that Pilgrim enterprise and purpose of which he never tired, to which he drew close, and from which he drank copious inspiration. Here, too, the very soil, responding to his sympathetic care and nurture, turned to verdure and beauty; here he looked his oxen in the face; and here the wide fields, barren and bleak, clothed themselves for him with the graceful shade of groves and were musical with the rustle of the waving grain. In the touching homely humanity which attaches to Webster in his relation to rural things, to the farm and to all the instincts of neighborly New England life, there is something that endears him to us, independent of his great eminence as a statesman and a lawyer. Whether he planted, or fished, or gunned, or waded streams, or cooled his shadowy brow

under the trees, or drove over the country roads, or met his neighbors in the fields or by the fireside, it was all the same; it was the sense of the proximity of a New England man, born in the humble farm-house, true to the instincts of the fields, and loving the cattle and the hay, the furrow and the marsh.

And here the great orator, the great Senator, the great lawyer, is still the Marshfield farmer and neighbor. He has to-day given us all a cordial welcome. He has fed us at his table. He has sat with us in his library and under his elm. He has shown us his crops and barns, his cattle and sheep. We grasp his hand and go back to our homes; and not till we have broken the charm of his personal courtesy are we fully conscious that we have been with him who pronounced the magnificent funeral oration of Adams and Jefferson, the discourses at Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill, the Dartmouth College argument and the overwhelming and resistless replies to Hayne and Calhoun. All honor to his memory; all gratitude for his service; all justice to his fame!

It is my happy privilege and duty to give cordial welcome to all who have gathered here — to the officers and citizens of this town of Marshfield and this County of Plymouth in which Webster lived, and to my fellow-citizens of this Commonwealth of which he was so many years the admiration and glory. I welcome the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company and the veteran soldiers and sailors of the Grand Army, whose gunpowder was Webster's logic. In the name of the Commonwealth and in behalf of the Webster Historical Society, I also cordially welcome the distinguished guests who have come from beyond our borders, the Governors of our beloved sister New England States, and especially him whose name I have kept till last in order to present him first, the President of the United States. Welcome, sir, to Massachusetts and to Marshfield — to the State

of the Adamses, whose successor you are, and to the grave of Webster, but for whom it is hardly too much to say that to-day they would have had no successor. Massachusetts thinks no courtesy too great, no greeting too cordial, to bestow upon the Chief Magistrate of the nation in which there is no stauncher or more loyal State. But with especial interest does she welcome you, remembering your association with Garfield whom she honored and loved, the dignity with which you bore the terrible ordeal of his long agony of death and succeeded to his place, and the courage and force of conviction with which, on more than one occasion, you have exercised the prerogative of your great office. Fellow-citizens, I present you to the President of the United States.

His Excellency's words were closely listened to and frequently applauded, his allusion to the exercise by the President of his veto power being received with most decided manifestations of approval. President Arthur's introduction was accepted by three hearty cheers.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S ADDRESS.

After the storm of applause which greeted the introduction by Governor Long of the President, at the conclusion of his speech, had subsided, President Arthur rose and was greeted by three cheers and continuous applause. He spoke as follows: —

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, — It is fortunately in accord with the proprieties of this occasion, no less than my own inclination, that I should confine within narrow limits my acknowledgment for your flattering salutation. I am deeply moved by the warmth of your reception and the heartiness of your greeting. It is but a fresh display of the splendid hospitality which, since I came within the borders

of Massachusetts, has everywhere obstructed my way with demonstrations of courtesy and respect. [Applause.] I trust, sir, that neither my gratitude nor my sympathy with the purposes which have turned our reverent footsteps thitherward to-day will be measured by my poor endeavor to give them expression.

The character and genius of that illustrious man whose life moved grandly on in so many paths of eminence, in commemoration of whose birth, a hundred years ago to-day, amid the peaceful scenes where he found rest from the fret and worry of life, have for more than a generation been the theme of discussion and eulogy. I shall not attempt to labor in the field over which so many flashing sickles have swept, and which has so long been crowded with illustrious gleaners; but I may, perhaps, be permitted to declare my approval of what has been accomplished by this Society in furtherance of the object for which it was founded.

It is asserted, upon what I suppose to be trustworthy authority, that near the close of his honored life, Mr. Webster expressed the wish, that, for aiding to transmit his fame to future generations of his countrymen, for kindling in their hearts the flame of patriotism, and for instructing them in the principles of constitutional government, there should be disseminated far and wide among them such recorded efforts of his genius as seemed most worthy to be thus preserved. Many of the loftiest and most inspiring of Mr. Webster's utterances have long been as familiar as household words in the mouth of every school-boy in the land; but it is doubtless true that many others, scarcely less dignified in subject, masterly in treatment and splendid in diction, are comparatively unknown. In all that you have hitherto done, in all that you will henceforth do to secure the result which Mr. Webster wished, by the collection and circulation of all his works which have permanent value, — and which of them have

not? — I assure you of my most earnest sympathy. No one of the rising generation of our countrymen who seeks to be instructed in those political doctrines which are the basis of our federal government, to acquaint himself with the constitutional history of his country, and with the origin, progress and significance of its institutions, can by any other course so surely and so speedily attain these ends as by a resort to that great storehouse of eloquence and wisdom, — the published writings of Daniel Webster. [Loud applause.] And so, gentlemen of the Webster Historical Society, I bid you God-speed in this and all other laudable work which you have set yourselves to accomplish. Let me once more tender my thanks to you for all your kindness, and express the profound hope that this noble Commonwealth, all its cities and villages and hamlets, and all that dwell within its borders, may be blessed by the abiding presence of prosperity and peace.

Gov. Long then said: "An interesting relic has been handed me, an ear of corn [holding it up in his hand] gathered upon this place upon the day of the funeral of Daniel Webster, thirty years ago, planted perhaps by him. The next item upon the programme is the reading of an unpublished manuscript by Stillman B. Allen."

WEBSTER'S VINDICATION.

Hon. Stillman B. Allen, of Boston, said: "I have been requested to call the attention of the Society and our guests to a hitherto unpublished letter of Daniel Webster upon the supremacy and the perpetuity of the Constitution and the Union of the United States. Many years before our civil war, the statesman at whose tomb we have to-day reverently bowed, saw, as no other man saw, in the black cloud just rising over the southern horizon, and heard, as no other man

heard, in the mutterings of disunion and treason, portents of the awful storm which afterward burst in desolation upon our land. Generously, nobly, fruitlessly, the great defender of the Constitution strove by self-sacrifice to avert the strife. In October, 1850, while a member of President Fillmore's cabinet, Mr. Webster wrote the paper in question, intending to send it to all United States officers. The cabinet, for political reasons, objected to the paper, and it was never sent or made public. A few years ago it was found among Mr. Webster's papers at Marshfield. The following is the paper as prepared by the then Secretary of State:"

CABINET CIRCULAR OF DANIEL WEBSTER, OCTOBER, 1850.

The open manner in which disunion, secession, or a separation of the States, is suggested and recommended in some parts of the country, naturally calls on those to whom are confided the power and trust of maintaining the Constitution, and seeing that the laws of the United States be faithfully executed, to reflect upon the duties which events not yet indeed probable, but possible, may require them to perform. In the Northern and Eastern States, these sentiments of disunion are espoused principally by persons of heated imaginations, assembling together and passing resolutions of such wild and violent character as to render them nearly harmless. It is not so in other parts of the country. There are States in the South in which secession and dismemberment are proposed or recommended by persons of character and influence, filling stations of high public trust, and, it is painful to add, in some instances, not unconnected with the Government of the United States itself. Legislatures of some of the States have directed the government of those States to re-assemble them in the contingency of the passage of certain laws by Congress. While these occurrences do not constitute an exigency calling for any positive proceeding either by the

Executive Government of the United States or by Congress, yet they justly awaken attention, and admonish those in whose hands the administration of the government is placed, not to be found either unadvised, surprised or unprepared, should a crisis arrive. The Constitution of the United States is founded on the idea of a division of power between the general government and the respective State governments; and this division is marked out and defined by the Constitution of the United States with as much distinctness and accuracy as the nature of the subject and the imperfection of language will admit. The powers of Congress are specifically enumerated, and all other powers necessary to carry these specified powers into effect are also expressly granted. The Constitution was adopted by the people in the several States, acting through the agency of conventions chosen by themselves; the Legislatures of the States had nothing to do with this proceeding, but to regulate the time and manner in which these conventions thus chosen by the people, the true source of all power, should assemble. The Constitution of the United States purports to be a perpetual form of government; it contains no limits for its duration, and suggests no means and no form of proceeding by which it can be dissolved, or its obligations dispensed with; it requires the personal allegiance of every citizen of the United States, and demands a solemn oath for its support from every man employed in any public trust, whether under the Government of the United States, or any State government. This obligation and this oath are enjoined in broad and general terms without qualification or modification, and with reference to no supposed possible change of circumstances or events.

No man can sit in a State Legislature, or on the bench of a State court, or execute the process of such court, or hold a commission in the militia, or fill any other office in a State

government, without having first taken and subscribed an oath to support the Constitution of the United States. Without looking, therefore, to what might be the result of forcible revolution, since such cases can, of course, be governed by no previously established rule, it is certainly the manifest duty of all those who are entrusted with the Government of the United States in its several branches and departments to uphold and maintain that government to the full extent of its constitutional power and authority, to enact all laws necessary to that end, and to take care that those laws be executed by all the means created and conferred by the Constitution itself. We are to look to but one future, and that a future in which the Constitution of the country shall stand as it now stands; laws passed in conformity to it to be executed as they have hitherto been executed, and the public peace maintained as it has hitherto been maintained. Whatsoever of the future may be supposed to lie out of this line, is not so much a thing to be expected, as a thing to be feared and dreaded, and to be guarded against by the firmest resolution and the utmost vigilance of all who are entrusted with the conduct of public affairs; no alternative can be presented which is to authorize them to depart from the course which they have sworn to pursue. In conferring the necessary powers on the general government, it was foreseen that questions as to the just extent of those powers might occur, and that cases of conflict between the laws of the United States and the laws of individual States might arise. It was of indispensable necessity, therefore, that the manner in which such questions should be settled, and the tribunal which should have the ultimate authority to decide them, should be established and fixed by the Constitution itself; and this has been clearly and amply done. By the Constitution of the United States, that instrument itself, all acts of Congress passed in conformity to it, and public treaties, constitute the

supreme law of the land, and are to be of controlling force and effect, anything in any State constitution or State law to the contrary notwithstanding; and the judges in every State, as well as of the courts of the United States, are expressly bound thereby. The supreme rule, then, is plainly and clearly declared and established: it is the Constitution of the United States, the laws of Congress passed in pursuance thereof, and treaties made under the authority of the United States. And here the great and turning question arises, Who in the last resort is to construe and interpret this supreme law? If it be alleged, for example, that a particular act of a State Legislature is a violation of the Constitution of the United States, and therefore void, what tribunal has authority finally to determine this important question? It is evident that if this power had not been vested in the tribunals of the United States the government would have wanted the means of its own preservation; all its granted powers would have depended upon the variable and uncertain decisions of State courts.

It is a well-established maxim in political organization, that the judicial power must be made co-extensive with the constitutional and legislative power; otherwise there can be no adequate provision for the interpretation and execution of the laws. In conformity with this plain and necessary principle, the Constitution declares that the judicial power of the United States shall extend to all cases in law and equity arising under the Constitution, the laws of the United States and treaties, no matter in what court such a case arises. Whenever and wherever such a case comes up, the judicial power of the United States extends to it, and attaches upon it; and if it arise in any State court, the acts of Congress have made provision for its transfer to the Supreme Court of the United States, there to be finally heard and adjudged. This proceeding is well known to the profession, and need

not now be particularly stated or rehearsed. Finally, the President of the United States is by the Constitution made commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and of the militia when called into the actual service of the United States; and all these military means are put under his control in order that he may be able to see that the laws be faithfully executed. The Government of the United States, therefore, though a government of limited powers, is complete in itself, and, to the extent of those powers, possesses all the faculties for legislation, interpretation and execution of the laws, and nothing is necessary but fidelity in all those who are elected by the people to hold office in its various departments to cause it to be upheld, maintained and efficiently administered.

The Constitution assigns particular classes of causes to the original jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, and other courts are to exercise such powers and duties as are or may be prescribed by Congress. Congress has not as yet found it necessary or expedient to confer on the circuit or other inferior courts all the jurisdiction created or authorized by the Constitution; thus there are many cases in which a summary jurisdiction usually belonging to courts, such as that of mandamus and injunction, are not provided for by general law, but some such cases are provided for. Thus by the act of March 2, 1833, it is declared that the jurisdiction of the Circuit Courts of the United States shall extend to all cases in law or equity arising under the revenue laws of the United States; and if any person be injured in his person or property on account of any act by him done under any revenue law of the United States, he may bring suit immediately in the Circuit Court of the United States; and if he be sued in any State court for such act, he may cause such suit to be immediately removed into the Circuit Court of the United States; and if the State court refuse a copy of its record, that record may be supplied by affidavit; and if the defend-

ant be under arrest, or in custody, he is to be brought by *habeas corpus* before the Circuit Court of the United States. Under the first part of these provisions, writs of mandamus and injunction may be issued, and all other writs and processes suitable to the case; and any judge of any court of the United States is authorized to grant writs of *habeas corpus* in all cases of prisoners committed or confined for any act done in pursuance of a law of the United States, or of any order, process or decree of any court of the United States. These provisions are all found in the permanent sections of the act of Congress already referred to. The importance and efficiency of these provisions, if events were to arise in which obstruction to the collection of revenue should be attempted or threatened, are too obvious to require comment. The several district attorneys of the United States will take especial care to inform themselves of these enactments of law, and be prepared to cause them to be enforced in the first and in every case which may arise, justly calling for their application.

Declarations merely theoretical, or resolutions only declaratory of opinions, from however high authority emanating, cannot properly be made the subject of legal or judicial proceedings. They may be very intemperate, they may be very exceptionable, they may be very unconstitutional; but until something shall be actually done or attempted, hindering or obstructing the execution of the laws of the United States, or injuring those employed in their execution, the officers of the government will remain vigilant indeed, and prepared for events, but without any positive exercise of authority. It is most earnestly to be hoped that the returning good sense of the people in all the States, and an increase of harmony and brotherly good-will everywhere, may prevent the necessity of resorting to the exercise of legal authority; it is to be hoped that all good citizens will

be much more inclined to reflect on the value of the Union and the benefits which it has conferred upon all, than to speculate upon impracticable means for its severance or dissolution. No State legislation, it is evident, is competent to declare such severence or dissolution — the people of no State have clothed their Legislature with any such authority; any act therefore proclaiming such severence by a Legislature, would be merely null and void as altogether exceeding its constitutional powers. No State was brought into the Union by the Legislature thereof, and no State can be put out of the Union by the Legislature thereof. Doubtless it is to be admitted that revolution, forcible revolution, may produce dismemberment more or less extensive; but there is no power on earth competent, by any peaceable or recognized manner of proceeding, to discharge the consciences of the citizens of the United States from the duty of supporting the Constitution. The government may be overthrown, or the Union broken into fragments by force of arms or force of numbers, but neither can be done by any prescribed form or peaceable existing authority.

ADDRESS OF HON. HENRY L. DAWES.

Gov. Long having introduced Hon. Henry L. Dawes as the junior Senator from Massachusetts, and then having changed the title to senior, Mr. Dawes said, —

It is quite evident that his Excellency is not as familiar with the Massachusetts delegation in the present Congress as he is sure to be in the next, or he would not have fallen into the mistake or corrected the mistake into which he has fallen. When he comes to know that delegation better, I am quite sure he will call upon some other one to respond to the sentiment which he has announced. But he is in command still, and it is best for us to get on as well as we can while his au-

thority lasts, for it won't last long. But turning from these things to the suggestions of this occasion, let me inquire why we are here.

The multitude which gathers around the tomb of Webster to-day is drawn hither by differing impulses. Personal attachment and the remembrance of charming social intercourse and intimacy bring here contemporaries. Alas that they are so few! Others are here to pay tribute to eloquence and statesmanship unequalled among men, or to do homage to faculties in their completeness and power well-nigh supernatural. But those upon whom devolve those public duties in the halls of Congress, in the discharge of which he performed his greatest work and achieved his most enduring fame, have come to this, the statesman's Mecca, for instruction as well as inspiration, for courage and for light. It is not that they are making a pilgrimage to the tomb of the greatest of all statesmen that their arm and purpose are strengthened by this visit. Nor does the legislator of to-day here grow self-confident in the discharge of duty, because it may be that in looking back over half a century of the Republic he can now see more clearly what has been than this statesman saw what was to be. But those called upon to solve the problems now before us do become bolder in the discharge of that duty when they find that one has gone before them, expounding in advance of them all the great principles of constitutional government and all the general measures of administration which tax our statesmanship, and that, too, with a profoundness of research and an illumination and power of argument to which neither the study nor the experience of the most gifted who have come after him have added anything. In the forum of debate he placed the nationalism of the Republic upon a foundation which no man could shake. The fallacies which assailed it he ground into impalpable powder which no man could

gather up, thirty years before it was tried in the fiery ordeal of the civil war. While yet the statesman of to-day was a school-boy or a puling infant, Webster demonstrated the principles which alone are the basis of a sound and stable currency. His burning words upon appointments to the civil service, uttered half a century ago, are still borrowed as the watchword of reform. He made it plain that protection to American labor is national prosperity, and from his lips this people first learned the true constitutional scope of internal improvement. These questions now, as then, confront us, and in grappling with them he stands firmest who plants his feet upon the foundation thus laid for him. When the legislator in the discharge of public duty shall come to where the ways part, and is compelled to follow either the dictates of his own judgment or the opinions of others, if he doubt, let him come here and be taught. Let him here learn that with whomsoever else he may differ, he cannot afford to differ with himself; that with whomsoever else he may be at war, he must be at peace with himself, or be of all men the most miserable. If, as it will sometimes be with him, he shall through the long agony of doubt reach at last the luxury of a conviction, woe be to him if he barter that luxury for the approval of others, be they few or many. It is his own judgment and conscience, not other men's, that he must obey. If he cannot win self-respect, he can win no other. What though the vindication be thirty years in coming! The longer it is waited for, the more full and complete it will be. He does not deserve it who cannot wait for it.

Thirty years of the life of this Republic have wrought their will upon men and measures since Mr. Webster closed his eyes upon the scenes of earth. Were it permitted him to revisit the theatre of his labors and triumphs in the halls of Congress, and to look again upon senates and cabinets,

feeling the sources and compassing the boundaries of national power, what a revelation would break upon his vision! Not a contemporary remains in the public service to greet him. Rivals and rivalries, antagonists and antagonisms, are alike stilled in the grave. But the danger-signals which he reared upon the headlands, little heeded till the storm was upon us, are not forgotten now that the sky is cleared and the ship safe at her anchorage. How grand the procession of events which is passing before his eyes! The discordance of States which he had prayed never to see has indeed come, and the clash of arms and spilling of brothers' blood, from which he had recoiled, are terrible realities now. But he is permitted to see also, rising out of the darkness a more glorious dawn, and out of the conflict a more enduring peace, whose beneficence gladdens his soul. He sees a prosperity and power never dreamed of, crowning a new life and a new baptism of the Republic of to-day, saved, regenerated and rehabilitated, — a nation altogether free, and thereby altogether "one and inseparable." A vision this, second only to that which "prophets waited for"!

Gov. Long said: "Unable to call upon all the New England States, I call upon that one which has, among other honors, the distinction of being the birthplace of Daniel Webster; and, to respond for that State, I call upon His Excellency Gov. Bell."

ADDRESS OF HON. CHARLES H. BELL.

I had expected, Mr. President, to be called upon to answer only for the State of New Hampshire, as the birthplace of the great man whose memory we honor to-day, and I was not apprised until this morning that the greater distinction

and responsibility were to be mine, of speaking for the other States of New England also.

I fear that I shall acquit myself very imperfectly of the duty assigned me, and must beg to apologize for all my shortcomings, in advance. But I have at least the satisfaction of knowing that the esteem in which the memory of Webster is held by New Hampshire is shared by all New England, and that when I utter her sentiments, I express equally those of her sister States.

It is at once an easy and a difficult thing to speak of Daniel Webster: easy, since there are so many traits of his character, and so many incidents of his career, that furnish matter for speech; difficult, because one cannot but realize how inadequate is all that ordinary man can say, to do justice to his many great qualities, and to portray him in his true proportions.

Webster, more than any other of the notable men whose lives have constituted the history of the Republic, possessed a combination of elements of greatness which are seldom found, except singly. Most of the leaders of men are describable in a word or a phrase. They are distinguished from their fellows by only a single dimension of superiority. Thus we characterize one as an orator, another as a jurist, and a third as a warrior, and thereby define the one essential quality of each in which he excels. In other respects they are on a par with ordinary humanity.

But Webster, as he surpassed other men not simply in one, but in divers departments of capacity and attainment, cannot be disposed of in a paragraph. Every path of usefulness and distinction which he trod needs to be explored and illustrated in order to depict him justly; and then the hand of a master is requisite to blend the several constituents of the picture into a harmonious whole.

Let us for a moment consider some of the more important

relations which he sustained to the community, that we may the better judge what station among men should rightfully be accorded him.

As a lawyer, he held a place second to no other. Trained in the school of Mason and the other expert practitioners of the New Hampshire bar at the beginning of the century, he early made himself a proficient in the technicalities of the profession. And when his later experience brought him to the consideration of larger questions, when principles were to be discussed in lieu of precedents, his discriminating and logical intellect, saturated with the very spirit of the law, led him unerringly to just conclusions. And I suppose it hardly admits of question that no American jurist, except it may be Marshall alone, dealt with the great problems arising out of the fundamental law of the land, with the confidence, the ease and the mastery of Daniel Webster.

In like manner, if we regard him as an orator, he stands easily in the foremost rank. There have been public speakers whose discourse warmed and moved popular assemblies, as the wind sways the field of ripening grain, but whose words, when read in the cooler atmosphere of the closet, are found to have spent their force, and become mere sounding verbiage. And there have been others whose harangues had no effect in the delivery, save to empty the seats of hearers, but which light up the printed page with the fire of eloquence, and have secured immortality for their authors.

It was Webster's happy gift to combine the best qualities of both classes. He was a master of speech. Our language contains no compositions more harmonious, more lucid and more forcible in style than those of Webster. And his manner was worthy of his matter. His earnest soul shone forth in his imposing presence, his piercing eye, his resonant voice, his impressive gesticulation. He convinced and delighted his immediate audience, no less than his subsequent readers.

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The speeches by which he won the verdicts of juries, the judgment of courts, the resolutions of Senates and the plaudits of assemblies, are the same which those who appreciate genuine eloquence have perused with ever-increasing admiration since, and which critics hold up as models for imitation to-day. Judging by every proper standard of oratory, we find no superior of Webster in our history.

As a statesman, a legislator, a diplomatist, who of our ablest public agents has rendered more substantial benefits to the country than he, or has sustained the national dignity and honor more worthily? To recapitulate his achievements to this audience is needless; they are familiar as the national history which records them.

The chief characteristic of Webster in his public capacity, as it seems to me, was his devotion to his whole country. True he loved the State of his nativity with the affection of a child for its mother; true he loved the State of his adoption, which holds and sacredly guards his ashes; but he was first and most of all an American citizen. The sense of nationality was strong within him; his sympathies and aspirations and labors were co-extensive with the limits of his country. From his earliest public appearance he manifested a deep and abiding veneration for the fathers of the Republic, and for the system of government which they founded. "Fidelity to the Constitution and the Union" was the watchword of his youth, and the motto of his lifetime. It tinged his views and influenced his conduct throughout his whole career.

He saw the nation involved in two successive wars, neither of which met his approval. From a sense of duty he declared his opposition to them, but he did not allow that opposition to reach the point of becoming factious. He loved his native land too well to wish to trail her banner in the dust, for the mere reason that in his opinion the cause for which she engaged in hostilities was insufficient.

In the days when South Carolina attempted to put in practice the fatal doctrine of nullification, President Jackson stood up manfully for the integrity of the Union and the supremacy of the Constitution, and in so doing placed himself in direct antagonism to no insignificant portion of his own political party. A less magnanimous and patriotic opponent than Webster would have exulted over the dissension in the hostile camp, and left the contestants to extricate themselves from their dilemma as best they could. But he, true to his life-long convictions, and for the love he bore to his whole country, nobly extended his moral support to the President in enforcing the Constitution and the laws of the land.

And his attitude in the trying hours of 1850 was taken in accordance with the same cardinal principle of his lifetime. He, more clearly than any of his contemporaries in the North, foresaw the troubles of the future. He knew that disunion and war were inevitable, unless some change could be effected in the attitude of the two great divisions of the nation towards one another. And to bring about more cordial relations, and avert the dreaded catastrophe, he was willing to concede much.

By many his apprehensions were pronounced exaggerated or insincere, and he was cried out upon as an alarmist, and a truckler to the South. But they who thus censured his course, themselves realized, eleven years later, how just were his prognostications; and then, when they saw that civil war was the sole and certain alternative, they were ready to surrender much more than he had ever dreamed of yielding.

One special debt of gratitude which the nation owes to Webster should never be suffered to pass out of remembrance. Knowing better than any other man the true temper of both sections of the country, and realizing the mortal peril that menaced the existence of the Republic, he did all that lay in man's power to strengthen the loyal masses for

the ordeal. It was his eloquent periods which impressed upon the public mind the inestimable value of our free institutions; it was his masterly refutation of the specious doctrine of nullification and secession that constituted the stronghold of the champions of the Union in 1861. The principles which he established preserved the government from destruction then, and will, we devoutly hope, render it perpetual.

Great men, not a few, have arisen in the land: has any other one been great in so many ways as Webster was? Our country has been fortunate in many useful public servants: has any other rendered services of equal importance with his?

We have had Washington, serene amidst alarms, of discretion and judgment unsurpassed; Hamilton, an originator, uniting the bold theories of youth with the practical skill that belongs to maturity, as the orange bears blossoms and fruit together; Jefferson, an investigator, the first to comprehend and evoke the latent genius of Democracy; Lincoln, the embodiment of justice and sound sense, his pulse synchronous with the beating of the great loyal heart of the nation; and others, not less eminent and patriotic. Comparisons might, perhaps, be out of place here; but it is not too much to claim for Daniel Wesbter that he loved his country as well as any of these; that he gave her as loyal and disinterested service; that he contributed as greatly in his day and way to her grandeur and glory; and that — the petty contentions of his time happily forgotten — his name will go down to posterity with equal honor and benediction.

At this point President Arthur, Gov. Long, Mayor Green, and the other members of the Presidential party, were obliged to retire, and Hon. Stephen M. Allen presided during the remainder of the exercises. He called upon Hon.

B. W. Harris to speak for the national House of Representatives. It was found that Mr. Harris had retired, and Mr. Allen said: "We had hoped to hear from the head of the city of Boston."

ADDRESS OF HON. SAMUEL A. GREEN,

Mayor of Boston.

I thank you, Mr. President, for your kind mention of the municipality which I have the honor to represent. The city of Boston is in hearty sympathy with these exercises of the Webster Historical Society. The statesman whose life you commemorate to-day was, during many years, a citizen of Boston as well as of Marshfield, and any services touching his memory appeal as deeply and as strongly to the city as to the town. A generation has come and gone since Mr. Webster's death, and few people remember his outward appearance; but though his manly form has passed away, the great principles for which he stood and struggled are now recognized throughout the nation, and bear witness to the wisdom of his ideas. His views were as broad as the whole country, and took in the interests of every section of the land. His name and fame rest on a solid foundation, and the calumnies of his critics will break as vainly on his character as the surging seas on the rock-bound coast of his native New England. The lesson of this day, Mr. President, will be poorly learned, the inspiration of this hour will be lost, if they do not teach us to study the example and to imitate the virtues of the great expounder of the Constitution.

ADDRESS OF REV. EBENEZER ALDEN.

Some seven years after Mr. Webster's memorable address at Plymouth, with his family, he first found his way to Marshfield. He boarded, that summer and for two or three seasons, with Capt. John Thomas, in the old colonial mansion which for the remainder of his life became his country home.

In an address to his "friends and neighbors" on the occasion of a public reception a few months before his death, he said, "Many, when they come down through these pine woods and over these sandy hills to see us, wonder what drew Mr. Webster to Marshfield. Why, gentlemen, I tell them it was partly good sense, but more good fortune." Here he found a retired spot, shut out from the busy world; a place well situated for his favorite recreation of fishing, both in the brooks and in the bay; lands which, though sterile and sandy, were capable of improvement, as the thousands of trees which he planted and the green acres which he left behind him attested; and what was far more, a kind people of the "twenty years" among whom he said, "Happy have they been to me and mine; for during all that period I know not of one unkind thing done, or an unkind word spoken, to me or those that are near and dear to me." Mr. Webster's personal magnetism secured for him the warm affection and regard of those immediately about him, the family of whom he bought his house and the neighbors whom he employed upon his farm. To this day those of them who survive, love and revere his memory.

Mr. Webster identified himself with this people. In the early part of his residence here, habitually, though not so regularly in his last years, he attended worship in the old Pilgrim Church in the neighborhood. Though he appears never to have transferred his relation from the church in

Salisbury, N.H., which he joined when a young man, for a number of years he was a member of the First Parish in this town, and through life cordially gave it his aid in the support of the institutions of the gospel.

One of the most interesting remembrances of Mr. Webster is his selection of the ancient Winslow burying-ground as the place for his tomb. Mount Auburn would have been honored had he chosen that as his last resting-place. He preferred to be associated in after years with the Pilgrim Fathers, the elements of whose character entered so largely into his own. He lies near the site of the thatched meeting-house in which Edward Winslow worshipped God, and not far from the tomb in which are the mortal remains of the first child born to the Pilgrims of the "Mayflower," the first mother, who was also the first bride, of the Plymouth colony, and the first Governor who was a native of our country. His epitaph will carry down to posterity his profound reverence for God, his testimony to the divine reality of the religion of Jesus Christ, and his deep conviction that the only religion which is vital is that of inward experience.

PRESIDENT BARTLETT'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Allen then introduced President S. C. Bartlett, of Dartmouth College, who spoke as follows: —

Dartmouth College has never been slow to pay a tribute to her greatest son. Some thirty years ago, almost immediately upon his death, she summoned to her aid the most brilliant of all her alumni, and embalmed the memory of Webster in the matchless words of Rufus Choate. On his centennial birthday in January last, her widely scattered sons gathered in the several centres — Boston, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, Minneapolis — to do him honor. At the annual com-

mencement in June, they came together from the East and the West to the college halls to listen to an eloquent voice from the South in his praise. And two days ago the board of trustees met in the chief city of his native State and voted to hold up to all future generations of students the recollection of his illustrious example and his special tastes, by establishing the Daniel Webster professorship of the Latin language and literature.

Dartmouth College knows him well. She knew him first in the youth not sixteen years of age, with the tears of gratitude to his self-denying father scarcely dry upon his cheeks, fresh from the counsels and instructions of a country pastor, hastily, and by his own testimony, "miserably prepared, both in Greek and Latin," and by the testimony of his classmates "through his collegiate course, improving in excellence as time advanced." The loving survivors of his classmates and friends, fifty years later, drew so well the portrait of the youthful student, that he stands before us unmistakable and lifelike. Let me present to you the picture in the very words they used. Behold, then, the young undergraduate, already holding men by "those black piercing eyes, peering out under dark, overhanging brows;" the solemn tones of his voice on special occasions, the mingled "modesty" and "dignity of his mien," and the "earnestness with which he threw his whole soul into his subject." He stands before us in character "unimpeachable," "constant at the recitation and always well prepared," "good in all the branches," "peculiarly industrious," though mastering his studies "with ease," "distinguished for the uncommon extent of his knowledge," "his thorough investigation," the "vigor" and "fulness" of his thinking, and "the flow of his eloquence," — so pre-eminent that "no one of his class was ever spoken of as second to him," accounted, indeed, "the most remarkable man in college." We can stand even with Elihu Smith by his side

as "he received his degree with a graceful bow;" and, two months later, with Daniel Abbott, we shake hands with him on the east bank of the Merrimac, as he sets off "on horseback, with his wardrobe and his library in his saddle-bags," to his magnificent career, then all unknown, now known to all. That boy was father of that man.

Dartmouth College was fortunate in receiving Daniel Webster within her walls; or, if you please, in possessing the qualities and conditions that drew him thither. But she can only claim to have helped in some degree the unfolding of his extraordinary powers. His mind was then as unique as his massive head. It was no 'prentice pupil sent to drudge through some routine drill: it was the young master come to gather up the implements of his mighty art. No institution made Daniel Webster: he was himself an institution. And yet shall I say that, though an exceptional alumnus, he was, in some respects, a representative alumnus, showing forth, though to an almost ideal extent, the mental force and directness, the breadth and clearness, the industry and practicalness, toward which the long line of her alumni have steadily aimed and moved.

His Alma Mater did for her foster child what she could; and in the early prime of his powers he did for her what he could, perhaps what no other man could. She had given him her literary honors: he brought his professional honors and laid them at her feet. His first national glory became her glory and defence. Who does not know the story of the little college struggling in the grasp of the State; of the case transferred to the Supreme Court of the United States, and regarded by one of its judges beforehand as hardly a case at all; of that masterly argument to which Judge Story listened "the first hour with astonishment, the second with delight, and the third with conviction;" of the orator waxing warm and tender at the last, till his voice choked with emo-

tion, and many around were in tears; and the interval of silence that fell like a curtain on the audience as he closed? He had fused his great intellect and great heart into one great argument for the good mother that he loved, and the fiery stream, like some lava-tide, had swept all before it as it rolled on its way. But, till the decision came, he still bore "a load much heavier," he said, than he "was accustomed to bear." I hold in my hand a letter of his, written in the interval (July 27, 1818), showing alike his modesty and his magnanimity. "I send you," he wrote to his friend McGaw, who had asked it, "with great cheerfulness, a sketch of our views of the case in the question about Dartmouth College. I have never allowed myself to indulge any great hopes of success; but, if even a few such men as Judge Wilde should think that we had made out our case, it would repay the labor. If you should think there is any merit in the manner of the argument, you must recollect that it is drawn from materials furnished by Judge Smith and Mr. Mason, as well as from the little contributed by myself." Six months later he could write that memorable letter beginning, "All is safe and certain." The decision had been rendered, which, in the words of Everett, "was a battle fought and a victory gained for every college and university, for every academy and school, in the United States endowed with property or possessed of chartered rights," "the doctrines of which" — so said Chief Justice Waite in 1879 — "have become so imbedded in the jurisprudence of the United States as to make them, to all intents and purposes, a part of the Constitution." Even in defending the college that he loved, he was then an expounder of the Constitution, which he loved better still.

And, as he never forgot the friends of his youth, so he never forgot the institution of his early training. Within the present year there has come a reminiscence from the West — a voice from the past — of Webster in his later

years saying in substance to his fellow-alumnus, a wealthy congressman: "I once did for the college what I could with my legal skill, and I charge you to do for her what you can with your wealth." He loved her thus to the end with an affection so warm, and was bound to her with ties so strong — being rightly named by Judge Hopkinson, her second founder — that we may not inaptly say, adapting his own famous words — Daniel Webster and Dartmouth College, in influence and history, "now and forever, one and inseparable."

ADDRESS OF HON. GEO. B. LORING.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

President Bartlett has spoken in a tender and affectionate manner of one of the great sons of Dartmouth, over which institution he has the honor to preside. That he should have done this with the proudest emotion is natural, when we remember that Daniel Webster is the great alumnus of that ancient college. That he should have done it with the warmest emotion is natural, when we remember that from the lips of that great son of a distinguished Alma Mater, there fell the most eloquent and touching appeal ever made for the very existence of a maternal institution of learning, recorded in all the long line of oratorical triumphs. The conclusion of that masterly argument has made Dartmouth College radiant with tender associations. It was in her defence that the voice of every faithful and affectionate alumnus was uttered in behalf of his Alma Mater. When Daniel Webster, amidst the solemn and tearful stillness of the highest court in the land, moved as it was by his argument and by his eloquence to tears, exclaimed, "Sir, I know not how others may feel, but for myself, when I see my Alma Mater surrounded, like Cæsar in the senate house, by those

who are reiterating stab after stab, I would not, for this right hand, have her turn to me and say, '*Et tu quoque, mi fili*'—and thou too, my son!" he expressed the emotion which every scholar feels towards the spot where his mind was directed along the fragrant walks of knowledge, and where his rising powers first felt the sweet influences which fill the Academic groves.

And now I take Daniel Webster and bring him before you as an alumnus of that college which made him her adopted son, and which, in taking to her bosom this illustrious child of Dartmouth, felt that she secured to herself as high an honor in adopting him as she did in sending forth that long line of illustrious statesmen, lawyers, jurists, theologians, who have made her history the admiration of the literary world. I speak for Harvard here, not because I think myself worthy to perform this service. There are those here, and have been this day, who stand foremost on her distinguished and honorable roll, and who, as the leading scholars of the classes in which they were graduated, represent her power in the cultivation of the human mind. I do my service, then, sir, with many misgivings, conscious that my voice is feeble beside theirs, and that I can in no way respond as would the President of that illustrious University, were he here to discharge this duty which has fallen from his shoulders upon my own, with his silver tongue and his powerful oratory, pleading for the prosperity and rejoicing in the honorable record of the great institution over which he presides.

I speak, then, as an humble son of Harvard, and I desire in that capacity to present to your minds the relations which Daniel Webster held to that great college during his majestic career as a citizen of Massachusetts, and as the foremost statesman of the Republic in his day. He was for a long time a member of the government of Harvard, called by her

into intimate relations with herself, as she has so often called with the warmest cordiality the great intellects which have come within her cognizance. She accepted Daniel Webster as her friend and ally and son; she accepted with the same spirit the great Agassiz, to teach the world that for all great intellectual powers she had a warm and affectionate heart. He sat at her council board to give the weight of his great name to the dignified presence she maintained before the world, and the salutary influence of his instinctive love of sound learning as the sure foundation of the Republic. And when the time arrived for the celebration of the second centennial anniversary of her foundation, she summoned him among the great and good of the land who gathered around her hearthstone and called her mother. I remember it well, that most distinguished assembly of all goodly companies which ever gathered within the borders of this ancient Commonwealth. It was the anniversary of the founding of that college which was so dear to the heart of the founders of the State, the *conditores imperiorum* who framed our free institutions. Men had assembled there, the old and the young, to worship once more at the altar which they loved so well. There in that illustrious assembly, gathered around the festive board, sat Josiah Quincy, the wise and honored President of the University, the orator of the occasion, the historian of Harvard, the incorruptible magistrate, the son of that inspired and inspiring orator of the Revolution, who, dying as he approached his native shores on his return from his patriotic mission to the mother country, bearing within his soul his divine love of freedom, bequeathed to his boy his treasured books, and his solemn injunctions to be a faithful and patriotic citizen, and an obedient and devoted son to his bereaved mother.

There, too, sat Edward Everett, the most brilliant and accomplished orator of that day or of any day of our Republic, — he who has left for the young men of this country a

legacy of literature which should be cherished and studied for all time to come, as the Chief Magistrate of the Republic has told us the volumes of Webster should be cherished, for doctrine and reproof and for the strengthening of the massive structure of the government under which we live, — to celebrate, as he said in his fascinating address as presiding officer of the dinner, "the birthday of the genial mother of our spirits, who folded us in her arms and carried us in her bosom; and not us alone, but all who for two hundred years have drawn the pure milk of intellectual life and truth from her maternal breast." With what enthusiasm he reminded us also that "within the short space of twenty-three years there were graduated at Harvard six men who exercised an influence over the country's destinies which no time shall outlive! Within that brief period there went forth from yonder walls, James Otis, John Hancock, Joseph Warren, Josiah Quincy, besides Samuel and John Adams — '*geminos duo fulmina belli.*'"

There sat the venerable and scholarly and pure-minded John Thornton Kirkland, the beloved ex-President of the University, who from his warm and genial heart declared, as he addressed that great audience with a faltering voice from which the old-time music had not yet died out, "that the necessary expenses of a liberal education should be reduced, that the stream of knowledge may be open to all who will drink."

There sat John Gorham Palfrey, the scholarly divine of that day, the statesman and brilliant and philosophical historian of a later day, impressing upon those who listened to his sound and admirable speech the inseparable union of "learning and religion, twin sisters, united in their origin, united in their imperial sway over man's higher nature."

There sat Joseph Story, just then in the height of his great judicial career, the learned law student and author of the

land, the profound, patriotic, liberal jurist and interpreter of the Constitution, extending a kindly greeting, and stretching out his hand of fraternal love to the universities of old England.

There, too, sat Lemuel Shaw, — of whom I once heard one of the most brilliant of the bar of this country say, that he "had made more law than any man of his time in America,"— the pride of Massachusetts jurisprudence, who, true to the mistress whom he loved and honored through a long and pure and dignified and learned life, gave as his sentiment on the occasion, "The law: nurtured by an enlightened philosophy, invigorated by sound learning, and embellished by elegant literature, the most efficient support of constitutional liberty."

And there sat Peleg Sprague, the lofty descendant of the best of the Pilgrims, the great Senator of one State, that of his adoption, the great jurist of another State, that of his birth, who, after having shed glory and honor upon the child of Massachusetts as a Senator, shed still more glory and honor upon his native State as one of the great jurists of the land. I can see him now with his manly port, his glowing eye, his Roman face, paying his warm tribute to the virtues of his ancestors and declaring of the Pilgrim mothers "as Cicero declared of letters, '*Adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis solatium præbent, delectant domi.*'"

John Collins Warren, the son of the great surgeon of the Revolution, the nephew of the martyr at Bunker Hill, the imperial surgeon of his own time, modestly and ardently expressed "gratitude to the noble country of our fathers." And Hugh S. Legarè, of South Carolina, standing on the soil of Massachusetts, and remembering the bond that bound these powerful States together in the days of trial, and remembering moreover the deep and unquenchable sympathy which existed between the Huguenots and the Puritans in

their love of religious liberty and their search for it on the wild shores of an unexplored continent, exclaimed with the fervid eloquence of the native State, as the fraternal sentiment he would contribute to the occasion, "The fathers of New England! like the wisest of all men, they sought wisdom first, and with wisdom they found all the blessings of existence."

And I think no one of all that throng could ever forget the uprising of the young lyrist of America who appeared there almost for the first time on a public occasion, just returned from Europe with the culture and enthusiasm of the youthful scholar, and sang with a *superba audacia* as one of the most brilliant wits and advocates of that day called it, his song "When the Puritans came over," having just then commenced a career which has made the name of Oliver Wendell Holmes a household word throughout the land wherever refined wit, and pure sentiment, and generous appeal, and patriotic fervor, and honorable service are appreciated, and who has just closed a distinguished service as one of the cultivated teachers of American youth in the walks of sound and reliable science, retiring to private life and "delightful studies" with the kindly benediction of the "troops of friends" whom he has secured in every sphere of educated life

But among them all and above them all, the loftiest peak in all that mountain range, there sat one man who as he rose seemed to lift up that congregation of scholars and to crown the scene with the "eternal sunshine" of his towering natural powers. He was not a son of Harvard. He was a son, sir, of Dartmouth, with all his love of education and all his vast intellectual force and ambition inspired by what was in his early days a frontier college. Having drunk from her springs he had brought his great mind into the service of Massachusetts, and had given his presence to the halls of Harvard, a

pillar to the Commonwealth, a crown to all the imposing mental strength engaged at that day in completing her greatness. I do not now recall the sentiment to which he responded, but I do remember the theme on which he dwelt, and I cannot express the regret I feel that his speech has nowhere been recorded. With great feeling and eloquence he entered upon his discourse on popular education. There in those classic walls, in the presence of the scholars whom I have enumerated, he placed himself alongside of what Lord Bacon calls the common and concurrent judgment and intellect of mankind, and spoke his eloquent word for that vast flowing tide of popular education which has borne on the American people to their great achievement among the nations of the earth. As an alumnus of Dartmouth and an adopted son of Harvard, a college student standing on college ground, he spoke for that universal diffusion of knowledge which has roused the American mind and warmed the American heart with that love of sound learning which has made us powerful in peace and in war, strong, independent, loyal. Let me say in the presence of this assembly, in the presence of the head of that favored college which gave Webster his education, let me say as the representative of the practical and industrial department of our government, claiming no merit of scholarship beyond that which would teach the farmers of this country how to manage that inestimable blessing, their own independent acres, as the head of that department which I trust will one day stand, as it should, foremost in the confidence and esteem of the people whose servant it is, — let me say that Mr. Webster's power on that occasion grew out of the fact that he embodied in himself, more than any other man then living, that broad general culture which distinguishes the American mind. From the schools of this country and Europe there go forth scientists who devote themselves to exploring the realm of matter and to interpreting all physical

laws, and scholars to whom the great volume of learning is open on every page. The contest between these great classes of cultivated minds has found expression in the discussion on the comparative value of classical and technological studies which has so long occupied the educational thought of both continents. When Matthew Arnold discusses "cultivation of a sense for conduct," and "cultivation of a sense for beauty," he defines the two lines along which modern education has chosen to travel. And when he discusses the one as against the other, and declares for that literary culture which prepares the human mind for a true understanding of all that is beautiful in thought, he assumes that there must be a natural incapacity for comprehending the practical and the æsthetic at the same time. But we are taught that this is not so. The business of American education is to send into every walk in life skill and taste combined. Capacity for work and love of knowledge are the two halves of that dual existence which the learned American longs to compass. This combination our boys labor for in the industrial college, our prosperous men in every branch of business desire, and our laboring men may find in it the comfort and solace of the hard toil of life. As a representative of these two educational forces Mr. Webster stands almost unequalled. Placing them in parallel lines he went on in his great educational work. Here on these hills he applied his "cultivation of his sense for conduct," that which made him a useful companion to the farmers of this country; that which made him love his land as a farmer should love it; that which made him proud of his crops and gave him a profound interest in all agricultural association and endeavor. With what enthusiasm he gave instruction to his farmer! How fondly he dwells on the details of his farm! From his sick-chamber in Washington he sends forth instructions with regard to his lands and his cattle, which had evidently given

him a new sense of life, and had lifted him into the sturdy strength of the yeoman as he "walks afield." The consolation which he drew from the contemplation of healthy animal life was like a religious consolation to his soul. In his hard toil the memories of rural life cheered him; in his hours of pain and weakness the abounding life of nature was his cordial. The comfort and repose which Choate found in his library, Webster found on his farm. The one leaned for support on the arm of his fellow-man, the other found strength from reposing on the lap of Nature. And while pursuing with his whole mind and heart this practical and material path, without contraction or narrowness, never sharpened and belittled by details, he kept his mind filled with that literary inspiration which gave him his vast power whenever he appeared before senates and the people, and gave him the capacity to win for himself the enviable title of the great Defender of the Constitution, and enabled him to convince courts and juries by his learning as a lawyer and his might as an advocate. So I say in response to the toast for Harvard, that when she adopted Daniel Webster as her son, she took to her fireside one who represented the American mind in all its power, and represented as you, I am sure, once the distinguished and thoughtful Secretary of the Board of Education in Massachusetts [turning to Gov. Boutwell], will recognize, the importance of that wide general culture which makes our boys useful wherever they may be found; which has made the popular mind of America the commanding mind of this age of the world; which enables us to adopt all cultivated men from foreign lands into the deepest labor of our life; leads us to open our doors to all great intellectual effort; and is preparing the way we have opened in the last half-century to range ourselves by the side of the highest literary nations of ancient or modern times.

Now, my friends, I hope you will pardon me. Had I had

five minutes' warning I could have made a shorter speech, but I had comparatively no warning at all. The programme of this performance was presented to me as I was coming to this tent, with the statement that I was to respond for Harvard College. My heart sank within me, and it was not until I had the pleasure and honor of facing an audience of my fellow-citizens that my courage rose with the occasion and gave me power to respond, even in this unworthy manner, to the toast assigned me. I only wish President Eliot had been here, sir. I only wish the President of the fortunate University which adopted Daniel Webster could have been here to join hands with the accomplished President of the still more fortunate college which gave him birth, so that the American people might see how the son of one literary family can be adopted into the domestic harmony and peace and beauty of another.

ADDRESS OF HON. MARSHALL P. WILDER.

President Allen said: "We expected with us to-day the venerable President of the New England Historic, Genealogical Society. Not being able to come, he sent a few words, and I will ask Hon. Albert Palmer to read them to you."

Hon. Albert Palmer prefaced his reading by saying: "Mr. President, I feel honored in being called upon to read the very short speech of the venerable gentleman whose absence by this Society is profoundly regretted, as it is always regretted in any public assembly in Massachusetts. Mr. Wilder's letter is as follows:"

Your Excellency: I thank you most sincerely for your recognizance of the New England Historic, Genealogical Society on this occasion. This is manifestly proper, for, like our parent institution, the Massachusetts Historical Society,

its mission is to gather up, preserve and transmit to those who are to succeed us whatever may be interesting and instructive in regard to the history of our blessed land, and especially of our own beloved New England. And what can be of more interest to a son of America than the commemoration of the life and services of him whose birth we this day celebrate, of him to whom this nation owes more for the preservation of her Constitution and the perpetuation of our honor than to any other man? I have spoken on several occasions commemorative of the birth of Mr. Webster the present season, and I most heartily rejoice that I am remembered among those who are to take part in these ceremonies. I rejoice, also, that the Webster Historical Society have in their wisdom chosen this place, the consecrated home of our departed friend, as a most appropriate spot on which to show forth, by public demonstration, that gratitude which the nation owes to the memory of her illustrious son — here, by the presence of the chief magistrate of our nation and other dignitaries of our land and these congregated thousands, to engrave on the tablet of time another memorial of the worth of one of the greatest men of this or any other age.

As I have said on another occasion, I count it one of the happiest reminiscences of my somewhat protracted life that I was numbered among the friends of Mr. Webster; and I am most grateful to the Giver of all good that my life has been prolonged to this time, and that I am able once more to join in the service of paying honors to the memory of one of the most illustrious men the world has ever known. New England has had no such other talented son; America has had no superior statesman, orator or jurist. As a wise counsellor in the halls of Congress, as champion of the American Union, the expounder of the Constitution and the great apostle of international right, he stood above all his compeers in this or other lands. His works are among the most valuable of

American literature. No other set of volumes contains more patriotism or wisdom than these. In your own words, Mr. President, "He put the work and genius of more than an ordinary lifetime of service into the arching and knitting of the Union. He made it the charter of one great country, the United States of America. He made the States a nation, and enfolded them in its single banner. To-day, and while the Republic endures, the student and the legislator turn to the full fountain of his statement for the enunciation of these principles. His extraordinary intellectual power, his comprehensive mind, his powerful advocacy of those great principles which have made our nation what it is, have astonished the world, and will forever illumine the history of our blessed land and shine with brighter and brighter effulgence, while honor, patriotism, loyalty and integrity shall have a place in the record of human excellence."

Mr. President, I rejoice in the establishment of the Webster Historical Society, whose peculiar object is the gathering up and preserving through future time all that can be secured in regard to the life and services of America's illustrious son. God bless its efforts! Long may it live to pursue the noble work of perpetuating the name and fame of Daniel Webster!

ADDRESS OF HON. THOMAS RUSSELL.

I thank you, Governor, for calling on me to respond to that sentiment. You represent the State. Our Society represents the founders of the State. And never were their virtues better set forth than by Daniel Webster, and never was a nobler sacrifice offered to their memory, than when, standing on Plymouth Rock and speaking in their name, he stamped out the remains of the foul African slave trade in

New England. Well may he rest by the side of the children of Winslow, almost in sight of the homes and graves of Alden, of Standish and Brewster, of Bradford and of Carver.

But when Webster had spoken of the Pilgrims, nothing remained to be said; and you will pardon me if I leave my text to tell briefly why an old Abolitionist desires to be here to-day. I never found it necessary to prove my loyalty to liberty by attempting to defile the tomb of Daniel Webster. We have grown tolerant since 1850. It has come to be suspected that two men may differ and yet each be honest. We can retain our respect for a faithful representative in either branch of Congress who has voted for a bill that we do not altogether like, while we give honor and praise and thanks to the President who met that bill by a manly veto.

When our friend Allen told me that this celebration was planned for the sixth day of October, I said to him, "Make it the 6th of March and everybody will come!" And that light word brings up the thought, can it be that this great man who for sixty-eight years had lived in all honor — the upright statesman, the devoted patriot, the loving son and father, the faithful husband — yes, in spite of lying lips and prurient pens, the faithful husband — the kind neighbor, the good citizen — can it be that all at once he allowed his glory to depart, and became a recreant to the principles of his life? Forbid it, charity, forbid it, common sense! On the 7th of March his most disappointed friend might say, "The past at least is secure, and in the light of the past must this day be judged."

Remember, the motive of his speech was the fear of disunion, the dread of civil war. And the answer from a thousand platforms and presses was that there was no danger, and that war was a bugbear. Long ago we learned that he saw more than others, although even his eyes could not see what ours now behold. But if all could have seen what he

then saw, and could have seen no more, how many of his critics would have been found upon his side!

When Edward Everett died he was honored by the love and reverence of the whole land. Yet he had approved every word that had been spoken by his friend. How, then, did he gain this unanimity of praise? Simply by living to share and to guide the public counsels in the hour of war. And who doubts where Webster would have been found in that hour? Who does not feel that the full height and depth and warmth of a plea for union was never reached because his tongue was silent in the grave? How often in those dark days did we borrow the language of Choate and cry out, "Oh for one hour of Daniel Webster!" Yet did we not hear his voice, and was not his influence felt all through the war? To what armory did men turn for weapons; at what source did they find inspiration? You cannot trace out the love of union which you feel, any more than you can trace each grain of iron in your veins. But more than tongue can tell, it came from the teachings of Webster. I can give one reminiscence, which I received from an older member of my family, of a memorable occasion in 1830, when the elder children were allowed to remain at the fireside until midnight, while their father, with faltering voice and tearful eyes, read the grand defence of Massachusetts and of the Union. His influence flows through every vein and throbs in every nerve of this nation's life. None of our generals — no, not our all-conquering Grant — wielded a mightier force in its defence. Think of the double victory he helped to win. He was blamed because his love of union seemed to overshadow his love of liberty. But by the restoration of union was liberty secured. The slave was emancipated by the triumph of our government, and our government triumphed through the victories of our armies, and those armies were recruited and inspired by the love of union which he had spent his life

to teach. Glorious champion! lying here by the sea, he struck a blow which helped to break alike the force of rebellion and the fetters of the slave. And the triumph was neither temporary nor partial. It is union forever! Thank God, it is LIBERTY FOR ALL!

President Allen said, "I recognize among us one whose face thirty years ago was seen at the funeral of Webster, and who was then the Governor of the Commonwealth. I have the honor to introduce to you the Hon. George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts."

ADDRESS OF HON. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:

Mr. Webster was one of the last of a long line of American statesmen who, in the presence of slavery, strove to preserve liberty and the Union, and of that long line he was the greatest. For seventy years the thoughtful men of all parties were forced to consider the system of slavery in America, its relations to the Union, and its inherent antagonism to the principles on which the government was founded.

Slavery gave birth to one form of civilization, and freedom gave birth to another, and from the beginning the rule of the continent was the prize for which the parties contended. Each succeeding census made clear and more clear the truth that time was on the side of liberty, and that a postponement of the struggle would be fatal to slavery. Hence, each census from 1820 to 1860, inclusive, with the exception of that of 1840, when the public mind was pre-occupied with grave questions of finance, wrought a crisis which menaced the public peace. On two occasions Mr. Webster met the peril and controlled it.

First, in 1830, when he chose his place with Gen. Jackson, and won imperishable fame on the floor of the Senate; and again, in 1850, when he secured a postponement of the contest, but at the sacrifice of his popularity and the ruin of his fortunes. Mr. Webster claimed that the postponement of the struggle would result in the supremacy of liberty and the preservation of the Union; and it would be unjust to deny to him that foresight, statesmanship and patriotism which the claim involves. It is true, indeed, that he did not anticipate the immediate abolition of slavery. His thoughts and policy contemplated only peaceful measures. First, the limitation of the system, and then the gradual emancipation of the slaves. The compromise measures of 1850 gave the North ten years of time, and those years were years of preparation for the struggle of 1860 and the war of the rebellion.

In those ten years the public mind was educated and the body of the people were prepared for the solution of the problem, whether by peace or by war. If the contest had been precipitated in 1850 the result might have been a division of the Republic, and for the continent there would have been neither union nor liberty.

It is not just to Mr. Webster to assume that he builded better than he knew. He builded as he knew.

At the moment of his death his policy appeared to be acceptable to the country, but in less than two years, old compromises were violated, and it was then idle and in vain to make appeals in behalf of the new. In the review we must admit that the processes of compromise from the formation of the Constitution to the opening of the rebellion were calculated to preserve liberty and the Union, and, in the end, to render them one and inseparable. The incidental results were disagreeable, but they were also temporary. The end was freedom for the continent, and a continent included within the limits of the Union.

Thus liberty and the Union became one and inseparable.

For thirty years Mr. Webster was the chief personage in Massachusetts, in New England, in the Republic. In politics he had competitors, but in diplomacy, in logical precision and force, in knowledge of the Constitution, in ability to deal with the gravest questions of law and statesmanship, in that genius by whose power he adorned whatever he said with an imagery as bold and magnificent as that of Milton, and as true to nature as that of Shakespeare, he was without an equal or a rival. Wherever he stood he was great, and the demand which he made for public consideration was based on that greatness.

Mr. Webster was not an unconscious bearer of a royal intellect, and at the end he was forced to look with something of contempt upon that public action which advanced inferior men and denied to him the chiefest honor of the Republic.

When Mr. Webster spoke at Plymouth in 1820, when he spoke in the Senate of 1830, there were men living who had heard Burke, and Fox, and Sheridan, and with them only, of all English speaking orators, was he contrasted or compared. And if, for the moment, we can command the whole range of history, it is difficult to summon another orator who, in the Senate and in the contest of 1830, could have met so completely the demand of the occasion, and justified so fully his cause and his conduct of it to future ages. And if again, for the moment, we can command the whole range of history, can its ten great orators be named and Mr. Webster be excluded from the list? Of those who have spoken the English language, he is inferior only to Burke, and if the position which Macaulay assigns to Burke shall be sustained by the continuing judgment of mankind, then will Mr. Webster's countrymen claim for him the second place on the page of universal history. An orator is not made by a

single happy paragraph, nor born of one fortunate speech. He is to live in the public eye through a long period of time, and he must deal temperately, forcibly, persuasively, wisely, with a variety of questions touching the public interests or relating to the public welfare. All these conditions, and whatever else may be demanded of the orator, were fully met in Mr. Webster's career.

Mr. Webster was great in intellect, majestic in his person, great in his friendships, great in his enmities.

His fame rests upon the intellectual forces that he possessed, and the nature and extent of the uses to which they were applied. A public man cannot choose his career. He must deal with the questions of his own generation. It was Mr. Webster's fortune to be called to the study and discussion of a new constitution framed for a new people. In the main his views have been sustained by judicial decisions and sanctioned by the course of political events.

The virtue of a written constitution is in the interpretation given to it. Mr. Webster spoke for national life, for national power, for public honor, for public virtue. His views of the Constitution are to be considered by all who shall study that Constitution and by all who are called to interpret it. He has thus become a worker in all the future of the Republic. The two great orators of antiquity pleaded the cause of dying states, but it was Webster's better fortune to aid in giving form and character to a young and growing nation.

LETTERS FROM INVITED GUESTS.

The following are extracts from letters of invited guests who were unable to be present: —

[From Hon. Roscoe Conkling.]

I beg you to receive my thanks for the invitation to be the guest of the Webster Historical Society, at Marshfield on the 12th of October, on occasion of the Centennial celebration of Mr. Webster's birth. Much esteeming the honor of your note, it would be very gratifying to join in paying homage to the memory of a man whose fame far outreached his country, when to be foremost in Massachusetts might have rounded the ambition of any man. A master of our language, a master of the science and the practice of government and of law, his knowledge of our institution, and his matchless powers of exposition, enabled him to leave an imperishable impress on the history and thought of America. To pay honor to such an intellect and to such achievements is to bear good witness of ourselves.

I would I could be one of you on the appointed day, but less grateful duties deny me the privilege.

[From Hon. William M. Evarts.]

I regret very much to find that it will be quite impossible for me to attend the Marshfield celebration on Thursday night. I had expected to be able to take part in this interesting commemoration at the earlier date purposed for it, but engagements which I cannot escape will prevent my leaving the city at this time. I should be very glad, by a visit to Marshfield, to recall the impressive scene at Mr. Webster's burial just thirty years ago, as well as to meet and hear the eminent persons who are to pay their homage to his memory at his grave.

[From George Ticknor Curtis, Esq.]

New York, October 8, 1882.

Gentlemen, — I have been honored by your invitation to attend the celebration at Marshfield on the 12th of this month, of the centennial year of Mr. Webster's birth, to be held under the auspices of the Webster Historical Society. It will not be in my power to be present; and it is with a divided feeling that I am obliged to forego the acceptance of your invitation. I should indeed be most glad on some accounts to unite with you in paying honor to the memory of my great friend, at his favorite home and at the tomb where his mortal remains repose. But I have not seen Marshfield since the time, now nearly thirty years ago, when I stood with others at his bedside and witnessed his remarkable death, heard and treasured his last words, and then, when all was duly and decently arranged, along with the thousands who followed his hearse, laid all of him that could die in the burial-place which he had chosen and which overlooks the scene that he had loved so well. It might be that to me painful feelings would be awakened by the absence of that old familiar house, every part of which, and its surroundings, are vividly present to my memory. I would wish not to break this image by ocular proof that it no longer exists in reality as it is painted in my recollection in colors and lineaments that can never fade so long as recollection remains to me. I must therefore content myself with expressing in this form a few thoughts which the occasion naturally suggests.

The thirty years which have rolled by since the death of Daniel Webster has divided our present era from his by a great chasm. A sectional civil war, which he feared, and strove with his utmost efforts to avert, has come and gone. Sectional passions, which he deprecated and discouraged, have burned their fiercest fires, and those fires are now al-

most extinguished. Great changes in the political and social condition of the country, marked by radical alterations of the federal Constitution, have followed from the triumph in arms of one of the sections over the other. Our political system in one respect is to-day fundamentally different from what it was in Mr. Webster's lifetime. Between his era and that in which we are now living there is a wide gulf. Yet across that gulf his majestic figure stands out to view as that of the most important statesman of an age fruitful in great men. It is now almost universally admitted that to his teachings and to his influence we owe the prevalence of the constitutional doctrine which made it right for the federal government to vindicate its just authority by resisting an attempt to break up the Union. It is also now plainly to be seen that if his warnings had been heeded — warnings which in perfect impartiality and in an all-comprehending patriotism he gave to both sections regardless of the consequences to himself — there never would have been any secession or any necessity for an assertion of the federal authority on the field of battle; there would have been no war, no suffering such as war always brings in its train, no scars to remain on the feelings of one portion of this people towards another. Mr. Webster, therefore, as a great historical character, has a fame that is marked by a double glory. He not only pointed to this nation how it could and ought to avert the necessity of a sectional conflict, but when that conflict had come, after he had passed away, his constitutional doctrines, taught at an earlier period and ingrained into the political faith of a generation, were found to be the only principle on which the federal government could justly claim the right to encounter by arms an attempted secession of the States from the Union. And now in the celebration of his birthday or in the modes of doing honor to his memory, what have we to do more than to impress upon the rising generations the importance

of a study of his public character and the abounding nature of his patriotism. His great abilities, his intellectual pre-eminence are known of all men. Monuments of his intellectual power, which will probably never perish so long as our language endures, are erected all along the period during which he personally influenced his age. The traces which he has left in our constitutional law can never be obliterated while our institutions shall continue to live. His eloquence will never cease to move and inspire so long as the record of it shall remain among men. It is the moral character of his public conduct, the unselfish and unsectional scope of his patriotism, the grandeur of his views, which could take in the welfare of a great country and stretch beyond the narrow limits of local interest and sectional feelings — the courage that could look to posterity for a vindication that contemporaries denied him — these are the traits in Mr. Webster's public character about which the young men of the present day are most concerned and most anxious to be informed Be assured that your Society cannot do a better work than to meet this desire of the youth of this day to learn why it is that their elders, who knew and loved Webster, do now, after thirty years have elapsed since his life ended, regard him as the greatest statesman in American history, next after Washington. I have good reason to know that Webster's reputation is growing every year, that the educated and thoughtful young men of the present day are studying his career, and that they are free from the prejudices which some of his contemporaries endeavored to transmit to them. Teach them, I pray you, by precept and by example, that what is now needed for the welfare and happiness of this people is to imitate his regards for the rights, the feelings and the interests of all sections, and to love with equal affection all who bear the name of American, and who honor the flag of the Union as the symbol of their country.

[From Hon. Robert R. Bishop.]

BOSTON, October 11, 1882.

Gentlemen, — I regret my inability to be present at the dinner to be given to the President of the United States at the home of Daniel Webster on the 12th inst. Mr. Webster's great argument before the Senate of Massachusetts in the impeachment trial of Judge Prescott forever connects his fame and life with our General Court, as it does with the principles of constitutional liberty. It would give me, as a member of the present legislature, great satisfaction to join in the tribute which will be paid to his memory both by the nation, through its head, and by the assemblage which will honor the occasion.

[From Prof. S. G. Brown.]

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, October 9, 1882.

Gentlemen, — It is with great regret that I am obliged to decline the invitation from the Webster Historical Society to attend the Centennial celebration of the year of the birth of Daniel Webster at Marshfield. No name of the generation in which he lived will stand higher than his; no patriotism was purer or broader in its scope; and no words or counsels will be more frequently appealed to in the future, or will have greater weight, than those in which he so wisely expounded the true meaning of the Constitution, and so eloquently defended the Union under which the nation has grown to be so prosperous and so powerful. It is surely peculiarly fitting that his birth one hundred years ago should be commemorated near the home which he so much loved and within sight of his honored grave.

[From Chief Justice Marcus Morton.]

ANDOVER, October 10, 1882.

My dear sir, — I have received your invitation to attend the Centennial celebration of the birth of Daniel Webster,

and to respond to the toast of "The Courts of Massachusetts." I very much regret that the pressure of public duties makes it impossible for me to accept.

The courts of Massachusetts were the training-school in which Mr. Webster was educated and in which he laid the foundation of his great fame as a statesman and constitutional lawyer. Successful statesmanship consists in the application and enforcement of the same eternal principles in the affairs of nations which the lawyer in his daily practice is called upon to apply in the contests of individuals. It would be trite and commonplace to dwell upon the great ability and success with which Mr. Webster enforced and expounded those principles in the national field of duty in which the State assigned him for so large a part of his life, or upon the lustre which his career reflected upon the bar of Massachusetts. These are known of all men. There was one act of his not conspicuous or well known, which exerted a great and beneficial influence upon the welfare of the State, for which the courts and the bar ought to feel especially grateful to him. In 1830, upon the death of Chief Justice Parker, the governor tendered the office of Chief Justice to Lemuel Shaw, then in full practice in the Suffolk bar. It is one of the traditions of the courts that Mr. Shaw was disinclined to accept the position, and was finally induced to do so by the earnest and powerful advice and persuasion of Mr. Webster. Thus her greatest statesman gave to Massachusetts her greatest jurist.

RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS.

Resolutions introduced by Mr. Thomas H. Cummings secretary of Webster Historical Society:

Whereas the success of this celebration is due, in great

measure, to the generous co-operation of other influences than our own, therefore be it

Resolved, that the thanks of the Webster Historical Society are due, and are hereby tendered, to the President of the United States, for his acceptance of our invitation and kindly attendance here to-day; to the members of his cabinet, the Governors, past and present, and other distinguished statesmen, our honored guests; to Mrs. Fletcher Webster, for her cordial reception; to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, for its appropriate and ready response to our calls upon its valued services; to the Plymouth Division of the G. A. R., for the escort given our citizens; to the merchants of Boston, for their generous munificence; to the town of Marshfield, for its generous entertainment; to the press, for its voluntary assistance, and to the ladies who have graced us with their presence.

Mr. Allen in closing the exercises of the day gave a brief history of the organization as given in the first chapter of this volume; and thanking the people for their attention to the services, commended the Society and its objects to the whole country.

The members of the Society and guests who had remained to the close of the services then took their way to the station, commenting on the success of the celebration, and, it is hoped, with renewed appreciation of the life and work of the great statesman. After a short delay the cars were taken for Plymouth, and from that point to Boston. It is a pleasant thing to record that no accident occurred during the day.

The crowd at its height probably numbered from 15,000 to 18,000 people. The transportation of this multitude was a task of no small magnitude, considering the disadvantages under which the railroad people labored. The work was done in first-class shape. The promptness with which the great crowd was taken to its destination and returned, all on

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Webster the Farmer.

a single-track branch road, without a single mishap, would merit high commendation in the management of any road.

The same commendation can be made of the police arrangements, which were carried out with perfect efficiency. Chief Wade of the State force was in charge, and his sixteen men were reinforced by the County Deputy Sheriffs, and a detail from the Boston city force. Nothing was allowed to interfere with the prompt movement of the procession and various bodies from point to point, and the courteous officers were of great assistance in many ways besides the enforcement of order.

The badges worn by the guests and members of the Webster Historical Society were appropriately designed for the occasion. They were ribbons of different colors stamped with a portrait of Webster representing him as the Marshfield farmer.

The day was drawing to a close ere the conclusion of the after-dinner exercises, and, although but half of the speeches had been delivered, the President was obliged to take an early train for Boston in order to fulfil engagements for the evening. As the guests, comprising the Presidential party, left the tent, they drew the attention of the many hundreds thronging the enclosure, and as the noble form of the Chief Executive was distinguished from the others, cheer after cheer rent the air. To this outburst of enthusiasm the President responded by lifting his hat, and after entering the carriage he was driven rapidly to another portion of the grounds. In the mean time the Grand Army Posts had formed in line to receive the President, and at 4.45 o'clock the guests, escorted by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, proceeded to the station and immediately entered the cars. The procession was followed by a motley crowd of old and young, all eager for a parting glance at their distinguished visitor. The platform was at the base of a grad-

ual slope, whose face was blackened with the crowds who had gathered to witness the departure, and at 5.05 o'clock, as the train slowly moved away, the air resounded with the huzzas of the multitude and the music of "Hail to the Chief." President Arthur waived his farewell to the people of Marshfield, and, entering the car, sank into an easy-chair, as if glad of an opportunity to rest. He chatted pleasantly with Gov. Long and others upon the events of the day, and expressed himself as having derived much enjoyment from the visit. After a brief rest the President mingled with the guests who composed this distinguished gathering, and held a pleasant informal reception. A few privileged ones were presented, and the time was passed in a general discussion of topics relating to the State and nation. Political matters, although touched upon, were not made prominent. A glance through the car showed an assemblage of culture and intelligence rarely seen in railroad travel. A group in the centre of the car, representing as it did the United States, including our New England States, formed a striking picture. Surrounding the President, and in consultation with him, were Gov. Long of Massachusetts, Gov. Plaisted of Maine, Gov. Farnham of Vermont, Gov. Bell of New Hampshire, Gov. Bigelow of Connecticut, Secretary Chandler, Secretary Lincoln, while at a little distance were Gov. Littlefield of Rhode Island, Mayor Green, Hon. Marshall Jewell, Hon. Alexander H. Rice, Chester A. Arthur, Jr., Private Secretary Phillips, Assistant Postmaster-General Hatton, Hon. George Bliss, President Choate of the Old Colony Railroad, and others. Here and there were Senators and Congressmen discussing some problem, or exchanging views with the staff officers, whose brilliant uniforms rendered them the more conspicuous. The whole combined to make a picture of perfect social enjoyment. As the train approached Hingham the scene changed. Here Gov. Long was to take his departure.

He was accompanied by Colonel B. S. Lovell and Colonel Bouvé. On the platform were several hundred men and women whose anxiety to see the President was rewarded, for, as the train stopped, he stepped out upon the rear platform, receiving an ovation. The stop was not long, however, and the crowds were soon lost to view.

The train drew into the Old Colony passenger station at 6.40 o'clock. The vestibule and upper end of the train house were crowded with people, and a large gathering filled Kneeland street and adjacent highways. The Ancients filed out of the cars and formed upon the platform, with the centre opposite the President's car, the last one of the train. The President and suite and Mayor Green took position in the column, which passed through the vestibule to Kneeland street. Considerable enthusiasm was manifested, and the President was loudly cheered. The column was then formed on Kneeland street, the President's party in carriages occupying a position between the right and left wings of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. The first carriage contained President Arthur, Mayor Green, and Hon. E. S. Tobey, who represented President Allen of the Webster Historical Society, the latter having remained in Marshfield. The second carriage was occupied by Secretaries Lincoln and Chandler, President Arthur's son and Hon. Leopold Morse. The third conveyed Private Secretary Phillips, Assistant Postmaster-General Hatton, ex-Governor Farnham of Vermont, and Hon. G. Washington Warren; and in the fourth and last barouche were seated Mr. E. F. Thayer, of the Historical Society, and Mr. E. S. Tobey, Jr. The President's carriage was flanked by a guard of honor from the Worcester Continentals. The route was through Kneeland and Eliot streets, Park square and Boylston street to the Hotel Brunswick, which was reached at about 7.10 o'clock. The party, on alighting, remained upon the steps

while the escort passed in review, and then entered the hotel and ascended to the President's apartments. Here the guests were surrendered by the Webster Historical Society to the committee of the City Government, and the formalities of the day were ended. Early in the evening the President and suite dined as the guests of the City Committee.

On the morning of the 13th, Messrs. Stephen M. Allen, R. M. Pulsifer, George W. Richardson and E. F. Thayer waited upon the President at the Brunswick.

In conversation the President expressed himself as highly gratified at the attentions shown him, and as greatly pleased with his trip to the city. It was his first visit to Marshfield, he said, and he mentioned incidentally that he had never seen Mr. Webster. During the reception Hon. Stephen M. Allen offered for the acceptance of the President the only memento of the celebration to be had, in the shape of a small baton, made of the wood of a tree which grew by the side of Mr. Webster's birthplace in Salisbury, N.H. The President accepted the offering gratefully, with the remark that he would treasure it as a pleasant memento of an occasion which he should never forget.

The time having arrived for the departure, the four-horse landau was driven up to the hotel for the last time and entered by the President and the Mayor, Secretaries Chandler and Lincoln, Assistant Postmaster-General Hatton, Private Secretary Phillips, Mrs. Secretary Chandler and her sister and the City Committee taking other conveyances. The officers of the Webster Historical Society and the Committee of Reception bade adieu to the President in the rotunda of the hotel. A few moments before the carriages started, the President sent his aid to Mr. Allen, who stepped down to the side of the carriage, when the President again expressed himself as highly pleased with his visit, and added, "Please thank your Committee for me for the great discretion used through-

out the celebration." There were few bystanders, and no demonstration except by the guests of the hotel. The Albany station was reached at 10.40 o'clock, the party debarking at the side entrance, and passing through a small crowd, which applauded the President, to the train. When the special car was reached, the President paused for a moment outside, and was soon surrounded by a group of fifty or more, among whom were John Hoey, Esq., of New York, and Gen. Wilson, President of the New York & New England Railroad. The former was earnestly requested by the President to accompany him on the trip, but was obliged to decline the honor. Soon after, Mrs. Gen. Custer, who was a passenger on the train, came forward and was presented, while others of those around took advantage of the opportunity to shake the Chief Executive by the hand.

A few moments later the party boarded the train, it being decided that Councilman Mathews and Morse should journey with them to Worcester, while Mayor Green and the ladies went as far as the Columbus-avenue station, returning thence to the hotel in carriages. Mr. George W. Armstrong also entered the car as the railroad's representative, and also to look after the substantial comforts which had been provided. Promptly at 11 o'clock the gong sounded, the train started, and, amid the waving of hats, the Presidential visit became a thing of the past; and the last act in the Centennial celebration of the birth of Daniel Webster by the Webster Historical Society had closed.

VI.

OTHER CENTENNIAL CELEBRATIONS.

DINNER OF THE MARSHFIELD CLUB.

THE one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Daniel Webster was celebrated by a banquet and speeches at Parker's, January 18, 1882, by the members of the Marshfield Club and their invited guests. It was an occasion remarkable for two features, sometimes distinct and sometimes blended, for eloquent eulogy of the great statesman, and for calm, comprehensive analyses of his ability and of the service which he rendered to the country. It was the latter feature which made the occasion of value. From every eulogy the ordinary listener naturally, and usually with justice, makes a discount; but a dispassionate estimate of a man's ability which sets him over against a nation, and shows how he has rendered it an inestimable and unique service, moves even the indifferent listener. Such criticism was passed upon the services of Webster, and as the long account to his credit was rolled up, with the nation as debtor, he seemed to tower above all men of his time. The speakers included the best of Massachusetts; their theme was the greatest of American statesmen, and as a result of their words a new impetus will doubtless be given to the reading of his masterly speeches and to a study of his statesmanship, while his oracular sayings may fall with greater weight than ever. Mayor Prince, who presided at the dinner, invited the late ex-Governor Bullock to be present, and received his reply almost at the same time as the news of his death. It ran thus: —

WORCESTER, Jan. 17, 1882.

The Hon Frederick O. Prince. My dear sir, — I had the honor and pleasure a few days since of accepting an invitation extended to me by yourself and other gentlemen of the committee to attend the dinner of the Marshfield club on the 18th inst. I have anticipated the greatest satisfaction in uniting with the club on that occasion in rendering justice and veneration to the great name which loses none of its proportions in history as time goes on. But the serious illness of a near relative compels me to forego the gratification of meeting you. I remain, with high regard,

Yours most truly,

ALEXANDER H. BULLOCK.

From five o'clock for a half-hour the second floor at Parker's in the hall and small parlors was thronged with a distinguished company of gentlemen. Dignified men, gray-haired veterans of the law and finance and the pulpit, young men with an apparent abundant promise of a middle-life prolific in work worthy the example of the great man they honored, all these were mingled in agreeable confusion. At nearly six the company passed by twos into the handsome dining-room, ex-Mayor Prince and the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop leading the way. The room, with its walls of mirrors set in their white and gold frames of Corinthian columns, and with its ceiling brightly adorned with the emblems of many nations, was a scene of living colors. Along the tables double trains of smilax held between them frequent bouquets of red and white roses. Red and white glasses in their delicate shapes added the superior art in form to the art of the cook. Hanging in festoons from each of the three chandeliers, sparkling with their profusion of glass pendants, were bright vines of smilax, and at the lowest point of the graceful curve was a full-blown red rose. Central under each chandelier was a flying dove, bearing in its bill a spray of smilax, as if it were an emblem of peace and joy. Most to be noticed of all the ornaments of the room, however, were the two portraits of Webster, painted by Joseph Ames. At the head of the room was that striking

portrait, three-quarters length, draped on each side with a national flag, and opposite to it, at the other end of the hall, was the half-length portrait, strong and massive, similarly draped. Ex-Mayor Prince sat at the head of the table, and on his right were Gov. Long, Mayor Green and William Amory, Esq.; on his left were Gov. Bell, of New Hampshire, and Franklin Haven, Esq. Down the outside of the tables the order was as follows: —

G. T. Curtis.
W. W. Greenough.
J. S. Amory.
William Gray.
J. W. Bradbury, Me.
H. W. Paine.
Theodore Lyman.
E. D. Jordan.
William Aspinwall.
E. E Dorr.
W. P. Lee.
General Williamson.
R. S. Spofford.
T. W. Paine.
Nahum Capen.
C. P. Thompson.
Ellerton Pratt.
Charles Merriam.
Nathaniel Thayer, Jr.
Richard Olney.
J. Q. Adams.
Leverett Saltonstall.
Charles Devens.
T. C. Amory.
G. W. Burnham, N.Y.
Marshall P. Wilder.
S. K. Lothrop.
H. K. Oliver.
J. C. Park.
H. N. Hudson.
H. A. Whitney.
F. M. Weld.
G. R. Minot.
J. S Fay.
George Lunt.
J. H Carlton.
Thomas Sanders.
Joseph Burnett.
Sigourney Butler.
F. I. Amory.
A. T. Perkins.
Franklin Haven, Jr.
E. Peirson Beebe.
J. M. Brown.
C. L. Woodbury.
Alex. Cochran.
Lemuel Shaw.
C. W. Jones, of Florida.

Down the inside of the tables the order was as follows: —

Isaac Thacher.
Aaron Hobart.
J. S. Walker.
Edward Stanwood.
E. B. Haskell.
E. H. Clement.
J. M. Keith.
L. W. Tappan.
S. H. Gookin.
C. L. Flint.
L. Farnham.
C. H. Taylor.
F. C. Sanford.
B. F. Stevens.
J. C. Jordan.
H. Dumoresq.
J. A. Gordon.
Peter Butler.

J. E. Russell.
John Jeffries.
John D. Bates.
Edward Burnett.
Richard Saltonstall.
L. S. Tuckerman.
C. A. Prince.
R. D. Smith.
S. G. Snelling.
F. L. Ames.
Robert Codman.
Wirt Dexter.
T. H. Clay.
W. W. Swan.
S. A. B. Abbott.
H. B. Breck.
T. L. Jenks.
S. J. Thomas.
E. I. Thomas.
Chandler Robbins.
George Gardner.
Richard Sullivan.
W. A. Field

The bill of fare of the dinner was elegant in typography, beautiful in its engraver's art, and valuable as an historical reproduction of the two noted Webster homesteads. It was a quarto menu. Upon the first page were the words, "Marshfield club, January 18, 1882," in handsome script. Over the page was an excellent steel portrait of Webster over his signature in fac-simile. Under this was, "1782–1882. *Vera pro gratis.*" The next page, in large script, read, "Commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Daniel Webster, by the Marshfield club, at the Parker house, Boston, January 18, 1882." Page four contained the menu, and opposite it was an excellent steel plate of the old Webster homestead in Salisbury, N.H., where Webster was born. It was a perfect reproduction of the type of New England country homes which are even now so familiar upon the hills of this and our neighboring States. On the last leaf was a clearly cut steel engraving of the Webster home at Green Harbor, Marshfield. This fine artistic production was from the house of Messrs. John A. Lowell & Co. The list of edibles spread is as follows: —

MENU.

Oysters on shell.

Soup.

Cream Asparagus. Consommé.

Fish.

Chicken Halibut à la crême. Smelt à la Tartar.

Entrée.

Chicken Cutlets. Sweetbreads.

Remove.

Saddle Kentucky Mutton.

Sirloin Beef.

Rélève.

Roman Punch.

Game.

Canvas Back Duck. Red Head Duck. Larded Quail.

Sweets.

Omelette Soufflé. Wine Jelly. Charlotte Russe.

Roquefort. Brie. Cheese. Olives.

Fruit. Ice Cream. Sherbet.

Coffee.

It was a little after eight when ex-Mayor Prince called the company to order for the after-dinner speeches, and the last speech was not ended till half-past eleven.

EX-MAYOR PRINCE'S ADDRESS.

Gentlemen of the Marshfield Club, guests of the Club:

We have come together this evening to indulge a sentiment so common and natural that it finds expression in every community, civilized or uncivilized, ancient or modern. I allude to that sentiment which prompts us to commemorate the talents, virtues and services of the benefactors of mankind. We perpetuate by some of the forms of plastic art — by monuments of stone or bronze, by painting or sculpture, by oratory or poetry — the great men of their age —

> "One of the few, the immortal names,
> That were not born to die."

Of these was Daniel Webster; for whatever differences of

opinion may have obtained, or may still obtain, touching some of his views on political questions, it must be conceded by all whose capacity to appreciate truth is not disturbed by prejudice or passion, that he was one of the most remarkable, one of the greatest, men the country has produced — a true representative of all that is grand in the American character. There was nothing dwarfed in his composition. No part of him was developed to the injury of some other part. His intellectual growth and his moral growth were equally complete. We may not apply to him the epithet — "godlike" — so often used by his adoring friends; but we can with truth assert, in the words of Hamlet, that

> "He was a *man* — take him for all in all,
> I shall not look upon his like again."

His broad and comprehensive understanding, his great logical capacity, his remarkable power of analysis, his concentrativeness and constructiveness, enabled him to master every subject which received his attention; so that he became a profound jurist, a powerful advocate, an unsurpassed orator, a skilful diplomatist and a consummate statesman. When we remember the eminence Mr. Webster attained as a lawyer, and especially as a constitutional lawyer; when we recall his skill and capacity in the elucidation of those grave questions resulting from the peculiar relations of the federal government to the States and the States to the government, his accurate comprehension of the true principles of finance, his clear perception of what should be the character of our domestic and foreign policy, his sagacious anticipation of the political future, immediate or distant, his prophetic discernment of the result of the full development of the American system, we are disposed to say of him, what the Roman historian said of the great Roman statesman, that his versatile genius was so fitted to all uses he seemed to have been born for whatever he undertook.

Such was the general judgment of his contemporaries, and such is the judgment of the country to-day; for time, which disturbs so often and so largely the fame of so many who were deemed great in their day and generation, takes nothing from Webster. On the contrary, it is not extravagant to say that his fame increases as the years go by — *vires acquirit eundo* — for he was one of those rare men who are best seen and appreciated from a distance of time — as some great natural objects, like the Pyramids, are best seen and appreciated from a distance of space. If we are too near the latter, we cannot know their just proportions; if we are too near the former, we cannot understand their just relations to nor their exact influence on contemporaneous events. It would be interesting to conjecture what the great intellect of Webster might have accomplished if a change of circumstances had led him to other fields of mental labor; if he had devoted himself to the sciences, natural or moral, to metaphysics, to philosophy, to history or literature. It would be interesting to imagine how he would have developed, and what he would have achieved, if he had been born and lived under a different form of government. But the occasion does not permit us to indulge in such speculation.

It is not for me to speak in this presence of the life and character of Webster, of his public services, and his place in the Pantheon of illustrious Americans; Choate, and Everett, and Cushing, and Evarts, and Winthrop, and our lamented brother, the eloquent Hillard, and other distinguished scholars have already expressed the opinions of the country on this great theme. Mr. Webster's fame requires no further eulogiums for its security. But it is always pleasant to repeat the praises of those we venerate, and as such rehearsal is fitting and appropriate on occasions like this, you will be addressed by those whom you will be glad to hear, for they appreciate the great statesman.

Before I introduce them, permit me to refer for a moment to one particular debt of gratitude which the country owes him. We succeeded in maintaining the integrity of the Union by appealing to that sentiment of *patriotism* which comes from nationalism, from political unity as opposed to mere confederation and political connection. I claim for Mr. Webster that he created to a great extent this sentiment by his intepretation of the Constitution. Before his commentaries on this instrument there was in the public mind no clear and discriminating distinction between the powers properly belonging thereunder to the general government, and those undelegated reserved rights which remained to the States. The relation of these sovereignties to each other was only imperfectly understood. No such confederation as produced a "national union" had ever before been organized in ancient or modern times. There had been confederations like those of ancient Greece and Switzerland, but such organizations were merely compacts for certain limited purposes. They did not create that "perfect union," that individuality which makes the people *one* people, with common political interests and a common political destiny, and fills and animates the whole country with the spirit and passion of an uncompromising, unyielding and absorbing patriotism. Our glorious Constitution would not have accomplished this happy result if the great expounder had not, through his masterly appreciation of this beautiful political conception of the fathers, demonstrated its true nature and character. If the people had believed that the United States were a mere political league, and not a "National Union," there could have been no general sentiment that the government was a common government; that the country, however divided into States for local purposes, was still a common country, with a common flag, so that any assault thereon was rebellion and

treason, which the people of all sections were bound by loyalty and patriotism to repel.

The great statesman, in all his addresses and speeches, in all that he wrote and said on public affairs, constantly argued for the Union, the "Union now and forever, one and inseparable." His generation and the generation which saved the Union were thus fully imbued with the conviction of its indissolubility, and the duty of maintaining it. When, therefore, the government called the people to arms in its defence, millions responded to the call; and, not as sons of the several States, not as citizens of several sovereignties, but as Americans, as children of one country, they marched against rebellion. Mr. Webster's construction of the Constitution will never be changed, for it has been confirmed by the immutable, irreversible decrees of battle and victory. Born one hundred years ago to-day, he sleeps by the side of the sea he loved so well. Yet he "still lives," for he cannot be forgotten while patriotism, faith in popular government, faith in Republican institutions, pride of country and the love of man for man shall continue to animate the American heart. As he embraced, not a part merely, not a section, but the whole country, in his affections, his memory will be cherished by the whole people. He "still lives," for he cannot die — the dead survive in the recollection of the living.

Vita enim mortuorum in memoriâ vivorum posita est.

REMARKS OF GOVERNOR LONG.

It is but a poor tribute that even the most eloquent voice, least of all mine, can pay for Massachusetts to the memory of her greatest statesman, her mightiest intellect and her most powerful orator. Among her sons he towers like the

lonely and massive shaft on Bunker Hill, upon the base and the crest of which his name is emblazoned clearer than if chiselled deep in its granite cubes. For years he was her synonym. Among the States he sustained her at that proud height which Winthrop and Sam Adams gave her in the colonial and provincial days. With what matchless grandeur he defended her! With what overwhelming power he impressed her convictions upon the national life! God seems to appoint men to special work, and, that done, the very effort of its achievement exhausts them, and they rise not again to the summit of their meridian. So it was with Webster. He knows little even of written constitutions and frames of government who does not know that they exist almost less in the letter than in the interpretation and construction of the letter. In this light it is not too much to say that the Constitution of the United States, as it existed when it carried our country through the greatest peril that ever tested it, was the crystallization of the mind of Webster as well as of its original framers. It came from them, and was only accepted by some of our own as a compact of States, sovereign in all but certain enumerated powers delegated to a central government. He made it the crucible of a welded Union — the charter of one great country, the United States of America. He made the States a nation, and enfolded them in its single banner. It was the overwhelming logic of his discussion, the household familiarity of his simple but irresistible statement, that gave us munition to fight the war for the preservation of the Union and the abolition of slavery. It was his eloquence, clear as crystal, and precipitating itself in the school-books and literature of a people, which had trained up the generation of twenty years ago to regard this nation as one, to love its flag with a patriotism that knew no faction or section, to be loyal to the whole country, and to find in its Constitution power to sup-

press any hand or combination raised against it. The great rebellion of 1861 went down hardly more before the cannon of Grant and Farragut than the thunder of Webster's reply to Hayne. He knew not the extent of his own achievement. His greatest failure was that he rose not to the height and actual stroke of his own resistless argument, and that he lacked the sublime inspiration, the disentanglement and the courage, to let the giant he had created go upon his errand, first of force, and then, through that, of surer peace. He had put the work and the genius of more than an ordinary lifetime of service into the arching and knitting of the Union, and this he could not bear to put to the final test; his great heart was sincere in the prayer that his eyes might not behold the earthquake that would shake it to those foundations which, though he knew it not, he had made so strong that a succeeding generation saw them stand the shock as the oak withstands the storm. Men are not gods, and it needed in him that he should rise to a moral sublimity and daring as lofty as the intellectual heights above which he soared with unequalled strength. So had he been godlike.

A great man touches the heart of the people as well as their intelligence. They not only admire, they also love him. It sometimes seems as if they sought in him some weakness of our common human nature, that they may chide him for it, forgive it, and so endear him to themselves the more. Massachusetts had her friction with the younger Adams, only to lay him away with profounder honor, and to remember him devotedly as the defender of the right of petition and "the old man eloquent." She forgave the overweening conceit of Sumner; she revoked her unjust censure of him, and now points her youth to him in his high niche as the unsullied patriot, without fear and without reproach, who stood and spoke for equal rights, and whose last great service was to demand and enforce his country's just claims

against the dishonorable trespass of the cruisers of that England he had so much admired. Massachusetts smote, too, and broke the heart of Webster, her idol, and then broke her own above his grave, and to-day writes his name highest upon her roll of statesmen. It seems disjointed to say that, with such might as his, the impression that comes from his face upon the wall, as from his silhouette upon the background of our history, is that of sadness, — the sadness of the great deep eyes, the sadness of the lonely shore he loved, and by which he sleeps. The story of Webster from the beginning is the very pathos of romance. A minor chord runs through it like the tenderest note in a song. What eloquence of tears is in that narrative, which reveals in this giant of intellectual strength the heart, the single, loving heart of a child, and in which he describes the winter sleigh-ride up the New Hampshire hills when his father told him that, at whatever cost, he should have a college education, and he, too full to speak, while a warm glow ran all over him, laid his head upon his father's shoulder and wept!

The greatness of Webster and his title to enduring gratitude have two illustrations: He taught the people of the United States, in the simplicity of common understanding, the principles of the Constitution and government of the country, and he wrought for them, in a style of matchless strength and beauty, the literature of statesmanship. From his lips flowed the discussion of constitutional law, of economic philosophy, of finance, of international right, of national grandeur, and of the whole range of high public themes, so clear and judicial that it was no longer discussion, but judgment. To-day, and so it will be while the Republic endures, the student and the legislator turn to the full fountain of his statement for the enunciation of these principles. What other authority is quoted or holds even the second or third place? Even his words have embedded themselves in the

common phraseology, and come to the tongue like passages from the psalms or the poets. I do not know that a sentence or a word of Sumner's repeats itself in our everyday parlance. The exquisite periods of Everett are recalled like the consummate work of some master of music, but no note or refrain sings itself over and over again to our ears. The brilliant eloquence of Choate is like the flash of a bursting rocket, lingering upon the retina indeed after it has faded from the wings of the night, but as elusive of our grasp as spray-drops that glisten in the sun. The fiery enthusiasm of Andrew did, indeed, burn some of his heart-beats forever into the sentiment of Massachusetts; but Webster made his language the very household words of a nation. They are the library of a people. They inspired and still inspire patriotism. They taught and still teach loyalty. They are the school-book of the citizen. They are the inwrought and accepted fibre of American politics. If the temple of our Republic shall ever fall, they will "still live" above the ground like those great foundation stones in ancient ruins, which remain in lonely grandeur, unburied in the dust that springs to turf over all else, and making men wonder from what rare quarry and by what mighty force they came. To Webster, almost more than to any other man — nay, at this distance and in the generous spirit of this occasion it is hard to discriminate among the lustrous names which now cluster at the gates of heaven, as the golden bars mass the west at sunset — yet to Webster especially of them all is it due that to-day, wherever a son of the United States, at home or abroad, "beholds the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured," he can utter a prouder boast than *Civis Romanus sum*. For he can say, *I am an American citizen*.

ADDRESS OF ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

I would most gladly have been exempted from this call, even at the cost of all the compliments by which it has been accompanied. I heartily wish that I were in a better condition for making any adequate response. I am conscious that such occasions belong to younger men, and I thought that I had made an unalterable resolution, after Yorktown, that I would render myself responsible for no more public addresses. And I can honestly say that no other occasion than this would have brought me out to-night. But I could not find it in my heart to excuse myself from dining here, albeit for the first time, with the Marshfield Club, at their most kind invitation, in honor of the centennial birthday of one with whom I had so many personal and so many public and so many proud associations for a quarter of a century, and who, by his life and death and burial, has made Marshfield a name and a place never to be forgotten in the annals of our country or of the world. How could I ever forget those delightful days which I spent there with him, forty years ago, more or less! His matchless form rises to my eye at this moment, as he welcomed the British minister and myself at his door on a midsummer morning, clad in his favorite rustic suit, with the broad-brimmed white hat overshadowing that Olympian brow, — just as he may be seen in one of the most characteristic of his familiar portraits. He was a subject for Rembrandt on that morning, and Rembrandt never had a subject more worthy of his magic brush.

I remember well how proudly he treated us to fish of his own catching, to game of his own shooting, to beef or mutton of his own raising, and to vegetables of every sort from his own gardens, with nothing on his table from any other source except the delicious black Hamburgs which grand old Colonel Perkins, his lifelong and devoted friend, had just sent him from his greenhouse at Brookline. But his own

presence and his own conversation were the choicest luxuries we enjoyed. He was not always gracious in society, and at other people's tables on ceremonious occasions he was sometimes reserved and moody. But he was the very prince of hosts at his own board; on that occasion, certainly, his rich reminiscences and sparkling anecdotes

"Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine."

And then I remember his taking us out to see the results of an experiment he was trying on the different fertilizers for his fields, pointing us to four carefully measured and exactly equal areas of Indian corn, one of them served with guano, one with kelp, one with fish from his own shores, and one with the common manure from his own barns; but he was as conservative in his agriculture as he was in his politics, and unhesitatingly gave the palm to the old-fashioned article. On that day he was eminently and exclusively the farmer of Marshfield, discoursing on soils and climates, on English farming and Scotch farming, as if they had been the sole study of his life, and careful for nothing but his crops and his cattle.

And now, my friends, how shall I go on to speak of him more generally, or how can I hope to say anything about him which has not again and again been better said by others? Webster has long ago been the subject of as glowing and as exhaustive tributes as can be found in the English language. Nobody but he himself could surpass the tributes which his career has called forth from an hundred pens and lips. We have become accustomed of late to great public manifestations at the death of our illustrious men. But Webster's death, thirty years ago, gave occasion to lamentations throughout the land, which no one then living, and now living, will have forgotten. Every press, every platform, almost every pulpit, poured forth strains of the most

impressive eulogy. Living and dead, he has been the theme of the most eloquent orators, of the most faithful and loving biographers, of the most accomplished essayists of our land. Everett and Choate and Hillard, as you have said, and President Felton, of Harvard, and President Woods, of Bowdoin, and more recently, Mr. Evarts, — to name no others, — have found in him the inspiration of some of their most celebrated efforts. I thank you for reminding the company that I united with Mr. Evarts, four or five years ago, in a sincere and earnest attempt to say of him whatever was truest and best, at the unveiling of that grand heroic statue in Central park, presented to the city of New York so munificently by one whom we are all glad to see present on this occasion. There is nothing which I desire to alter in that tribute, and there is but little for me to add.

And after all, Mr. President, what are all the fine things which have ever been said of him, or which ever can be said of him, to-night or a hundred years hence, compared with the splendid record which he has left of himself, as an advocate in the courts, as a debater in the Senate, as an orator before the people? We do not search out for what was said about Pericles or Demosthenes or Cicero or Burke. It is enough for us to read their orations. There are those, indeed, who may justly desire to be measured by the momentary opinions which others have formed and expressed about them. There are not a few who may well be content to live on the applauses and praises which their efforts have called forth from immediate hearers and admirers. They will enjoy at least a reflected and traditional fame. But Webster will always stand safest and strongest on his own showing. His fame will be independent of praise or dispraise from other men's lips. He can be measured to his full altitude as a thinker, a writer, a speaker, only by the standard of his own immortal productions. That masterly style, that pure Saxon

English, that clear and cogent statement, that close and clinching logic, that power of going down to the depths and up to the heights of any great argument, letting the immaterial or incidental look out for itself, those vivid descriptions, those magnificent metaphors, those thrilling appeals — not introduced as mere ornaments wrought out in advance and stored up for an opportunity of display, but sparkling and blazing out in the very heat of an effort, like gems uncovering themselves in the working of a mine — these are some of the characteristics which will secure for Webster a fame altogether his own, and will make his works a model and a study, long after most of those who have praised him, or who have censured him, shall be forgotten.

What if those six noble volumes of his were obliterated from the roll of American literature and American eloquence! What if those great speeches, recently issued in a single compendious volume, had no existence! What if those consummate defences of the Constitution and the Union had never been uttered, and their instruction and inspiration had been lost to us during the fearful ordeal to which that Constitution and that Union have since been subjected! Are we quite sure that we should have had that Constitution as it was, and the Union as it is, to be fought for, if the birth we are commemorating had never occurred — if that bright Northern star had never gleamed above the hills of New Hampshire? Let it be, if you please, that its light was not always serene and steady. Let it be that mist and clouds sometimes gathered over its disc, and hid its guiding rays from many a wistful eye. Say, even, if you will, that to some eyes it seemed once to be shooting madly from its sphere. Make every deduction which his bitterest enemies have ever made for any alleged deviation from the course which he has marked out for it by others, or which it seemed to have marked out for itself, in its path across the sky.

Still, still there is radiance and glory enough left, as we contemplate its whole golden track, to make us feel and acknowledge that it had no fellow in our firmament. We did not always agree with Mr. Webster. I certainly did not, for one. It seems but yesterday that, coming out of church of a Sunday morning at Washington, where for many months he had sat in my own pew — and a more humble and devout worshipper I have never seen — and when he had kindly informed me that letters from Boston announced that I should be in the Senate as his successor, the next day — as I was — I told him of my regret that I could not vote altogether as he might have voted, and avowed my purpose to support in the Senate the policy I had advocated in the House. I am not quite sure that the Marshfield Club would have welcomed me as a guest about that time. But I rejoice to remember that no admiration or affection for him — and I was conscious of the magnetism of both — overcame the strength of my own conscientious convictions. But did I imagine that his great mind had no convictions of its own, and that a poor miserable seeking for the Presidency was the only motive which actuated him? Never for a moment. Did I sympathize with all or any of the violent denunciations which were poured out against him in so many quarters for his course in 1850? Never for an instant. I deplored them all, and did what I could to avert them. But charitable construction was an unknown element in the party politics of that period, and not on one side only, but on all sides. The fugitive slave law — which I am always more than willing to remember that, in the shape in which it was forced upon us, I voted against, and which Webster and Clay would gladly have had modified before its passage — had maddened the whole country. Then was fulfilled for Webster, if for nobody else, the saying of Milton in the Agonistes:

> Fame, if not double-faced, is double-mouthed,
> And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds;
> On both her wings, one black the other white,
> Bears greatest names in her wild aery flight.

Let us rejoice, my friends, that on the white wing only, on this centennial birthday, his name is now cleaving the clouds. It is not necessary that we should consider him to have been infallible or immaculate. He would have rebuked his best friend for such an assumption. No man is infallible. No man is immaculate. But his faults and failings, such as they were, have often been grossly exaggerated at home and abroad, and I am glad of an opportunity of saying so, as a close witness of a large part of his career. Meantime, no nobler testimony can be found in our language, or in any language, than that which he has borne, as often as he could find an occasion, or could make an occasion, in life or at death, to the great truths of the Bible, to the great teachings of the Gospel, to religious instruction as a vital part of all true education, and to religious faith as the basis of all true morality.

Webster had great associates in the Senate — I will not call them competitors or rivals — Clay, Calhoun — I need not even name them, for their names are fresh in all your memories. Much less would I venture to institute any comparison between them and him. In some respects, indeed, he was incomparable. He was a man of his own type; as individual and unique, intellectually and physically, as the great Napoleon, or as our own Franklin; cast in a mould of which there has been no other impression in our part of the land, and of whom it might almost be said, as Byron said of Sheridan, that nature broke the die in moulding one such man. His name has been written on the mountains, where it belongs — on one of the grandest mountains of his native State. There it will endure, and find fit companionship with the

Adamses and Jeffersons and Madisons, and with Washington in the clear, upper sky above them all. And until those mountains shall depart and those hills be removed, it will be accepted and recognized as the very synonym of the most powerful American mind, as well as the most impressive American presence, of the age in which he lived and acted. All honor to that name!

ADDRESS OF MAYOR GREEN.

It gives me great pleasure to say, in my representative capacity, that the city of Boston most cordially joins with the Marshfield Club in celebrating the centennial anniversary of Mr. Webster's birth. The memories of her great men are among the proudest treasures of Boston, and she guards them with jealous care. In the presence of this distinguished assemblage, of which many were the personal friends of Mr. Webster, it would be presumption in me to attempt an analysis of his character. A son of New Hampshire by birth, a son of Massachusetts by adoption, but in his feelings and sympathies a citizen of the United States, Mr. Webster stood on all occasions for the whole country. His fame and reputation rest to-day on a foundation as solid as that of the granite hills of his native State. It is well to note the lives of great men, as they form epochs in our history; and the due observance of such events tend to kindle anew, throughout our national limits, the fire of patriotic ardor. As the chief executive officer of Boston, I extend to you, Mr. President, and through you to the members of this association, her heartiest and warmest congratulations on this occasion.

THE PRESIDENT. — New Hampshire, if she did not keep her distinguished son to herself, can claim that he was loyal to her and to her institutions, he having kept to the last in affectionate remembrance her granite walls, her green hills, her cloud-capped mountains, the rivers whose murmur lulled the sleep in his cradle, the old hearth-stone, the grave of his father and his mother. I trust the Governor of the State he so loved will not re-Bell if I ask him to endorse these sentiments.

ADDRESS OF GOVERNOR BELL OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I am glad to know that there are other representatives of New Hampshire by birth, if not by residence, present, whose standing, abilities and acquaintance with the great man whose birth we are assembled to commemorate, peculiarly qualify them to address you in a manner befitting the occasion. My shortcomings they will amply redeem.

Yet I do not hesitate to respond to your call. Indeed, what citizen of New Hampshire is to be found who would keep silence when summoned to declare his profound respect and attachment to the memory of Daniel Webster?

In the few words which I have to say I shall not presume to attempt a portrayal or analysis of the transcendent powers which gave Mr. Webster his exalted position. It will be my task simply to point out to your notice the peculiar relations he sustained to New Hampshire, and which rendered him especially near and dear to her people.

He was bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. Four generations of his ancestors had lived and died on her soil. He was born and cradled amid her granite hills, and, like the Switzer, inhaled with his native air the love of liberty and the love of home. From the lips of the hardy frontiersmen of New Hampshire who had fought the wily savage and

borne arms in the Revolutionary struggle, he learned the lessons of courage and patriotism. In the district school of New Hampshire he gained the rudiments of knowledge; in her higher seminaries of learning he fitted himself to enter upon that great part in life which he was destined to fill. In the courts of New Hampshire he became skilful in the use of the lawyer's weapons; in her political service he measured himself with the foremost men in the nation on the floor of Congress. One half of his lifetime he lived in New Hampshire, and he did not remove away until he had won a national reputation at the bar and in the halls of legislation.

In my own town of Exeter the memory of Webster is especially cherished. It was there, in the celebrated classical school, founded in the year after his birth and now approaching its centenary, that he first enjoyed the privilege of a higher instruction than the common schools afforded. In that atmosphere of learning and refinement, under the encouragement of admiring and sympathetic teachers, his wonderful powers of mind expanded and blossomed, like flowers in the genial sunlight. His classmates were speedily left behind. "Look your last upon Webster," said the usher, as he removed him to a higher room: "you will never see him again." It is safe to say that no youth, in the whole history of the academy, ever derived greater benefits from the institution planted by the wise beneficence of John Phillips, than did young Webster in his nine months' attendance there.

But this was not the last of Mr. Webster's connection with the Exeter Academy. More than forty years later, while he was President of its Board of Trustees, Dr. Benjamin Abbott, his old master, surrendered the charge of the school he had governed faithfully and with wonderful success for half a century. At the festival given in his honor Mr. Webster, then in the zenith of his fame, presided. His address contained a merited tribute to the services and virtues of the

venerable retiring principal, and also proclaimed, in eloquent language that reached the hearts of his audience, his own obligations and attachment to the seminary where his powers received their early development.

Phillips' Exeter Academy is to-day holding memorial exercises in honor of her greatest pupil.

Dartmouth College at Hanover, N.H., holds the name of Webster in equally proud remembrance. His progress there was not less wonderful than it had been at Exeter. He entered a diffident, ill-prepared boy; he graduated a cultivated, matured man. The alumni of old Dartmouth are assembling in the several cities of their abode, on this centennial occasion, to testify their regard and admiration to the memory of the foremost graduate of that venerable seat of learning.

The legal profession of New Hampshire point with a pardonable pride to their rolls, graced by the name of Daniel Webster. Tradition represents him as coming forth from his preparatory studies, armed *cap-a-pie* for the fray, and winning success at the very outset of his career. One account tells us that his first cause was tried before that very able judge, Jeremiah Smith, who was so impressed with the masterly manner in which he conducted it as to remark on leaving the court room, that he had "never before met such a young man as that." Another tradition is that he was first engaged as junior counsel for the prisoner in a trial for murder, and that in his opening address to the jury he stated the case so ably and comprehensively that his senior, a noted lawyer, declared that there was nothing left for *him* to say.

The old court house in Plymouth, N.H., is said on pretty good authority to be the scene of his earliest forensic encounter, and the structure, after undergoing many vicissitudes, has been purchased by one of the present New Hampshire Senators in Congress, and is preserved as a memento of the man and the occasion.

Powers like Mr. Webster's were not permitted long to remain in the obscurity of a country village. He soon removed from Boscawen, where he had temporarily established himself, to Portsmouth, a place then of greater commercial importance than now. The bar of Rockingham County was then unequalled in the country, except in a few of the large cities, in the ability and learning of its members. Mr. Webster's place in it was not long equivocal. A leading position was assigned by common consent, as soon as he had an opportunity to assert himself.

In politics, too, the young counsellor soon came to the front. In the first year of the war of 1812 he was chosen to represent the people of New Hampshire in the Congress of the United States. There, as elsewhere, he was at once recognized as a born leader. His matured views upon public affairs, his ability and his eloquence, combined to render him one of the foremost men on that floor.

So much had Mr. Webster accomplished before he left New Hampshire to take up his abode in Massachusetts. Indeed, he could hardly be said to leave New Hampshire, for he still kept one foot on her soil. His paternal acres of Elms Farm never left his possession, and never ceased to be his other home. So long as he lived he continued to make frequent visits to this scene of his childhood, every rock and tree of which was endeared to his heart by hallowed associations. In one corner of the home field lay the ashes of his father and of his nearest relatives, and it was always his own wish and intention, expressed to one of his confidential friends, that his own remains and those of his immediate family should be committed to the earth at their side; but the arrangements for the purpose were so long delayed that they were never carried into effect.

It is pleasant to know that the old homestead of Webster is since his death put to no unworthy use. It is to-day an

asylum for the orphan children of New Hampshire, where the little waifs of humanity are gathered and taught, and kindly cared for, and put in the way to become useful members of society. This institution owes its success to the benevolent zeal and care of its President, who was a personal friend of Mr. Webster, and possessed his entire confidence, the venerable Judge George W. Nesmith, whose kindly face I had hoped to see here to-day. His presence would have given additional interest to this occasion, for his capacious memory is stored with pleasant reminiscences of his illustrious friend, and he loves to relate them. I may add here, that he is the owner of the Mecca of New Hampshire, the spot where Daniel Webster was born.

The affection which Mr. Webster always continued to bear to the State of his nativity is nowhere better evidenced than in his reply to his New Hampshire friends and neighbors. It was after his seventh-of-March speech, when many of his former supporters were alienated, and a storm of bitter obloquy was beating upon him. Those who approved his course were giving him assurances of their confidence and support, but nothing touched his heart so deeply as the letter which bore the signatures of his New Hampshire friends and neighbors.

"I could pour out my heart in tenderness of feeling," said he, "for the affectionate letter which comes from you. Approving voices have been heard from other quarters, other commendations have reached me; but yours comes from *home* — it is like the love of a family circle."

Strange indeed would it be if affection like this were not reciprocated; strange if New Hampshire did not raise her voice on this anniversary to claim her peerless son as indeed her own!

It is true that in a public and far more important sense Daniel Webster cannot be claimed as belonging to any State.

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He is the common property of the entire country. His great services were bounded by no sub-divisional lines; they were rendered to the whole American people. The idea of the NATION was ever uppermost in his mind. The fears he had for the future of the Republic were from parricidal attempts to destroy the Union. His fears were prophetic, but the good providence of God did not allow the nation to be sundered in twain. If Mr. Webster could have lived to witness the civil war which he dreaded, he could have seen that his idea of the Constitution, as embodied in his reply to Hayne and to Calhoun, was that on which the defenders of the Union took their impregnable stand; and that the devotion to the Union which he always inculcated, survived the long and arduous struggle, and was triumphant in the end. Had his life been prolonged to this day he would have enjoyed the heartfelt satisfaction of seeing the dread trial surmounted, the perpetuity of the Union under Providence assured, and of beholding the gorgeous ensign of the Republic that he apostrophized so beautifully, floating over a wiser, a reunited and a reconciled people.

THE PRESIDENT. — In the days when listening Senates gave their admiring applause to the great orator, the South declared that the North had not his equal nor the South his superior. We should like to know if the South still maintains that opinion. We have present a distinguished son of Florida, Senator Jones: will he please inform us?

ADDRESS OF SENATOR JONES OF FLORIDA.

Gentlemen, — The year which has just closed has been well called a Centennial year; for if we recur to many of its

most imposing and impressive celebrations, it will be found that they commemorated great public events in our history occurring one hundred years before. Yorktown, the Cowpens, Groton Heights, and other historic localities have had their day, and the sieges and bloody fortunes which distinguished them have been well and justly commemorated. In all that has been done to keep alive the memories of the past during the year just terminated, it is impossible to overlook the great prominence given to the military history of our country, and the great names connected with it. But the new year opens upon us and brings to our minds an event not of a military character, but which, for consequences the most far-reaching and important to the interests of this great country, is inferior to no event in our annals. The birth of an individual under ordinary circumstances has but little influence on the affairs of a great nation. Hundreds of thousands of souls come in and go out of life whose names and fortunes never interest or concern any one outside of their own natural relations. But occasionally an individual comes among us as if delegated by the power of the Almighty to exercise a controlling influence and authority over the fortunes and destinies of men. Under other systems of government, where rank and caste, independent of individual talent and character, often give prominence and power, the road to eminence is not so difficult to travel at times as it is here. There, many men are born to distinction, and oftentimes the most ordinary powers and abilities are, without effort or exertion, placed in control of the highest offices in the State. The genius of our government has wisely and justly provided for no distinctions among the children of men, except what they can secure from the people by their own talents and character. And the very best commentary that can be passed upon our institutions, and the best claim they can put forth for the support of the people through all time, is in the

grand opportunities which they afford to all classes of citizens without discrimination or favor, to share in the highest honors and emoluments of the State. Whatever may be said against us in other respects, no candid mind can deny that here in this great land of equal rights, more than in any other country in the world, individual man has a fairer, wider and better field to develop the powers God has given him, and secure the highest rewards of industry and talent. I know very well that our government has not escaped from the charge of degeneracy. It is often said, and that, too, by men of character and reflection, that it is not what it was, and that we are constantly moving in a direction opposite to the line of true Democratic progress. Changes, I admit, have taken place, but they were natural and regular. Great wealth, a vast mixed population, wonderful inventions, which have almost annihilated time and space, have within a hundred years brought us innovations; and who regrets it? Compare the condition of the country now with what it was on the 18th of January, 1782, the day that Daniel Webster first saw the light of heaven in his frontier home, and note the contrast. And still every change has been an improvement — every advanced step has placed us further on in the line of true progress, until to-day this great government of the people, for the people, is the pride and admiration of the world. Do you think that all this has been the result of mere accident? Does climate, soil, or the physical state of man on this continent, account for all that has been accomplished? Far from it. Other lands have soils as rich as ours. Climates, too, as salubrious as any a Western sun ever shone upon can be found in the midst of the rankest despotisms of the East.

I feel that I have wandered too far away from my subject. We are here to-night to honor the memory of a man who did more in his day and generation to make this country all I

have tried to describe it than any other cause. Many may think this is the language of exaggeration. It is not. No warrior, military or naval, no public character of any party or any day, ever accomplished half that Webster did to make this great country all that we now find it, or who has so ineffaceably impressed his mind, character and principles upon the sources of our national life. You have had great armies and generals, great legislators and judges, but what did they fight for, legislate for, or judge for? Behind and beyond them all were principles that had to be established and impressed upon the public heart before either the warrior, the legislator or the judge could bring into operation the skill and training of his profession. Webster furnished material, without which you would have had neither warriors, legislators nor judges. After all, most of the conspicuous characters in life are only imitators and followers. It is the pride and boast of his fame that he occupies a like relation to those who have succeeded him that the God of Nations does to those who apply their petty contrivances to the mysterious products which His wisdom has given for the happiness and comfort of the human race. Our Constitution was an experiment. Brought into life amid severe conflicts of opinion respecting the best system of government for this new people, it is far from perfect. But those who are most ready to condemn its imperfections can have little idea of the difficulties that were to be overcome in order to establish it. Local jealousies, inspired by local interests; extreme love of liberty, the result of long years of oppression; attachments for State or colonial governments, and dread of all central authority, — these and other opinions less numerous and popular, of an opposite character, gave us a Constitution made up of concession and compromise, and which contained the seminal principles of sectional and party strife. The advocates of power professed to find in it the source of unlimited,

almost imperial, authority. The friend of liberty would see nothing in it but the delegation of a few simple powers, suited to the wants of a poor and sparsely populated country. Who was to settle and adjust the contentions sure to arise from such an organic law? Who was to give life and energy to this new system; reconcile the love of liberty with the love of power; teach the people to be confiding and trustful in their own institutions; point out the difference in consequences and dangers between those repositories of public power which emanate from, and hold their authority by, the consent of the people, and those self-constituted rulers who justify their tyranny by pretensions of authority coming from on high? This was a work that had to be done by some one if this frame of government was to last. And it seemed to be the pleasure of Divine Providence, in order to render the work the more enduring and acceptable, to raise up a man from among the lowly and humble and give him godlike powers to perform this more than task. Gentlemen, the limits which must bound any effort like this, prevent me from doing more than glancing at the labors of Daniel Webster for the good and glory of his country. Springing as he did from the loins of the people, without wealth, rank or station, and living at a time when these things were more potent than they ever were, he had to struggle against poverty and obscurity for long years before the greatness of his intellect obtained for him his proper station in the great battlefield of life. Naturally of a delicate constitution, the weakness of his body led to the exertions and sacrifices of his noble father to develop and cultivate his mind. Unable to perform the hard labor which was the lot of his family, every expedient of economy, every resource of frontier frugality, was resorted to in order to save him from the hard decree of fate which seemed to mark him for the condition of a son of sweat and toil. Upon him the pride of

the family soon became concentrated, and it was reserved for an obscure, laborious, but honest New England farmer, to raise up in an humble home, far away from the centres of wealth, refinement and luxury, the grandest intellect that ever adorned a senate or distinguished a nation. The profession of law — ever the gateway to fame under a government like this — was the calling he selected. And I say here to-night that if all the shortcomings of that profession and its followers from the time of Coke to the present day were massed together, they would be tenfold overbalanced by the benefit it has conferred upon mankind and the world in bringing out the powers and developing the usefulness of Daniel Webster. He declared at a Bar dinner in Charlestown that all he was he owed to the legal profession, and his labors in the Supreme Court will forever remain the proudest monuments of his genius and learning. Well may Massachusetts and well may Boston take pride in honoring this distinguished man. Here it was that he received encouragement and support when his great powers began to open upon the country. From here, under the pressing solicitations of a confiding and intelligent constituency, he went forth to the councils of the nation to perform the great work for which God had designed him. Abandoning his great practice and his sure prospects of an ample fortune, at the call of Boston he dedicated himself to the service and glory of his country. And if there is a spot on earth that can, with more propriety than another, do honor to his memory and his fame, it is the one on which we stand to-night, which he loved and served so well. Methinks his genius hovers over us here to-night. And I doubt not, that if it were permitted his great spirit to speak to us from his habitation in the skies, he would yet inculcate and teach us the same great lessons of love, patriotism and duty which he delighted to impress upon his countrymen during his sojourn on earth. Never since Wash-

ington lived was there a public man in this country more universally loved and respected than Mr. Webster. His great head and heart thought and felt for the entire country and all of its people. No narrow idea of State or sectional policy, no local attachments or party ties, no promptings of individual ambition, were ever permitted to stand between him and the most unbounded love and devotion for every part of this great Republic. To the Union of these States he was wedded by a principle of uncompromising loyalty; to the Constitution which created it he gave the full support of his unrivalled talents and the unstinted allegiance of his liberty-loving heart. While others discovered blemishes upon it and condemned them, he nobly declared that with all its defects it was too full of blessings for this people to be disobeyed. While possessing talents and genius that would have done honor to the Presidential office, and beyond any other man justly entitled to it, he never, under the temptation of power, swerved a hair's breadth from the principles which controlled his public conduct in order to swell his popularity or increase his fame.

During the entire period of his public life he stood as a grand sentinel on the ramparts of the Republic and watched every movement, great or small, which threatened the integrity of the Union. And if that Union has survived the shocks of battle, and is to-day the source of hope and freedom and life to millions of our race, to him whose memory we honor to-night, more than to your generals or your admirals, are you indebted for the freedom and blessings it affords. His intense love for the Union and the Constitution was not the result of party attachment or sectional interest. It was based upon a principle higher and nobler than that. It sprang from a deep, inborn, disinterested, unchangeable devotion to free institutions, and every attribute of genuine Republican liberty, for which there could be no hope here or

elsewhere without the Union and the Constitution. In the warmth of debate it was said he was a lover of power. No man ever loved it less, or freedom more. Nothing is so conspicuous in his speeches and writings as the fervor and clearness with which he expressed his attachment for the great principles of liberty which inspired every movement looking to the liberation and freedom of mankind. Who among the statesmen of this country understood or appreciated the great popular movements in Europe like Mr. Webster? And who was more outspoken than he in support of every measure and principle which tended to lighten the shackles and increase the privileges of the oppressed people there? The principles of the English revolution of 1688 he never tired of applauding. The orderly and conservative manner in which that great movement was brought about and consummated, gave him confidence in the people; and while he was at all times the most advanced advocate of popular rights, he thought that they suffered at times from those violent and sudden shocks to society which came from ill-timed and bloody revolutions. His great argument in the Rhode Island case shows how averse he was to all attempts at innovation which were not in accordance with regular Republican methods. If he loved liberty, it was not the wild, unregulated license of the mob, but it was the well-tempered and self-controlling freedom of the Constitution, which gives to man every rational right and enjoyment essential to his happiness and welfare, while it respects and enjoins acquiescence in the settled rules of property and equality of privileges among all classes of citizens. Gentlemen, I feel that I am trespassing upon your indulgence to-night. But the magnitude of the theme, the greatness and glory of the man we honor, constitutes my only apology. Coming as I do from the far South, and speaking in the centre of the intelligence and greatness of New England, I feel that the ground

on which I tread this night is as much a part of my country as that in which my own home is erected.' I feel that here in Boston, speaking to the memory of the great Webster, that the spot on which we stand — that every foot of soil over which floats the noble ensign of the Republic — has been consecrated by his genius to the full freedom and equal enjoyment of every American citizen. Your kindness and hospitality have done much to make me feel that I am not a stranger among you, and to relieve me from the embarrassment which one always finds when he addresses those who live at great distances from him. But the great man who infused into the public heart of this great Republic the undying principle of nationality — who during his whole life taught his countrymen nothing but lessons of love and devotion for their whole country, who could say that the fame of the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Marions and Sumters were the same to him as the fame of Adams. Warren and Ames have done even more than you have to make me feel that I can speak to you with freedom as common brethren, bound by every tie and interest to the greatness and glory of a common country. Short as has been the period of our national existence, it has been prolific of great events and great men. We have had a Hamilton, wise beyond his years, with a mind stored with the choicest learning and knowledge. He explored all the learning of the classics, surveyed every political structure, ancient and modern, and laid upon the altar of his country, to guide and instruct us, the most profound contributions of philosophic thought that were ever presented to a people. We have had a Marshall, whose capacious judicial intellect was equal to Mansfield's, who in his calm and patient investigations of the judgment seat could by the glance of his great mind dissolve and disentangle the most complicated controversies, and separate, with the precision of a mathematician, the higher outlines of truth and justice

from the dark shadows of falsehood and error. We have had a Jefferson whose inspirations of liberty were drawn from the purest sources of human rights, whose great heart was always in sympathy with the wants and feelings of the people, and whose political philosophy consisted in drawing every support for government from the virtue and intelligence of those for whom it was created. We have had a Clay, ardent, eloquent and practical. He could invest the dullest subject with the animation and cheerfulness, attractions of his own bright genius. He lived in the hearts of his devoted followers, but there was such a vast amount of Promethean fire in his burning words, that it was impossible for them to retain their interest with which he inspired them after the heat and magnetism of his voice had subsided. And we had a Calhoun, the master of severe logic, pure and inflexible. His austerity resembled that of Pitt, of whom Grattan has said that even Majesty itself felt abashed and embarrassed by the presence of his towering superiority. Patriotic and devoted to his own maxims of government, he was the only real antagonist Mr. Webster ever met. The time at last came when the fate of the Constitution was to be put to the test of the highest argument under the searching logic of these great masters of reason. The arena of conflict was the Senate of the United States.

All the doubts and uncertainties created by nearly half a century of controversy respecting the true character of the government were to be cleared away by this decisive debate. One of the States of the Union had made an issue with the general government which involved every principle which secured the perpetuity of the Union. The fate of an empire the most interesting the sun ever shone upon was trembling in the balance. The immortal Jackson, anxious but intrepid, was at the head of the state. His native State was in arms against the authority of the Union, and upon him devolved

the trying duty of deciding between the arguments which were to settle the momentous controversy. The advocates finished their work. It was performed in a manner that would have reflected honor on the most renowned orators of antiquity. That debate settled for all time the character of our government. Had Jackson adopted the argument of Mr. Calhoun, no power on earth could have prevented the disintegration of the Union. But he decided the case in favor of Mr. Webster and his country. The proclamation of the great President went forth, and in every line is compressed the argument of the great advocate of the Union. The world never furnished such a spectacle of impartial action. And if we are permitted to draw inspiration from the great transactions of that day, let us with the great examples before us revive the confidence and patriotism which were exhibited when a Northern Senator pleaded successfully the cause of the Union and the Constitution before a Southern President. Now that the great controversy to which Mr. Webster devoted his life has been settled in favor of his argument, both in the forms of reason and by the bloody wager of battle, and while honoring his memory for the great services he rendered his country, let us banish, as he did, all unworthy feeling of passion and prejudice for or against any section of our great country, and imitate his example by the exhibition of a fraternal spirit and our devotion to the Constitution and the Union.

ADDRESS OF HON. MARSHALL P. WILDER.

Hon. Marshall P. Wilder was introduced as an old and valued friend of Webster, as one who sympathized fully with him, particularly in his agricultural pursuits. He said, —

Mr. President, — I thank you most sincerely for the kind words you have spoken of me, and you, my fellow-citizens, for your cordial greetings, and I beg to assure you that I am most happy to be here on this most interesting occasion — here to meet so many old friends, with some of whom I have stood in olden times shoulder to shoulder as Webster Whigs, and from whose principles we have never departed. I thank you, Mr. President, for your remembrance of me in connection with the Massachusetts Webster Association. At its celebration, twenty-eight years ago, in this city, I had the honor of presiding; but of its presidents and thirty-one vice-presidents only two are left to tell the story, and I alone to represent it on this occasion. They are Messrs. George Ticknor Curtis and Homer Foote, both of whom are present.

But when I look around me and see so many distinguished gentlemen, I feel how very unimportant what I have to say may be. After your scholarly, appropriate and patriotic address — after the speech of his Excellency, Gov. Long, who always brings such learning, ability and eloquence to the discharge of his duties — after the eloquent address and faithful tribute of the great national orator of the present day, and in my present state of ill-health, I feel how feeble my words may be. But unless my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, it shall never be silent when the name of Daniel Webster is spoken in my presence. Oh, no! that name warms up the old heart, it makes the pulse beat stronger and the blood to course more freely in my veins.

It was my great privilege to be acquainted with Mr. Webster both in public and private life, and I thank the Giver of all good that He has prolonged my life to the present time, and has given me strength to be here and bear testimony to the transcendent character and acquisitions of that immortal man. In the combined character of statesman, orator and jurist, Mr. Webster had no equal in this or any

other land. As the great champion of the American Union, and the expounder and defender of the Constitution, he was the Magnus Apollo of our age! New England has had no such other son! America has had no more illustrious man! and his name and fame shall continue to illumine the pages of history with brighter and brighter effulgence while patriotism, loyalty and gratitude shall have a place in the heart of mankind. Oh, how dear to him was the union of our States! and could he speak to us again, with what majestic voice and electric power would he enforce on us the duty of preserving that Union for which he sacrificed his life! Oh, yes, I hear those memorable words once more. They come to me now in trumpet tones from that upper sky, "The Union! the Union! Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

Mr. Webster was a great respecter of the laws of nations, of universal justice and personal rights, a hater of despotic power. Never shall I forget those tremendous anathemas which he pronounced on the Emperor of Russia should he violate the law of nations and harm the head of the noble Kossuth.

"If," said he, "the blood of Kossuth be taken, what will it appease? What will it pacify? It will mingle with the earth, it will mix with the waters of the ocean, the whole civilized world will snuff it in the air, and it will return with awful retribution on the violators of national laws and universal justice. There is something on earth greater than arbitrary or despotic power. The lightning has its power, the whirlwind has its power, and the earthquake has its power; but there is something among men more capable of shaking despots' thrones than lightning, whirlwind or earthquake, — that is, the excited and aroused indignation of the civilized world."

But to know Mr. Webster best, was to know him in pri-

vate life, to know him at his own sweet home at Marshfield, whither he had retired to enjoy the pleasures of rural life, where his boundless intellect could revel in the magnificence of Nature, and learn from her some of the secrets of her wonder-working power. Mr. Webster was from youth fond of the cultivation of the soil, and through his whole life was the constant patron and friend of agriculture, and did much to promote it by his presence on public occasions. He was present at the Norfolk Agricultural Society where Mr. Winthrop will remember he made his famous turnip speech, in which he said, "Strike out the cultivation of the turnip crop in England, and she could not pay the interest on her national debt."

Some present will remember his memorable address at the formation of the United States Agricultural Society at Washington — his eloquent words to the "Farmer of Arlington," George Washington Park Custis, who sat on the platform with him. Well do I remember his speech to us when we paid our respects to him at his own house. Said Mr. Webster, "Brother Farmers, — You do me no more than justice when you call me the Farmer of Marshfield. My father was a farmer, and I am a farmer. When a boy on the hills of New Hampshire, no cock crew so early that I did not hear him. You are engaged in a noble enterprise. The prosperity and glory of the Union are based on the achievements of agricultural pursuits. I am most ardently attached to agricultural pursuits. And, gentlemen, I will say to you that when I took my second graduation at Dartmouth College I delivered an address on the importance of forming agricultural societies; and although I have not seen that production since that day, you may find it by examining among the archives of Marshfield. I came to Marshfield as a farmer, and here I talk neither politics nor law. I love its quiet shades, and here I love to commune with you upon

the ennobling pursuits in which you are all engaged. I shall remember you and this occasion; and should we not meet again in time, I trust we shall meet in a more genial clime, and under a kindlier sun. Brother farmers, I bid you good-morning."

This was the last time we ever met, but his friendly grasp still lingers in the palm of my hand.

But, Mr. President, I must not trespass further on your time, and I will bring these remarks to a close. Well do I remember that glorious yet mournful autumnal day when the remains of that immortal Webster were consigned to the bosom of mother earth — a day when Nature had enrobed her forests and fields with crimson and gold, as if to do honor to his memory. Never shall I forget that august form as he lay in the open casket under his own favorite tree — the vast concourse of weeping friends, and the grand funeral procession that wended its way over the fields which he had so often trod, to the consecrated spot which he had prepared for his last resting-place on earth, where his noble spirit might look out over this broad and beautiful landscape, and still grander scopes of old ocean's waves, over which his eyes had so often delighted to roam, and where, in his own words, "the earliest light of the morning might gild it, and the parting day linger and play on its summit."

ADDRESS OF GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS.

In what I shall say here to-night of Mr. Webster I mean to speak within all the bounds of moderation; but I must express my serious convictions of what will be the judgment of posterity. The longer I live and the more I study the Constitution of the United States, the more I am impressed

with his claim to be regarded as its defender, and as the greatest of its expositors. It was not merely that he had a chief and most important influence in settling many of the specific questions of interpretation that arose during his day. It was in his relation to the paramount question of the nature of the Union as established by the Constitution, that his power was most signally exercised, and his most enduring laurels were won. In this respect it may, I think, be truly said of him, that there has been no statesman of our age, perhaps there has been no one of all the ages of modern civilization, whose noble intellect has more impressed itself upon the destinies of a great country, than has the intellect of Daniel Webster. There have been men whose will, whose ambition, whose selfish interests have enormously affected the fortunes of millions, for good or for evil. But where had there been a man whose intellect, apart from all passion, has determined the character of a great government in such a manner as to furnish the basis, the justifiable, legal and moral basis, of a civil war of stupendous proportions, waged for the assertion of lawful authority? This is the glory, the untarnished, the unmatched glory of Daniel Webster, which will carry his name and fame further down the course of the centuries than that of any other American statesman of our time. Let me occupy some few moments in a demonstration of this truth; for that it is a truth admitting of demonstration I hold to be certain.

When the doctrine of what was called secession began to be put into practical assertion and operation by the secession of South Carolina, immediately after the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency, it so happened that the only department of the government which undertook officially to define the principle on which that doctrine could be encountered was the Executive. From the 1st of November, 1860, to the 4th of March, 1861, the Congress did nothing what-

ever to furnish to the country a basis of action or a course of policy. I shall introduce nothing here to-night in the slightest degree criminating any individual or any party; but it is within the proprieties of this occasion to refer to well-known historical facts. It so happened, as I have intimated, that the doctrines of the Executive in encountering the demand of South Carolina to be recognized as an independent and foreign State by reason of the ordinance of secession, which it was certain would be adopted, made it necessary for President Buchanan in his annual message of December 3, 1860, to give to the country his conception of the rightful power of the federal government in meeting that emergency. What was his doctrine? It was that to coerce a State to remain in the Union, to make war upon a State, to preserve her in her political capacity as a State from doing an unconstitutional act, was not within the constitutional province of the federal power; but that to coerce and to compel the individual inhabitants of any State to submit to and obey the laws of the United States, and to do it by the use of all the force necessary to remove all obstructions to the exercise of the conceded powers of the federal Constitution, was an authority that the Government of the United States could exert upon the strictest principles of constitutional interpretation. Now where did President Buchanan get this doctrine? He did not invent it. He never claimed to have invented it. It was squarely and strictly the doctrine expounded by Daniel Webster in 1830 in his reply to Hayne, and in 1833 in his encounters with Mr. Calhoun. It was the doctrine acted upon by Jackson. It was the doctrine that was accepted at that time by all thinking men out of South Carolina — North, South, East and West. The growth of the claim of secession as a constitutional right was the growth of a subsequent period. It was, indeed, a logical deduction from Mr. Calhoun's premises, if you admitted the

soundness of these premises. But the service which Webster rendered to his age, and to all future ages, consisted in the unanswerable demonstration which he made, that the premises were unsound, and in the exposition of the constitutional truth, that a voluntary cession of sovereign powers by a free people to a government proper, is an irrevocable cession, and not a mere international compact; that it can be broken up only by a revolution founded on some past actual expression, and that the alleged constitutional right of secession is not an exercise of the rights of revolution.

Now follow down the political history of the civil war, and you will find that two things are undeniably true. The first is that the Webster doctrine of the nature of the Union was the ground on which men of all parties could unite in supporting the government in the prosecution of the war, and that nothing else could have united them. Neither Democrats nor any considerable number of Republicans could ever have accepted, or ever did accept, the theory that war was to be made upon the Southern States to their subjugation as States as if they had been foreign countries, or to the destruction of their autonomy as States of the Union. But the destruction of the Confederate government and all its military power for the purpose of restoring the just supremacy of the Constitution over the people of the whole Union was a platform on which all Northern men could stand, the principle on which they could lend their aid and lay down their lives.

Go on one stage further, and contemplate the close of the war. What was it that prevented us of the North, the stronger section, from being left with conquered provinces and subjugated peoples on our hands, without any rights which a conqueror in war is bound to respect? What was it but the Webster doctrine of the nature of the Union, the indestructible nature of a State as known to the American

system? It is true here, my friends, that the last and most impressive lesson of Webster's life is to be discerned. In his doctrine, his grand interpretation of the nature of the Union — the indestructible powers, the supremacy of the federal Constitution in respect to all the powers of government committed to it — goes along with the equally indestructible supremacy of the States in all matters reserved to them by the Constitution itself. And therefore do I say that the share of those who were defeated in the field, in his glory and renown, is as great as our own. The wild theories of State suicide, of State subjugation, of the subjugation of peoples, which sprang up as the war was closing, and for a short time disturbed us all with fearful apprehensions, perished out of the popular belief. What lived and still lives was the imperishable doctrine of Webster, which was, consciously or unconsciously, the real guide of all public measures for the restoration of the Southern States to their normal relations with the Union. It remains for the influences of commerce to accomplish all that can be accomplished for the spread of civilization and the amelioration of all conditions of men. I wish, indeed, that the terms North and South could be obliterated from our common speech, in that sense which has so long marked and continues to mark a contrast, a diversity, between Northern and Southern civilization. It is to commerce, yes, to trade and industry, in their material forms, and in the beneficent improvements that always follow in their train, that we are to look for the final removal of all that now remains of antagonism between the North and the South. And therefore, as one who has done with all party politics and all sectional questions of the past, excepting as matters of history, I now couple the name of Daniel Webster, as the great expounder of the nature of the Union, with the hope and belief that, as age rolls on after age, the recognition of his constitutional doctrine will continue to operate,

to preserve for the commercial enterprise of every succeeding generation the means and opportunities by which it is now and in the most distant future to make us a united and a happy people.

HON. JAMES W. BRADBURY

Of Maine, who was in the United States Senate with Webster, said, —

After the eloquent addresses to which you have listened, and in this presence, where there are so many who have long known Mr. Webster, it becomes me to confine myself to very brief remarks. It was my good fortune to be associated with him in the Senate during that excited and long-continued effort to give governments to the Territories organized from Mexico. The excitement was intense. Mr. Webster appreciated the danger. He was aware that many of those whose friendship he highly prized did not see the danger, did not believe its existence. At that time the relative strength of the two sections of the Union was vastly different from what it was ten years subsequent, and you know that ten years from that time events demonstrated the danger that Mr. Webster foresaw. Then the Northwestern States were connected to the South by the great channel of commerce, the Mississippi river; they were not connected with the North in commercial relations by the great system of railroads which subsequently existed; and the position of the country when the struggle came was vastly different from that which it presented to us at the time Mr. Webster gave his warning. He foresaw the coming danger; he was willing to risk reputation, the loss of friendship dearly prized, and the esteem of constituents that he had honored and whose

regard he prized; and he entered into the spirit of the compromise of Mr. Clay with all his ardor and strength. Thus he showed his patriotic devotion to the Union; not that he loved his friends less, but that he loved the Union more. It was from a true patriotic impulse that he gave that hearty support to the compromise introduced by Mr. Clay. He voluntarily sacrificed the good opinion of those who did not realize that a peril existed. I think that his 7th of March speech in the year 1850 was one of the most patriotic acts of his life. I do not wish to speak at length of him; I wish simply to bear testimony to the patriotism of Daniel Webster.

HON. FRANKLIN HAVEN,

Who was presented as a constant friend of Webster, said,—

Webster was the greatest man America has produced. It was my fortune to enjoy his friendship, and, to a great extent, his confidence for many years. We all know what were his transcendent intellectual powers, and the admiration which they called forth in this country and in all the world. Webster's heart was as deep as his intellect; it was of course known but by those who came in direct contact with him, but it dominated all his acts.

Mr. Haven spoke at some length of the confidence that Webster's Marshfield friends reposed in him, and of the interest that the statesman took in agricultural and rural pursuits, relating in this connection the details of an interesting visit that he and Mrs. Haven made at Webster place when it was the hospitable home of Mr. Webster and his family.

The Chairman next called upon Gen. Williamson to testify to the estimation of the deceased statesman held by the West.

ADDRESS OF GEN. WILLIAMSON.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Marshfield Club:

I owe you many thanks for your invitation to be present on this commemorative occasion of the birth of one of the greatest men, intellectually, and one of the purest patriots, who has lived in any time or country. It is especially grateful to me to meet so many who have the honor of having been personally acquainted with Daniel Webster, and having been favored with his friendship. The memory of having been his friend, and, perchance, of having assisted him (for, godlike as he was, he was mortal, and as such needed warm, generous human sympathy), must be a treasure and a heritage highly prized by you all. Even a glance at the cold, inanimate marble or the lifeless canvas presentment of the great Massachusetts statesman raises high hopes and noble resolves in the minds of the young men of the great Republic who behold them. Though the massive brain has long ago ceased its busy work, and the fond, warm heart, that seemed to hold communion and sympathy not only with his fellowmen, but with the domestic animals on his farm, has long been stilled in death, the great thoughts to which he gave utterance will live forever, and the memory of his kind and simple nature will be transmitted down the generations, and live in tradition for ages to come, among the descendants of those who knew and loved him as many of you have. The happiness of seeing him was denied me, as my home was in the then far West, beyond the Mississippi, until after the close of Mr. Webster's life; but this did not prevent me from worshipping from afar the great New Englander, and weeping bitter tears when he died, ending my fond hope of

some day meeting him face to face. To what extent the life and teachings of Daniel Webster have animated and inspired the world to great thoughts and noble actions may never — can never — be known. It may be that the utterance of the immortal words, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!" animated the minds and nerved the hearts of those who took arms in defence of liberty, union, and the life of the nation. Who knows, save God alone, and who shall say, that this nation does not owe the preservation of the Union and its life to those sublime words? Webster, though dead, was as powerful as an army in fighting the battles of his country which he loved so well. His teachings were a living force; and, like Jove, invisible to mortals, though his presence was felt, led the loyal hosts on to battle and to victory. On this one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Daniel Webster, the nation should rise and stand uncovered in apprehension that the spirit of the great expounder of its fundamental law is again visiting its earthly abode, enforcing his life teachings among the people, to the end that their government and constitutional liberty shall be enforced — the Magna Charta for the ages to come — to all who love liberty. In conclusion, allow me to say that I am surprised at my own temerity in attempting on such an occasion as this to speak to a select Boston audience concerning a man of whose life and character they know so much, from personal contact and acquaintance, and I so little, gleaned only from the literature of the times.

HON. GEORGE LUNT.

"No one more admired and respected him whose natal day we now commemorate than Hon. George Lunt," were the

words with which the President introduced the next speaker. First paying a personal tribute to the memory of Mr. Webster, Mr. Lunt said that he was glad of the opportunity to correct recent misrepresentations of his position in anti-slavery times. He stated that he accepted the chairmanship of a special committee of the Senate, then appointed to give a hearing on the question of abolition. The other two members were unwilling to give a hearing, but the speaker was in favor of hearing all interested. It accordingly took place, but those who appeared declared themselves to be citizens of the world rather than of Massachusetts, and as such demanded a recognition of their claims. The committee did not consider themselves obliged to listen to every one on earth, and so declined to hear them. After a few days the hearing came to an end in disorder. A petition was sent to the Legislature complaining of the wrongs inflicted by the committee, but both branches, by an unusual majority, sustained the members. "But," continued the speaker, "I hold now, as I did then, that the colored man cannot be made the social equal of the white man. The negro does not deserve it, and it must not be."

HON. CHARLES LEVI WOODBURY.

Hon. Charles Levi Woodbury was introduced as a personal friend of Daniel Webster. He had, he said, received many acts of kindness from the great statesman, and he spoke of the love and affection Mr. Choate bore to Mr. Webster, as one of the rarest and most beautiful things on both sides. "My thoughts," he continued, "go back to when, in the plenitude of his reputation, his heart went fondly back to New England. It is for that that we of New Hampshire, here to-

night, honor him and cling to him, no matter what our politics may be. He gave both his sons to the cause of the country he loved so well; and what Spartan or Roman could have done more? His memory will live so long as the love of liberty shall live, so long as the history of our country shall live."

HON. LEVERETT SALTONSTALL.

The next speaker, Hon. Leverett Saltonstall, is a member of the club; and on being introduced, desired to speak only of his personal memories of Mr. Webster. He remembered the great man first in the White murder case, when the speaker was but five years old. He remembered him in Washington and at his father's table. He was also present at Webster's great speech on the 7th of March, the ablest of his life. It was a masterpiece of oratory, and the most wonderful example of oratory in his life. "I thought then, and think now, that Mr. Webster could not have said anything different from what he said on that occasion. All who differed with him then will agree with him now. It was a speech for the Union. His greatness is before us now, as if he addressed an assembly of gods and not of men, and he the greatest among them. He was true to his country and true to himself. And as we see small spirits to-day casting aspersions upon him, the foremost in the history of the country, it reminds me of the man who, in picking out the spots on the sun, forgot the great luminary itself."

OTHER SPEAKERS.

Hon. Charles P. Thompson was called on to respond for the Essex Bar. He said the point had been arrived at when

to speak disrespectfully of Daniel Webster does no harm to his reputation, while it does immense injury to him who utters the aspersion. He offered as a sentiment: "The life of Daniel Webster, the highest encouragement to the statesman; the sternest rebuke to the politician."

Mr. John E. Russell, of the State Board of Agriculture, spoke of the love of nature held by him whom all had assembled to honor. He regarded Daniel Webster as the representative American farmer.

The President announced the receipt of letters from gentlemen unable to be present, among them being one from Hon. Alexander H. Bullock, whose sudden death all mourned; Judge Lord; Sir Edward Tilley, Minister of Finance of Canada; Hon. Alexander H. Stuart of Virginia, Secretary of the Interior when Webster was at the head of the Cabinet; Hon. John Boyd, Mayor of St. John; Hon. Francis Brinley; Hon. S. J. Tilden; E. P. Whipple, Esq.; Hon. E. R. Hoar; William H. Durnan of Hanover, N.H.; Hon. Julius Rockwell; Hon. Charles H. Thomas and Hon. E. J. Phelps. After a few words from Mr. T. C. Amory the company dispersed.

OBSERVANCE AT WASHINGTON.

The one hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Daniel Webster was celebrated by a meeting held at Willard's hall for the purpose of initiating a movement looking to the erection of a statue to that great man's memory in the district. There was a good attendance, in spite of the very disagreeable weather, of Senators, Representatives and noted public men. A large oil painting of Webster was displayed on the

stage, and a model of the proposed statue, being a *fac-simile* of the one now erected in New York city, was placed on a pedestal in the auditorium. Mr. Blaine, who was expected to preside, was not present, owing to hoarseness from a newly contracted cold, and sent his regrets. The President also sent an encouraging letter. Dr. Loring was chosen to preside, and opened the proceedings by stating the object of the meeting. He referred in glowing terms to the memory of the statesman in whose honor the meeting had been called, and expressed his confidence in the success of the proposed movement. Addresses were made by Senator Blair of New Hampshire, ex-Speaker Randall, Waldo Hutchins and other prominent gentlemen. A committee of seven was appointed by the chair to make the necessary arrangements for receiving subscriptions for the object in view, and it was announced that most of the money needed had been promised already.

President Arthur and ex-Secretary Blaine, who had been invited to attend the Webster meeting at Willard's hall, sent the following letters, which were read: —

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, January 18, 1882.

STILSON HUTCHINS, Esq.

Dear sir, — I regret that other duties prevent me from accepting your kind invitation to attend the meeting at Willard's hall to-night, to celebrate the centennial birthday of Daniel Webster and to procure a statue of him for our city; but I shall take great pleasure in otherwise promoting the purpose of your meeting. It is but tardy justice that now and here, where Webster's eternal fame was won, we should speedily erect his counterpart in enduring bronze, that those who follow us should know the man as we saw him; and it is especially appropriate that he should be thus honored in this city, beautiful beyond all others, by monuments to those

who devoted their lives to preserve "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

I remain very faithfully yours,

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Jan. 18, 1882.

STILSON HUTCHINS, Esq.

Dear sir, — Severe hoarseness incapacitates me from presiding at your meeting this evening. I sincerely regret this, for I desire to speak an earnest word in favor of commemorating the fame of Mr. Webster by a suitable monument in Washington. The national capital contains some noble memorials, reared to perpetuate the memory of military heroes, but with the exception of Mr. Lincoln's, no monument has been erected to a civilian. It is well to begin with Mr. Webster. His fame was acquired in Washington, and his reputation exceeds that of any man who has served in the American Congress. I have no doubt the response to the appeal you have made will be general and generous.

Very sincerely,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

THE DAY IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

FRANKLIN, N.H., Jan. 18, 1882. — One hundred years ago to-day, in a part of Salisbury, now a portion of Franklin, Daniel Webster was born. His parents attended the Congregational church at Salisbury, on the south road, four miles distant from his birthplace, and two miles from Franklin village. At that church this evening a meeting was held to commemorate his birth. The old church was decorated with flags and flowers, and a portrait of Mr. Webster was suspended behind the pulpit. Other pictures of the states-

UNIVERSITY
CALIFORNIA

Birthplace of Daniel Webster.

man were placed in various parts of the house. Deacon Thomas D. Little, chairman of the committee of arrangements, presided, and called to the platform several of the oldest citizens, all of them natives of Salisbury, and all previously acquainted with Mr. Webster. Mr. Little read from the church register, written in the hand of the Rev. Thomas Worcester, long time a pastor of their church. The disputed point as to Mr. Webster's church connections was settled beyond doubt by an entry under date of September 13, 1807, in which is plainly written that on that date Daniel Webster united with the Congregational Church in Salisbury, N.H. Under date of May 29, 1808, is written, "Married. Daniel Webster, Esq., to Miss Grace Fletcher of Hopkinton," the marriage occurring at the house of Judge Kelly, whose wife was the sister of Mr. Webster's bride. This house is now standing in good condition near the village church. The Rev. Mr. Barnum read several letters from Mr. Webster to friends in Salisbury; also his confession of faith written to Mr. Worcester in 1808. Interesting reminiscences of Webster were contributed by several old residents.

Concord, N.H., Jan. 18, 1882. — The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Webster was celebrated here to-day by the Webster Club. The exercises were opened in the opera house, by Edgar H. Woodman, president of the club, who after brief remarks introduced Colonel John H. George, who spoke for about an hour, his remarks being greeted with frequent applause. After music by the third regiment band, Mr. Woodman said that many letters had been received from prominent men throughout the country, and read from several of them.

At the conclusion of the exercises in the opera house, a reception was held at the rooms of the Webster Club, where many prominent citizens of the city and State, with ladies,

were present. An elegant lunch was served, followed by dancing in an adjoining hall.

Exeter, N.H., Jan. 18, 1882. — The Phillips Exeter Academy celebrated to-day the one hundredth birthday of Webster, a former alumnus. Addresses were delivered by Professor Perkins and by members of the academy. The exercises were interesting and impressive. Many things were brought out concerning his school life hitherto unknown.

Portsmouth, N.H., Jan. 18, 1882. — Special exercises commemorative of the one hundredth anniversary birthday of Daniel Webster took place to-day at the high school in the presence of goodly numbers, including Mayor Sise and other members of the city government, clergy and prominent residents. The programme embraced original historical papers relating to the distinguished jurist's settlement in Portsmouth, his residence here and incidents in his public career, interspersed with selected orations and recitations from Webster's writings. The exercises closed with addresses by Mayor Sise and others. Nearly all of the schools had memorial services.

DARTMOUTH WEBSTER CENTENNIAL DINNER IN BOSTON.

On the 25th of January, 1882, the Association of the Alumni of Dartmouth College in Boston and its vicinity held, at the Revere House, its seventeenth annual reunion and dinner, which took the form of a celebration of the centennial of the birth of Daniel Webster.

The following-named gentlemen were present: —

Charles H. Bell, Governor of New Hampshire, who presided at the tables.
Marshall P. Wilder.
Walbridge A. Field, of the Supreme Judicial Court.
Rev. S. K. Lothrop, D.D.
Stephen M. Allen.
E. S. Tobey.
Rev. William Burnet Wright.
Josiah H. Benton, Jr.
John D. Philbrick.
C. Q. Tirrell, of Natick.
George W. Morse, of Newton.
Melvin O. Adams.
E. B. Hale.
A. B. Coffin.
W. E. Jewell.
Charles F. Kittredge.
General Henry K. Oliver.
George William Estabrook.
John L. Hayes.
Nathan F. Safford.
Thomas L. Wakefield.
Prof. Ruggles.
S. H. Goodall.
Alphonso J. Robinson.
Horatio G. Parker.
Henry W. Fuller.
F. W. Lincoln.
Caleb Emery.
Rev. H. Allen Hazen.
G. B. Balch.
J. L. Hildreth.
Calvin Cutler.
Rev. E. E. Strong.
Hiram Orcutt.
Prof. C. F. Emerson.
C. E. Dearborn.
Baxter P. Smith.
G. H. Holman.
H. H. Kimball.
F. E. Oliver.
Lewis Parkhurst.
Ira Russell.
Albert Palmer.
George A. Marden.
Rev. Daniel L. Furbur.
Judge Mellen Chamberlain.
John H. George.
J. W. Rollins.
Rev. Dr. J. W. Wellman.
T. S. Dame.
John F. Colby.
L. S. Fairbanks.
N. W. Ladd.
Dr. John A. Lamson.
John H. Hardy.
Dr. John A. Follett.
James B. Richardson.
M. W. Tewksbury.
M. W. Hazen.
Rev. C. P. F. Bancroft.
Solon Bancroft.
S. N. Crosby.
Henry Wardwell.
J. H. Tyler.
D. H. Brown.
E. H. Davis.
J. W. Allard.
Judge John S. Ladd.
A. R. Brown.
F. W. Choate.
N. C. Berry.
B. Wood.
Prof. C. O. Thompson.
S. K. Hamilton.
S. L. Powers.
I. S. Morse.
E. A. Upton.
Dr. O. G. Cilley.
Dr. J. F. Jarvis.
Charles F. Kimball.
E. C. Carrigan.
J. G. Edgerly.
C. W. Thompson.
J. H. Clark.
Rev. J. B. Clark.
J. T. Gibson.
H. L. Parker.

L. E. Shepard.
W. T. Stevens.
George H. Stevens.
William H. Haile.
J. O. Norris.
H. Hume.
S. S. White.
Dr. C. P. Scales.
William B. Stevens.
D. Foster.
J. A. Staples.
C. P. Chase.
F. Chase.
L. Cutler.
J. H. Butler.

Because of the death of the late John P. Healy, who was President of the Alumni Association, Mr. George W. Morse presided at the business meeting of the Association, at which these officers were chosen : —

President.

WALBRIDGE A. FIELD.

Vice-Presidents.

Judge CALEB BLODGETT, of Boston; Rev. WILLIAM BURNET WRIGHT, of Boston; Rev. C. P. F. BANCROFT, of Andover; WILLIAM H. HAILE, of Springfield.

Executive Committee for three years.

GEORGE W. MORSE, of Newton; JOSEPH G. EDGERLY, of Fitchburg.

Secretary, ALFRED S. HALL, of Winchester.

Treasurer, C. Q. TIRRELL, of Natick.

Governor Bell, of New Hampshire, who presided, welcomed the Alumni of Dartmouth, and in fitting words paid a tribute to the memory of Hon. Harvey Jewell and Hon. J. P. Healy, former members of the Alumni, and concluded by introducing the Rev. S. K. Lothrop, D.D. Mr. Lothrop delivered an eloquent address. The Hon. Marshall P. Wilder and the Hon. E. S. Tobey next addressed the Alumni. These addresses are published in phamplet form by Little, Brown & Co., and are well worth the reading by all who revere the name of Webster. We republish here the two concluding speeches by members of the Webster Historical Society, and only regret that we are not able to publish all.

The President on introducing Mr. Allen said, —

"Gentlemen, — I have the pleasure of introducing the author of several valuable scientific works, who was an intimate and favorite friend of Mr. Webster for many years, — the Hon. Stephen M. Allen."

SPEECH OF HON. STEPHEN M. ALLEN.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:

I know not to what, or to whom, I am primarily indebted for this honor. But this I do know, that the name of Dartmouth College, as connected with that of Daniel Webster, has been vividly impressed upon my mind since childhood. In maturer life, the subject became more interesting from the fact that the present legal status of the college had been established in the year of my own birth, through the efforts of its most distinguished alumnus; and that my family relations, who had been educated there, ever considered it a triumph for education in New Hampshire, and a crowning glory to Mr. Webster. My acquaintance with the great statesman grew entirely out of family associations, and was almost wholly private and social. Both of my grandfathers — Japhet Allen and Jeremiah Gilman — were with Ebenezer Webster in the Revolution; and Colonel David Gilman, my grandfather's brother, was with him in the old French wars, under Washington and Amherst. Tradition says that Rev. Samuel Hidden, of Yarmouth, N.H., aided young Webster in the study of his classics, when the latter was preceptor of the Academy at Fryeburg. Daniel Webster and my father were born in the same year, took lessons from the same tutor; and while Mr. Webster was at Fryeburg Academy, Mr. Allen taught a district school near by, and was a companion of Webster on many a fishing and rambling excursion around Mt. Chocorua and the tributaries of the Saco.

My first sight of the great statesman was in a country village in New Hampshire, when I was about ten years of age; but when at seventeen I came to Boston and was first casually introduced, he was at the zenith of his glory. I had been taught that he was not only one of the greatest, but one of the best, men the country had ever known; and when subsequently I made myself known to him as the son of an old friend, the great heart of the statesman warmed at once to me through the memories of the grandfather and father; and the intimacy lasted till Mr. Webster's death. For some years after my first introduction, though I saw but little of him, I watched his course with a critic's eye, and became convinced, on afterwards knowing him better personally, that all and more that had been early taught me in his favor was true. He again introduced his son Fletcher to me, whose intimate acquaintance, with that of his family, I ever after valued and have kept up with affectionate remembrance.

It was my privilege also to have heard golden words eulogistic of Mr. Webster from many of his contemporaries. Some of these were older, and life-long friends. Some were associated with him long years at the Bar, while others were merchants and mechanics. Among these were Clay, Cass, Benton, Calhoun, Talmadge, Corwin, Conrad, Crittenden and Marshall; also Jonathan Mason, Judge Story, Simon Greenleaf, Rufus Choate, the elder Bowditch, Thomas H. Perkins, the elder Winthrop, his old schoolmaster Tappan, and some of the influential old mechanics of Boston, who possessed his confidence and esteem. They all held him in the highest veneration, and awarded him all the honors we accord him to-day. During the last few years previous to his death, he was in the habit of writing letters to his life-long friend, Hon. Franklin Haven, who was at liberty to show them to other friends; and my heart has been many

times thrilled with the perusal of such letters through the courtesy of Mr. Haven.

On my own part, I found Mr. Webster a most affectionate and loving friend, and ever willing to instruct and advise the lowliest citizen on any subject brought to his notice. I believed him to be the most exemplary statesman the country had ever known, and a consistent Christian; and such has been the testimony of all who knew him personally and well. The two daguerrotype pictures before you were the last ever taken of Webster, and were produced at Franklin, N.H., about three months before his death, and a few days before he left that town for the last time. He sent them to me as a present, with some other tokens of remembrance. He had contemplated giving a dinner there to twenty-five young men whom he authorized Hon. Peter Butler and myself to invite; but two days before the same was to come off, he was called back to Washington as he said, for a day, — after which he went to Marshfield but to die. He sent for me to meet him at the Revere House on his arrival in the city, and recommended the party of young friends to go up and have their dinner, the fish for which he said were already caught; but we felt no heart to do so, and declined. He was at this time quite feeble from an old complaint, and the solemnity of his manner seemed to me prophetic of the coming calamity. I well remember his last words, and the impress they then made upon my heart. He said, "I am going to Washington for a day, and then I shall return here and go to Marshfield; and then — and then — and then — Mr. Allen, I don't know what!"

Mr. Webster, when in Boston, often visited my office near State street, and would talk with the familiarity of a father. I knew and often saw many of his old friends in the West, to whom he ever wished to be kindly remembered; and once he gave me some five hundred of his speeches for the young

men of Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana. At Washington he was ever accessible to those that called; and whether as Senator of Massachusetts, Cabinet officer, or private friend, he was the same profound but genial entertainer. I once dined at the house of one of our distinguished representatives in Congress who disliked Mr. Webster with the bitterness of his whole impetuous nature, and also supped with Mr. Webster the same evening. The representative, after dinner, began a tirade against Mr. Webster and some of the other prominent statesmen while we walked the piazza, and became so offensive that I told him I was going to Mr. Webster's house to tea, and begged him to stop. He at once did so, and apologized. How different the evening from the afternoon! How different the men! I have never since passed up the State House steps between those two men standing in bronze before its portals, but I call to mind the afternoon and evening I spent with them, respectively, in Washington, — the one, a gall of bitterness to his enemies; the other, a Colossus of forbearance and Christian charity Mr. Webster was well aware of this bitterness, and of my acquaintance with its source; yet the whole evening passed, during which there was only one caller, and not a word of unkindness was spoken. The conversation that evening was mostly of the industries of the civilized world, labor and capital, and their influence upon the young men of the country, and the vast resources at hand for their future field of labor and support. He contrasted our own with that of other nations, freely speaking of England and France. He touched upon the character of the Pilgrims, — the Lollards of England as he termed them, — and of the religious fanaticism which had cost so many lives in olden time, and of the difference in the spirit divine which shone forth at Calvary, in contrast with that of the massacre of St. Bartholomew and that of the Waldenses. Mr. Webster's knowledge of Scripture was

perfect, and his quotations were always elevating. How often in hearing him have I thought of the inspired utterance of the blind backwoods preacher, so beautifully expressed in the common school-books of the day, where majestically, with an elevated voice, he exclaimed: "Socrates died like a man, but Jesus Christ like a God!" I never knew of Mr. Webster's uttering an irreverent word, and in but one note from him did I ever detect any bitterness towards those who had so wrongly maligned him. He was at last pained at the coolness of some of his friends that he had nourished and sustained through life, and who had grown rich and honored through his means, but who, though well knowing his conscientious views of carrying out the Constitution, were willing to join in the cry against him when he fulfilled his last duty in trying to preserve the Union through perfectly constitutional means. He felt that the abolitionists of Massachusetts had greatly wronged their State and him by turning a popular tide of abuse against him for simply upholding the Constitution as a duty in its darkest day. He did feel that his State had lowered itself, but would do him justice in time; and in a note to me in 1851, he said, "It would rejoice me more than almost anything else to see Massachusetts restored to her true character and position."

It has been said by some of Mr. Webster's enemies that he bore hard, in a pecuniary way, upon his friends. This, in my own behalf, and in behalf of one of his most intimate but wealthy friends, I can positively contradict. Mr. Webster well knew, from the year 1849 to the day of his death, that he could have borrowed from me at any time a few thousand dollars, payable at his convenience. He never asked for, nor in any manner, direct or indirect, did he receive through or from me, a dollar in his life that I remember. I take pleasure also in saying the same of his son Fletcher, whom, from his father's second introduction to me in 1850, I knew

intimately until his death. A continued acquaintance with his family since, including the three children who have died, enables me to say the same of them.

Another word may not be improper in regard to their convivial habits, for which they have also been maligned. For the last ten years I have been much at the Webster mansion as the guest of the family; have often stopped two or three days at a time; have frequently dined and supped there when I did not remain over night; and during all these years I never saw, or saw used, a drop of ardent spirits or wine of any kind about the house or upon the place. I take pleasure in saying this, in justice to the bereaved and widowed mother of a large family, now all dead, — who was of an illustrious family herself, and whose heart has ever opened to every good word and work illustrated by the life of the husband and father to whom the country has owed and does still owe so much.

The last words of Daniel Webster to me, after kindly asking about the health of my family, were, "God bless you and them!" and I treasure these words as a blessing from the great, the good, the just man. In comparison with other characters in greatness and goodness, I find no parallel as statesman, scholar, citizen or friend. In my judgment, he combined the wisdom, and especially the fidelity, of Lycurgus, the pre-eminent political genius of Solon, the oratorical powers of both Demosthenes and Cicero, with the dignity and patriotism of Washington.

I now call upon a member of the class of 1858, an orator who has recently served with acceptance in the Senate of Massachusetts, — the Hon. Albert Palmer.

SPEECH OF HON. ALBERT PALMER.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:

As a son of New Hampshire and of Dartmouth, I am proud to be here to join with you this evening in honoring the majestic memory of New Hampshire's and Dartmouth's most illustrious son. It is a no less graceful than grateful custom, — one which is always honored by every observance, and one which should never be neglected, — that finds an illustration in this gathering. We cannot too devoutly or too constantly revere the memories of those illustrious patriots and statesmen whose names and fames form the richest heritage of the Republic, and of whom we may indeed say, that, though dead, "their spirits rule us from their urns."

There is an element in the wealth of nations which Adam Smith wrote not of, and of which the frigid and prosaic science of political economy takes no account. The wealth of nations, gentlemen, is largely made up of monumental manhoods, like that to which we pay homage this night. In mediæval days, it was the custom, as one brave knight after another passed away, to hang his banner and his shield above his tomb; and whenever his descendants were summoned to arms, they prepared themselves for the field by visiting these proud memorials of their valiant sires. Thus did the chivalry of those rude times draw inspiration from the fathers. The example of feudalism may be improved upon by free peoples. This Republic has in truth a glorious knighthood, whose banners and shields, resting above their ashes, are emblems of inspiration for evermore, to be gazed upon with reverent eyes and appealed to with grateful hearts whenever in the long hereafter supreme emergencies shall summon their posterity to supreme efforts. Whenever and wherever we raise a statue or build a shrine to one of the long line of American worthies, — an Adams, a Franklin, a Jefferson, a

Jackson, a Lincoln or a Garfield, — we build better than perhaps we know. Such memories are the hostages which the great Past gives to the greater Future. And every marble column that we raise to give them perpetual remembrance is a silent sentinel posted on the ramparts of republican government, which shall challenge our children and our children's children to remember the countersign of freedom. It is not for the dead only, or chiefly, that we erect these monuments, but for ourselves and those who shall come after us; that these effigies in stone and bronze may, looking down upon us in the calm serenity of their mute grandeur, pledge to us the fulfilment of the poet's prophecy, —

> "And often from that other world on this
> Some gleams from great souls gone before may shine.
> To shed on struggling hearts a clearer bliss.
> And clothe the right with lustre more divine."

Among those "great souls gone before," that of Daniel Webster is most assuredly one of the greatest. Nor can it be at this late date at all doubtful what manner of message his immortal voice will carry down to the coming generations. The fierce passions of the conflict on whose threshold his Titanic form looms up, overshadowing all the lesser actors in the prologue to the drama of Secession, have at length happily passed away. The murky atmosphere of partisan fury and malice which enveloped the figures of the contestants in that long and bitter war of ideas which preceded the war of swords, no longer obscures them from our view. Now that we have reached the time when we can survey the field of carnage itself with calmness and candor, we may certainly examine the field of controversy which antedated it, with dispassionate eyes; and on that memorable field of controversy I take it that no man at these tables doubts what place and what part belong to Daniel Webster.

It was a field in which giants strove with giants, and the stake was proportionably heavy. In those eventful years during which Webster represented Massachusetts in the Senate, the pleadings were being made up upon which final issue was to be taken ten years after he had "joined the great majority." I think — I know I am sustained by history in saying that this was the master-mind that shaped the case, not for the North, not for the South, but for the Constitution and the Union; and shaped it so clearly, so conclusively, that, from the moment when he sat down after his historic reply to Hayne, to the moment when arms took the place of arguments, no material word was added thereto. The argument was all in then, and the case was as ready then for the jury as it was in 1861. There is not a single line of defence for the right of secession which is not broken by that speech; nor is there a single line of defence for the indestructibility of the Union which is not advanced and maintained within its comprehensive limits. It was the prophetic anticipation, by a span of full thirty years, of every constitutional contention that was submitted to a bloody settlement three decades after its delivery. The whole range of parliamentary records may be searched in vain for a parallel exhibition of prescient statesmanship.

I believe, gentlemen, that the time is ripe for a new reading and a truer interpretation of this great man. He has been, if not misunderstood, very imperfectly understood. So long as the war and the issues growing out of the war occupied the national mind, the popular judgment was in no condition to consider with patience or assign with accuracy the place of Daniel Webster in our history. We have all felt that it must be a great place, but how great we have, I believe, yet to realize. It has been well remarked by Mr. Whipple, that the names of Edmund Burke and Daniel Webster hold equal and lonely rank among the parliamentary

orators of their respective countries. Their distinction is that their utterances have survived the occasions of their delivery, and are incorporated into the enduring body of our standard literature. The reason of this is not obscure. Other party leaders spoke for their party and for the passing party exigency, and for them only. Burke spoke to all England, and Webster to all America, for all time to come. No party can claim them as exclusively its own: their genius was essentially national in its grasp and devotion. We may as well attempt to distort the patriotic teachings of Washington's farewell address into the dogmas of a party, as to construct the narrow platform of a faction with the broad timbers of Webster's superb deliverances. No reflecting man can peruse his voluminous utterances on the public themes of his time, beginning with his argument in behalf of his beloved Alma Mater before the Supreme Cour of the United States in 1818, and ending with his address on the laying of the corner-stone of the addition to the nation's capitol in 1851, without being impressed, above all other impressions, with the breadth, the comprehensiveness, the universality, and the untainted and unfaltering patriotism of Webster's mind. An intelligent perusal of these masterpieces of oratory is of itself a complete education in all the essential branches of political science. As time goes on we cannot doubt that they will become more and more prized as a grand portion of the inspired scriptures of American statesmanship. If the political economist of this or some future day shall seek for a clear and convincing exposition of the philosophy of protection and free trade, he will find it here; if he shall seek to know and understand the exact relations of the States to the nation, the precise nature of the sovereignty of the former and of the supremacy of the latter, he will find it here; if he shall seek to know, as many of us are seeking to know at this time, the true relations of the Execu-

tive to public patronage, and the proper limitations to the exercise of the appointing and removing power, then he will find all that here too. But above all, sir, he will find in Webster's public addresses that masterly elucidation of the fundamental principles on which this government rests, and on which alone it can be perpetuated, which have given to their illustrious author his right to that grand title, "The Expounder and Defender of the Constitution."

I do not for one moment exempt from this sincere judgment and this inadequate praise that memorable speech of the 7th of March, 1850, to which, many years after its delivery, the term "infamous" was freely applied. I believe I am not lacking in admiration for that Spartan band of political pioneers who, at the time that famous speech was delivered, were the extreme vanguard of the noble army of martyrs who eleven years later were to make the soil of the Republic free from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Maine to the Gulf; but, sir, I cannot conscientiously subscribe — and never did — to the characterization of that 7th of March speech as infamous. It was not the speech of an Abolitionist or a Free Soiler; it was not a radical speech as the term "radical" is commonly used: it was a speech that breathed the spirit of compromise and conciliation. It was denounced then and for many years afterwards as "a surrender to the slave power." I doubt if that description of it will find anything like unanimous assent to-day; and ere another decade has passed, I believe it will be rejected as a wholly unjust estimate of its real character. In the final judgment of history, I am confident, it will be regarded as the honest appeal of a great mind, patriotically zealous for the preservation of the Union above all things, and for the sacred observance of the Constitution, which he regarded as the Ark of the Covenant to that conservative body of opinion, which, as he then sincerely believed, must rescue

them from the extremists of both sections, if they were to be rescued at all. It was not given to him to see that there was an irrepressible conflict that could not be compromised. He shrank from any such conclusion. "I hear," said he, in that too little appreciated speech, — "I hear with distress and anguish the word secession! secession! peaceable secession! Sir, your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle." And then followed that splendid figure, borrowed from the imagery of the universe: "He who sees these States now revolving in harmony around a common centre, and expects to see them quit their places and fly off without convulsion, may look the next hour to see the heavenly bodies rush from their spheres and jostle against each other in the realms of space without causing the wreck of the universe. There can be no such thing as peaceable secession. Peaceable secession is an utter impossibility." I cannot think of that speech in which these solemn and prophetic words occur, and many more of like import and power, and write it down as infamous, or as a surrender to the slave power. Whenever that accusation is made, I call to mind a passage in that speech which nobly resents and repels a Southern Senator's conceited criticisms and arraignment of Northern labor and the Northern laborer, in comparison with the slave and the slave labor of the South. What particle of subserviency can be detected in these Websterian words? "Why, who are the laboring people of the North? They are the whole North. They are the people who till their own farms with their own hands, — freeholders, educated men, independent men. Let me say, sir, that five sixths of the whole property of the North is in the hands of the laborers of the North; they cultivate their farms, they educate their children, they provide the means of independence. If they are not freeholders, they earn wages; these wages accumulate, are turned into capital, into new freeholds, and small capitalists are created.

Such is the case and such the course of things among the industrious and frugal. And what can these people think, when so respectable and worthy a gentleman as the member from Louisiana undertakes to prove that the absolute ignorance and the abject slavery of the South are more in conformity with the high purposes and destiny of immortal rational human beings than the educated, the independent, free labor of the North?" When that accusation is made, I recall again those warning words to Southern gentlemen who were preparing to hold a convention in Nashville. This is the message which the 7th of March speech delivered to them: "If they meet for any purpose hostile to the Union, they have been singularly inappropriate in their selection of a place. I remember, sir, when the treaty of Amiens was concluded between France and England, a sturdy Englishman and a distinguished orator, who regarded the conditions of the peace as ignominious to England, said in the House of Commons, that if King William could know the terms of that treaty he would turn in his coffin! Let me commend this saying of Mr. Windham in all its force to any persons who shall meet at Nashville for the purpose of concerting measures for the overthrow of this Union over the bones of Andrew Jackson." How much does Webster stoop or bend in that passage! Or will his opponents charge that it is a fragment of the "first brief," about which they pretend to know so much?

To all the reckless and ignorant defamation of that speech, I present the lofty patriotism which inspires it through and through. Its closing sentences rise to the full height of that earlier eloquence of 1830, and link themselves with it in fit and immortal companionship. Who can forget the picture of the Republic which Webster paints in the three sentences with which he ends the famous speech? "This Republic now extends with a vast breadth across the whole continent.

The two great seas of the world wash the one and the other shore. We realize on a mighty scale the beautiful description of the ornamental border of the buckler of Achilles:

> 'Now, the broad shield complete the artist crowned
> With his last hand, and poured the ocean round;
> In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
> And beat the buckler's verge and bound the whole.'"

Webster lifted the Republic to the gaze of his countrymen as if full sure that no other argument or exhortation could be needed to inspire all hearts for its defence, and wither any hand raised to divide and destroy it. Bacon appealed from the passions and prejudices of his time, and bequeathed his name and memory "to men's charitable speeches and to foreign nations and the next ages." Our own idolized war governor, great and brave as Sam Adams, keenly felt that he had confronted and offended public sentiment, and dedicated the greatest speech of his life to the future of Massachusetts. Webster met the 7th of March, 1850, and neither supplicated the present nor implored the future. He was serenely satisfied and proud to speak, "not as a Massachusetts man, nor as a Northern man, but as an American, and a member of the Senate of the United States." With unabated and undisturbed self-respect he wrote upon the title-page of his speech, "With the highest respect and the deepest sense of obligation, I dedicate this speech to the people of Massachusetts." And then he added the great words of the great Roman statesman:

"I know there are other things more agreeable to be spoken than these things; but necessity compels me to speak true things instead of pleasing things, although my inclination might not prompt it. I could wish, indeed, to please you; but I much prefer that you should be saved, however you may be disposed in mind towards me."

It is idle, as we all agree, to speculate on what might have been.

"Not Heaven itself upon the Past hath power."

And yet there is a temptation that rises unbidden, and urges the imagination to picture what might have been the course of history if to the voice of Webster pleading for a pacific adjustment there had been added other voices, from North and South alike, until the chorus of the peacemakers had drowned the clamors of the extremists of both sections! Webster, at least, saw the end from the beginning. He had discerned the precipice of civil war in 1830, as clearly appears in his reply to Hayne; and in 1850 he saw its yawning mouth still nearer. The height and depth of his offending was this, — that he could not bring himself to do aught but struggle against the inevitable. To me, at least, and I doubt not to many others, the attitude of this majestic man, this monarch among men, in view of the storm whose first mighty mutterings greeted his dying ears, is full of pathetic grandeur. He saw only the gulf towards which his fellow-countrymen were rushing; he beheld in advance the deluge of blood and tears which was to follow, — and in an agony of spirit he pleaded that the bitter cup might pass from the lips of the people he had loved and served so well. Well, sir, that cup was destined to be drained to its last bitter dregs; and it is our good fortune to live to see what Webster despaired of, — the Constitution and the Union surviving the shock of civil war, with a new guarantee of perpetuity, because no slave treads the soil or breathes the air of the Republic.

And Webster still lives, and will live in all the future of these United States. His far-seeing statesmanship and all-embracing patriotism is the lesson and the wisdom for this day and hour, as it was for his own day and hour. Only his devoted loyalty to the Constitution and the Union, become once more and for evermore the common creed of all our people, North, South, East and West, can bind and keep us one, and make it impossible for this "government of the

people to perish from the earth." The danger which threatened the Union in his day is not now, nor is it ever again likely to become formidable. "Nullification" and "secession" are obsolete words, having only an historical interest. That centrifugal madness is spent; that dance of death has stopped, and the lights are out. But it is fatal to rush headlong into the central sun as well as from it into outer darkness. In this Republic, so long as it shall endure, and if it endures, it will be the task and test of statesmanship to keep these revolving States in the middle course around their central government. "*Medio tutissimus ibis*," are the warning words of an ancient poet: they must be the divine commandment of American statesmanship. This middle way, and this alone, leads up to perfect safety, the best liberty, and ever-increasing renown. On this radiant pathway of the Constitution and the Union the towering form of Webster will never fade from the vision of America.

Gentlemen, — the memory of Webster: it will live forever in the glory of his country and in the reverence of mankind. The statesmanship of Webster: it can never lose its power, for only in its spirit can the Republic have hope of immortal life.

ADDRESS OF REV. HENRY N. HUDSON, LL.D.

The following extracts from the address of the Rev. Henry N. Hudson, LL.D., an honorary member of the Webster Historical Society, delivered January 18, 1882, have been selected by permission of the author: —

Ladies and Gentlemen, — One hundred years ago to-day, a very quiet but vastly fruitful event took place up in New Hampshire: it was the birth of Daniel Webster. The city

of Boston and the State of Massachusetts had this great man in the counsels of the nation nearly twenty-eight years; and I think I may safely say that, from his presence and services there, they have reaped more of honor and of solid benefit than from all the other men they have had in that place during the last two generations put together. Such being the case, I had hoped that Boston would remember her illustrious citizen, her peerless statesman, and make some fitting commemoration of the day. She has not seen fit to do so; and this is one reason why I have undertaken to do what I can, to manifest a becoming respect for the hundredth anniversary of Daniel Webster's birth. I fear, indeed, that Boston has not yet fully recovered from that old disease under which she turned away from her greatest and loveliest man, this too in his gray-haired age, and even "struck him with her tongue, most serpent-like, upon the very heart." In earlier days, she seems indeed to have understood and appreciated Webster pretty well; yet I was much taken, some years ago, with a remark made to me by the late Judge Redfield, that "Boston never could get water enough together to float him."

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Webster was not only a great lawyer, a great orator, a great statesman, a great author, a mighty discourser: he was emphatically a great man, — great in intellect, great in eloquence, great in soul, great in character, and in all the proper correspondences of greatness. Mr. Whipple, in the admirable essay prefixed to his selection of Webster's speeches, aptly and felicitously applies to him the phrase, "colossal manhood." I really do not know of any other single phrase that fits the subject so well. Those who often heard Webster in familiar conversation, if any such survive, will probably tell us they never heard any one else who approached him in that respect. On such occasions he

not seldom had the Bible for his theme; and those who listened to his talk thereon could hardly choose but believe that either the Bible was inspired or else the speaker was. But, in "the talk that man holds with week-day man," his greatness was so tempered with sweetness and amiability, and with the finer and softer graces of eloquence, that one naturally lost the sense of it. For he had no airs of superiority; would chat with the humblest as with a brother or a friend. And I have it from those who knew him long and well, that intimacy never wore off the impression of his greatness; on the contrary, none could get so near him, or stay near him so long, but that he still kept growing upon them. A test that few men indeed can stand! But he had something better than all this: he was as lovely in disposition as he was great in mind. A larger, warmer, manlier heart, a heart more alive with tenderness and all the gentle affections, was never lodged in a human breast. Of this I could give many telling and touching proofs from his private history, if time would permit. It has been worthily noted how a little child, on entering a room where Webster was seated, and looking up into his great eyes, as these grew soft and mellow and sweet at the vision, would run instinctively into his arms and nestle in his bosom, as if yearning to get as near as possible to that great tender heart. So that I make no scruple of regarding Daniel Webster as the crowning illustration of our American manhood.

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As it is now nearly thirty years since Webster died, I may safely presume that many of you, perhaps most of you, never heard or saw him. I will therefore endeavor to give some personal description of the man. I saw him a great many times, and heard him repeatedly; and you may be sure my eyes and ears were seldom idle or wandering when they had him in view. He was indeed incomparably the

finest-looking — rather say the grandest-looking — man I ever set eyes on. I doubt whether, in personal appearance, his peer was to be found anywhere on the planet during his time; and I can well accept as authentic the remark said to have been made by some one, that Daniel Webster must be a humbug, for no man could possibly be so great as he looked to be. In stature he was of medium height, about five feet and ten or eleven inches, I should say; his form well-proportioned, robust and vigorous; his frame close-knit and firm-set; his step resolute and fearless; his carriage erect and manly; his presence dignified and impressive in the highest degree. His complexion was dark, insomuch that he is said in his early years to have been familiarly called "black Dan;" his hair a pure raven black, till time sprinkled it with snows. I am little booked in physiology, but I should say his temperament was bilious sanguineous, as Burke's appears to have been nervous sanguineous. His features were large and strong, but finely chiselled; his neck thick and sinewy, — a fitting support for the magnificent dome poised upon it; his chin prominent just to the point where firmness stops short of obstinacy; his mouth calm and muscular; his eyes big, dark and blazing, — in his excited moments they literally seemed two globes of fire; his forehead high, broad, projecting and massive, — a very cathedral indeed of thought; and the whole suffused and harmonized with an air of majestic grace.

So that the predominant expression of his face and head was that of immense power, but of power held perfectly in hand, and therefore sure to know its time. Hawthorne, in his "Marble Faun," has an expression so fine in itself and so apposite to Webster, that ever since my first reading of the book, it has stuck to my memory in connection with him. Speaking of the celebrated bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius the Emperor, he says, "Its very look is at once a command

and a benediction." In his later years Webster was often spoken of as "the godlike Daniel;" and, sure enough, the heads that I have seen of old god Jupiter do not show an ampler dome or a more commanding outlook of intellectual majesty. Doubtless it was greatly owing to this expression of innate power which radiated from him, that even in his old age, when many minds were full of devouring thoughts about him, wherever he was present in person he was like Daniel in the lions' den: the lions might indeed growl behind their teeth, but they swallowed their rage, and dared not open their mouths to bite him. Webster was a modest man; everything about him was unaffected, genuine; no assumption, no arrogance, no conceit; his dignity of manner, his greatness of look, were native to him; and the impression his speaking always made upon me was such that I cannot better describe it than as follows: —

> With grave
> Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
> A pillar of State; deep on his front engraven
> Deliberation sat, and public care;
> And princely counsel in his face did shine
> Majestic: . . . . . sage he stood,
> With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
> The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
> Drew audience and attention still as night,
> Or Summer's noontide air.

Webster's vast power of intellect is admitted by all; but it is not so generally known that he was as sweet as he was powerful, and nowhere more powerful than in his sweetness. When thoroughly aroused in public speech, there was indeed something terrible about him; his huge burning eye seemed to bore a man through and through: but in his social hours, when his massive brow and features were lighted up with a characteristic smile, it was like a gleam of Paradise; no person who once saw that full-souled smile of his could ever

forget it. His goodly person, his gracious bearing, and his benignant courtesy made him the delight of every circle he entered. In the presence of ladies, especially, his great powers seemed to robe themselves spontaneously in beauty; and his attentions were so delicate and so respectful that they could not but be charmed.

In the summer of 1839, Webster, with several members of his family, made a private visit to England; and it is both pleasant and edifying to learn how he impressed the people there. Hallam, we are told, was "extremely struck by his appearance, deportment and conversation." Carlyle pronounced him "a magnificent specimen;" adding, withal, that, "as a parliamentary Hercules, one would incline to back him at first sight against all the extant world." Mr. John Kenyon travelled with him four days. Writing, in 1853, to Mr. George Ticknor, of Boston, he says that the acquaintance thus formed "enabled me to know and to love not only the great-brained, but large-hearted, genial man; and this love I have held for him ever since, through good report and evil report; and I shall retain this love for him to the day of my own departure." Again, referring to some of Webster's playful sallies: "Fancy how delightful and how attaching I found all this genial bearing from so famous a man; so affectionate, so little of a humbug. His greatness sat so easy and calm upon him; he never had occasion to whip himself into a froth."

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Webster's service to the country was fully commensurate with his greatness as a man. It may well be questioned, indeed, whether even Washington himself did the nation greater service than he; for without our American Union the achievement of our American independence could hardly have proved a blessing. And so I think the history shows us that, during the interval from the Revolution to the Con-

stitution, the States were not nearly so well off as they had been under the British rule. That rule was of course imperial; and such, in substance and effect, is the rule of our national government now. And, surely, some such paramount and inclusive authority was and ever must be needful in order to keep peace between the States; otherwise it were hardly possible to prevent a chronic antagonism and bloody quarrels from springing up amongst them. There seems to be, indeed, for the American people, no middle or tenable ground between the government of our present national Union and that state of things, at once horrible and contemptible, which we call *Mexicanism;* and, rather than the nation should become Mexicanized, it were far better that the whole land, with all the people on it, should be sunk in the depths of the Atlantic Ocean.

Be this as it may with Webster, love of that Union ingenerate in his nature, and cherished by his education, had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. He was elected to the national Senate in 1827. Early in his senatorial career he saw that certain causes or forces were working deeply and silently, and therefore the more dangerously, to bring about a rupture of that Union. He also saw that, if the structure of our national State were once demolished, it could never be rebuilt. He also saw that, for preventing this, two things were needful: first, that the people needed to have their minds rightly and thoroughly informed in the nature and principles of our Constitution; second, that they needed to have their hearts inspired with a deep, earnest, heroic passion of nationality, with an ardent, self-sacrificing devotion to the Union as it was.

Thus his eye took in the whole situation, his mighty grasp of thought surrounded the entire question. He therefore set himself, with all his powers of mind and body, to the work, and never ceased till the work was done. For more than

twenty years, it was the main burden of all his thought and all his discourse. He was a great lawyer, and knew the law; he was a great orator, and could speak what he knew; he was a great statesman, with his mind thoroughly at home in the creative and controlling forces of social, civil and political well-being: therewithal he had that indispensable element of all high statesmanship, a large, warm, tender heart; and in the strength of this combination he saw and felt that the preservation of our national Union was the one thing needful above all others to the welfare of the American people. So, in due time, he just educated and kindled the people up to his own height, filling their minds with his thoughts, their hearts with his fervor, their mouths with his words. In doing this, he won the title of the great Expounder and the great Defender of the American Constitution, and surely no title was ever better deserved. I think I may safely affirm that this reply to Hayne produced a greater effect than any other speech ever delivered in the world; excepting, of course, those recorded in the Bible. Speeches greater in themselves have indeed been made: Webster himself has several that are greater; and some of Burke's, I suspect, are greater than any of his; but no one of Burke's, nor any other of Webster's, came up to that in effectiveness. This was greatly owing to the peculiar circumstances of the time, and the state of the public mind. The tide of disunion sentiment was then setting in fast and strong; men's minds were becoming deeply excited and agitated with doubts and misgivings; on all hands, the worth and stability of the Union were drawn in question; Webster turned that tide completely, and it has gone on ebbing ever since. In short, that speech made, and marks, the beginning of a new era in our national life; from that time forward, other thoughts and other feelings took fast roothold in the minds and hearts of the people.

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Webster hated slavery; his whole life proves it; but he loved the Union more, yes, a good deal more, than he hated slavery. He believed slavery to be bad; he believed the Union to be good. That love was, indeed, all through his public life, a passion with him; nay, more, it was *the* master-passion of his soul: it had penetrated every fibre of his being. To his eye, "Earth had not any thing to show more fair" than the august and beautiful fabric of our national State. That this mighty structure, this masterpiece of political architecture, should be laid in the dust, was too much for him: the very thought of it literally wrung his heart with anguish. His supreme desire was to have the Union so strengthened, so established in the minds and hearts of the people, so bound up, so interwoven with their dearest household ties and affections, that neither slavery nor any other power should be able to prevail against it.

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As for the speech of the 7th of March, for which Webster was so bitterly, so atrociously maligned, I have read that speech a great many times, and I do not know of a single word in it that I would have otherwise than as it is. I think it every way just such a speech as should have been made at that time by a great man who had a great Union to save and a great civil war to avert. Nor could Webster have consistently taken any other course; he would have belied his whole record, he would have been recreant to the sovereign aim of his life, if, in that great national crisis, he had not thrown all other regards to the winds, and made the Union his paramount, nay, his exclusive concern. So, there again, though, to be sure, with his great heart quivering and bleeding at the defection of friends, and the cruel, cruel aspersions of those whom he had loved so deeply and served so devotedly, he stood firm as a rock against the surging and

dashing waves of unpopularity in his own cherished home. Seeing the peril as he saw it, he must needs have braved popular clamor as he braved it, else he would have ceased to be Daniel Webster. So that Massachusetts went back on him, or froze off from him, just at the very time when he was worthiest of her love and honor. But then we all ought to know that, in such cases, the blind or the blear-eyed many are pretty sure to denounce and defame the one who sees. When, in 1830 and 1833, Webster encountered Nullification in debate, and strangled it in the crushing anaconda folds of his logic and eloquence, he appeared great indeed, and was great; though he then had all New England and most of the entire North backing him up and cheering him on. But a great man never appears so great as when he stands true to himself and his cause, with all the world against him. And so, to my thinking, at no other time of his life did Webster's stubborn greatness of soul, his "colossal manhood," tower up in such monumental grandeur as when, in 1850, he stood true to himself, "unshaken, unseduced, unterrified," with all New England and most of the entire North banded together to pelt him off and hiss him down.

> The fineness of such metal is not found
> In Fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
> The hard and soft, seem all affined and kin;
> But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
> Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
> Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
> And what hath mass and matter, by itself
> Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

VII.

COMMEMORATIVE EXERCISES AT FRANKLIN, N.H.*

FRANKLIN, N.H., Oct. 24, 1882.

THE one hundredth anniversary of Daniel Webster's birth has recently been celebrated at Marshfield, where he died. And now the thirtieth anniversary of his death is commemorated here, where he was born. The exercises of to-day were as touching as they were simple. Mr. Allen, of the Webster Historical Society, Secretary Cummings, Treasurer Boutwell, and other officers and members of the Society, came up from Boston on the morning train, and were handsomely entertained by Hon. George W. Nesmith, who is an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Webster, having made his acquaintance in 1825. It has been a beautiful autumn day in Franklin, or Salisbury, as it was in Mr. Webster's birth time, and a goodly company gathered at the spot where the great statesman was born one hundred years ago. It has not been a celebration in any sense; it has been a commemoration, and the services were beautiful. The party proceeded in carriages nearly four miles from the Franklin station, through strikingly beautiful scenery, to the birthplace. It is genuine New Hampshire scenery, where every environment ministers to strength of character. The vistas are alluring, and every prospect pleases. One half of the house in which Mr. Webster was born is still standing, fortunately that half, the parlor, in which he actually saw the light for the first time, and where the good dame midwife

*Special despatch to the Boston Herald by Mr. Frank H. Buffum.

— the doctor was five miles away — declared that the lusty twelve-pound boy, with his great head and wonderful cavernous eyes, was a remarkable child and would certainly be a great man. The famous well, the old elm, still vigorous, and all the points of interest, were fully examined. Then, with uncovered heads, the party entered the house, and the scene and the exercises were most impressive.

Hon. Stephen M. Allen, the Corresponding Secretary of the Society, made an address in which he said, —

As the birthplace of the immortal Webster, the hallowed associations of this spot hang in deep folds about us to-day, and for the moment almost exclude the sublimely beautiful but saddening ones at his tomb at Marshfield a few days since. We are reminded, from blending the two occasions with their respective teachings, that "it is but a step from the cradle to the grave," and that "the lives of great men prove that to learn how to live is but to know how to die." Webster learned these lessons well, only failing in not living more for himself and less for others. From birth to death his life was a preparation for a higher sphere, and as son, brother or friend, parent or husband, Christian statesman, lawyer or citizen, his life was a reverent and chaste one, vindicating his claim to a blest immortality beyond the grave, when he exchanged the life given here for the higher one taken on at his last mortal resting-place. The sublimity attending the last moments of Mr. Webster was beyond description. Neither the artist nor historian has yet shown it. From the first moment of his supposed change he was resigned and happy, making his will, preparing his epitaph or declaration of faith, then bidding each member of his family adieu, from the lowest to the highest, and passing to the last evening, when his example was worthy of the highest Christian heart. He motioned to his son Fletcher, and

asked him to read, calling for Gray's "Elegy," which was read to him. He listened with great attention and seeming satisfaction. Raising his eyes upward in perfect peace, and then around upon those at his bedside, speaking his last words in an interrogative voice — "I still live!" — then sank into the quiet repose of death, — could there be a more sublime picture of a death-scene than this?

We can hardly realize that we now stand in the room where he was born, any more than we could feel the other day, while at his tomb at Marshfield, that the enclosure before us held all that was mortal of the great statesman we loved so much. It seemed then that the whole country was his resting-place, and that the people still held him in their broad national embrace, and that each hamlet and fireside had an electric chain of patriotism running from him to their own special hearthstone. There is a fitting contrast between the two spots of his birth and death. Here rugged Nature unsoftened, though heavily chastened by the storms of time, still stands out her natural self, and is epitomized in the mountain before us as rough and sturdy as when the first Webster built his log hut on this spot, then the most northerly of the colony. At Marshfield there is another primitive monument still the same, though around all has been changed: the forests have become plains, the hills have been carpeted with green. Old Ocean, however, is there still, gathering waves from the Atlantic coast, and rolling them up upon the sandy beach just the same as when they bore the "Mayflower" so fortunately to Plymouth Bay. It was a noble spirit which found birth here in this rugged mountain glen, where every lesson must have been a fruitful one, and a higher still, after the struggles of a fitful life that took its flight at last on the shore of the sea. There is a calm sublimity here which must have had a sublimating effect on the child born here, universally reputed so good, so kind, so

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The Ride to Boscawen.

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loving, so gentle, and yet with a mind so strong and comprehensive as to attract even then marked attention. The peculiarities of that boyhood have come down to us to respect and venerate, as well as the powers of the maturer life, and we find in them the seeds of the man fully ripened. With a brain and mental capacity almost too strong for his physical constitution, we see him inspired with a thirst for knowledge beyond his years. When in that ride with his father to Boscawen, where upon the snowy highway his father first told him of his intention to send him to college, the news was too much for him, and, laying his head upon his father's shoulder, he wept like a child. His affection almost amounted to adoration, and this trait lasted through life. He was a loving, obedient child, and a most true and devoted friend. The religious training and naturally devout character as a young man seemed never forgotten in after years, and through all the vicissitudes which followed his marked career he never for a moment forgot his duty to man or to his God, and lived and died a consistant Christian. Through his whole career he was never, so far as I could ever learn, heard to utter an irreverent word.

In the early evening a short time since I again visited his tomb. The little church to be dedicated to-day, lately built by Mrs. Fletcher Webster with the assistance of a few friends, rose upon the distant shore, where the waves from the Irish coast were surging, singing a sad requiem upon the sandy beach. The farm hands were just returning from the field and the cattle were coming from the pasture. The lines from Gray's "Elegy" which Mr. Webster desired read to him in his last hours, came quickly to mind. There was no curfew from the distant church tower, or the simile would have been complete. Old Atlantic supplied its place, and paraphrased its own name as a substitute in my mind:

"The Ocean tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

The impress was so deep and saddening upon my mind, that I turned away towards the mansion where the widowed wife and childless mother awaited my return. She had, one by one, followed all her family to the tomb, and now with Christian resignation in all her bereavement, with a cheerful spirit awaited her own last summons. As I approached the glass-panelled door from the veranda, I saw her sitting within, by an open wood fire, in her loneliness, perhaps thinking of the loved ones which she had laid away; and again a verse of the "Elegy" came up:

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share."

The scene was too much for my feelings for the moment, and I turned back through that long shaded avenue of trees planted by Webster's own hand, not ashamed to drop unbidden tears in the moonlit pathway that she could not see within by the hearthside. The reveries of the next few moments brought up the lines of the yearning soul:

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires."

A half-hour later, while sitting by the fireside and listening to the many unpublished anecdotes of Mr. Webster, comparative cheerfulness took possession of the little family circle, and a pleasant evening was enjoyed, though the memories of the past were too vividly pressing to stay the flood of coming thought.

"Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?"

Reminiscences of the distinguished dead are always profitable, and the parallels of thought and action in others are valuable to society and the world. It is in this sense that the Webster Historical Society takes life, and hopes to thrive in the future from its teachings to the young. We believe that the example of Webster's life may have a good and lasting effect upon future generations, and therefore unlike the poet, who says:

"No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God."

We shall study his life, repeat his fame, and keep alive the memory of his great deeds and principles.

The following are the remarks of Secretary T. H. Cummings: —

It was of Daniel Webster, I think, they said that, barring nullification and slavery, there was nothing he disliked more than an apology instead of a speech. Accordingly, lest there may be found among you some Daniel Websters — in this particular — I will not begin by treating you to an apology; and yet I cannot but feel how ill it becomes me to stand up here in the presence of our honorable President and these other distinguished persons, to speak as a member of the Webster Historical Society. Both he and they were contemporaries of Webster — they walked and

talked with the great statesman in every-day life, while I belong, in the order of time, to the generation which has succeeded him. Between his day and mine there is indeed a wide gulf, an almost impassable chasm. And yet, beyond that gulf, says Mr. Curtis, the majestic figure of Webster stands out to view as the most important statesman in an age fruitful in great men. He belongs, therefore, and is embalmed in the history of this country. There is no particular age or generation of Americans who can claim him as their own exclusive property and right. The memory of Webster must be equally shared with the past, present and future of this great American nation. Standing, therefore, as I do, among the younger element of this Society, with my birthright in one hand and my rights of American citizenship in the other, it is not without reason that I am here today. I am come to venerate in a grateful spirit the birthplace of him the fruits of whose genius and the benefits of whose great achievement is my good fortune now to enjoy. Furthermore, this, sir, is to my mind the full significance of this occasion — this is the purpose of this day's pilgrimage — and this, sir, is the thought that flitted through my mind when I first caught sight this morning of the granite hills of New Hampshire. We had come from Massachusetts, the land of Webster's adoption, not out of an idle curiosity, but in a spirit of grateful reverence, to visit the spot that saw the birth of Webster to whom we owe so much; to tread the ground whereon he trod and grew; to climb the hills he loved to climb; and to catch, perchance, some of the inspiration and courage he caught from his native air for serving the cause of truth and justice so loyally and so well.

But while I dwell upon the tender recollections suggested by this spot, I am not unmindful of the lessons to be learned from the great life begun here in so much simplicity, and finished in the halls of State with so much dignity and

grandeur. Webster loved this spot as he did his own life, and he brought his children here annually, that they too might learn to love and cherish it. In 1840, he said at Saratoga, in reply to an imputation cast upon General Harrison, that he was born in a log cabin, "Gentlemen, it did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were born there and raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements of Canada. Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if I ever fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of a seven years' Revolution shrank from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice to serve his country and raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and my posterity be blotted from the memory of mankind." Noble sentiment of a still more noble man! From this eloquent burst of feeling, let the young men of to-day learn a respect for the past, for their ancestors, and for their teachings. There is a tendency among us, alas, too pronounced, perhaps, to neglect the past, and to prefer novelties to the teachings of those who have gone before. It is aptly expressed in the homely proverb which says, "The son thinks his father a fool, but the father knows his son to be one." But this, sir, is unnatural; it is not in the eternal

fitness of things wherein justice abides; and, therefore, I say, from Webster's living example, let us learn to have a regard for the sound sense of the past and a love for the solid wisdom of experience. Like him, let us, learn our great responsibility, not to the mere opinions, hollow cant or prevailing sentiment of the times, but to our God and to our country. And let those who are in high places help the young men of to-day to know this great man better. Let them help us to imbibe his fondness for truth and the principles of justice and patriotism eternal and immutable to the end, that, like Webster, we may learn to serve the country, and the whole country, and to hold the heritage of Liberty and Union we have from him dearer than life itself.

Judge Nesmith was the next speaker, and he gave many interesting reminiscences of Mr. Webster. His acquaintance with him, he said, extended over a period of nearly twenty-five years, and was of an intimate character. He refuted many of the calumnies so industriously circulated by Webster's enemies. "And as for his debts," continued the speaker, "he paid up all his New Hampshire indebtedness, and the property he left behind him was more than sufficient to cancel his debts elsewhere." The speaker also gave incidents connected with the nominating convention of 1852 at Baltimore, where he cast fifty consecutive ballots for Daniel Webster, the candidate of his choice. Speaking of the dangers that attended the Union in 1850, he declared that Mr. Webster's prescience was most remarkable. Mr. Webster said then that the North did not at all understand the secret but determined preparations of the South for the coming event. He continued, "I shall not live to see the attempt to break up the Union, but you may." And the event justified his predictions only too well.

Treasurer Boutwell gave an interesting anecdote of Mr. Webster, and Rev. M. T. Runnells, the historian of Sanbornton, speaking of his attendance at Mr. Webster's funeral, referred to the sunlight suddenly appearing as his remains lay in state upon the lawn at Marshfield. "This," continued the reverend speaker, "reminds me of a similar coincidence which occurred when Webster was making his famous reply to Hayne, and just as he uttered that famous sentence, 'When mine eyes shall be turned for the last time to behold the sun in heaven,' &c., the sun burst forth in all its radiant glory, filling the Senate chamber and bathing the form of the great statesman with its golden effulgence."

At the conclusion of these services, the carriages were re-entered, and the tour was made to Elms Farm, where Webster lived so long, and where, until 1847, he intended to be buried. In the neat and attractive family cemetery his father and mother lie buried, the former dying in 1806, aged 67, the latter in 1816, aged 76. This is one of the loveliest rural spots in New Hampshire, and is now owned by the New Hampshire Orphans' Home. The birthplace of Mr. Webster, with two hundred acres of the ancestral property, is now owned by Judge Nesmith; and the Webster Historical Society, it is to be hoped, will soon take steps to sustain this estate.

VIII.

BY-LAWS AND ROLL OF MEMBERSHIP OF THE WEBSTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

BY-LAWS.

OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

THE objects of the Webster Historical Society shall be to collect and publish from time to time, so far as practicable, such original and other interesting matter as can be conveniently obtained, illustrating the high character and statesmanship of Daniel Webster, and other distinguished statesmen.

To keep before the public by publications, meetings or otherwise, such matter as may serve as proper texts for political reform or improvement, or to impress or educate young men in the importance of a patriotic service of the true interests of their common country, under constitutional aims and principles.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

The Officers of the Society shall be a President, five Vice-Presidents, a Recording and Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of five, together with such other Committees as the Board may designate, to be chosen annually by the members, unless vacancies occur during the year, in which case they may be filled by the Executive Committee, who shall with the Officers constitute a Board for doing business.

MEMBERS.

There shall be resident members and honorary members, the latter to be exempt from admission fee or assessment. Resident members shall pay an admission fee of three dollars, and an annual fee thereafter of one dollar.

Admission fee may be remitted for cause.

MEETINGS.

Annual and other meetings of the Society may be called by the President after proper notice, or by two of the Vice-Presidents in the absence of the President. Until a regular meeting of the Society is called, the Executive Committee may hold elections for officers to serve until such full meeting is held.

FELLOWSHIP.

Honorary members who have contributed one hundred dollars to the permanent fund of the Society, may be made Fellows by a vote of the Executive Committee.

COMMITTEE OF FINANCE.

There shall be a Committee of five on Finance, whose duty it shall be to confer with and advise the Treasurer as to financial matters, and who shall take charge of all permanent funds of the Society, to be invested safely by them as soon as practicable after being paid over to them by the Treasurer.

HISTORIOGRAPHERS.

There shall be three Historiographers chosen annually, whose duty it shall be to keep the necrology of members, and report to the Society.

MEMBERS OF THE WEBSTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Allen, Stephen M.
Allen, William.
Alden, Ebenezer.
Anthony, Henry B.
Allen, Stillman B.
Aspinwall, William.
Arthur, Chester A.
Andrews, Charles H.
Abbott, Josiah G.
Allen, Frank A.
Ames, P. Adams.
Atkinson, Hervey.
Allen, William.
Ames, Oliver.
Appleton, Samuel.
Armistead, W. Keith.
Ames, Fisher.
Alexander, James.
Amory, Thomas C.
Albee, Sumner.
Alden, Amherst A.
Apollonio, Nicholas A.
Allen, Edward E.
Aspinwall, Thomas.
Aspinwall, William H.
Allen, Willis B.
Ames, Azel, Jr.
Appleton, William S.
Abbott, George H.
Adams, Joseph H.
Allen, Frank D.
Abbott, Edward T.
Ames, Frank M.
Adams, Melvin O.
Andrews, Augustus.
Aldrich, Samuel N.
Andrews, Morton D.
Allen, Horace G.

Banks, Nathaniel P.
Baker, William H.
Boutwell, Francis M.
Bartlett, Samuel C.
Bell, Charles H.
Boutwell, George S.
Bartlett, Sidney.
Bell, Theodore H.
Bonaparte, Jerome N.
Burnham, Gordon W.
Butler, Peter.
Bowman, Selwyn Z.
Bremer, John L.
Bennett, Edmund H.
Bassett, William G.
Brooks, George M.
Butler, Benjamin F.
Blaine, James G.
Burbank, Robert I.
Bates, William C.
Browne, Causten.
Bayard, Thomas F.
Barnard, Daniel.
Balch, Joseph W.
Barrett, James.
Boynton, Eleazer.
Billings, Frederick.
Barrows, George B.
Bliss, Cornelius N.
Butler, John H.
Brewster, Augustus O.
Beal, Leander.
Barnard, Henry.
Beal, Joseph S.
Bailey, Andrew J.
Blunt, William E.
Brayton, John S.
Batchelder, John M.
Bennett, Joseph.
Baker, Joseph K.
Beals, Henry M.
Babson, Thomas M.
Boynton, E. Moody.
Breck, Charles H. B.

Belden, Charles D.
Butler, Horace B.
Barstow, John L.
Brown, Alpheus R.
Bradlee, Nathaniel J.
Burnham, Gershom T.
Brainard, Amos H.
Brackett, Jeffrey R.
Brown, Seth E.
Bancroft, William A.
Brooks, Charles J
Boardman, Waldo E.

Chamberlain, Mellen.
Chamberlain, Joshua C.
Clarke, Dorus.
Clement, Edward H.
Clapp, William W.
Capen, Nahum.
Candler, John W.
Collins, Patrick A.
Choate, Charles F.
Crapo, William W.
Conant, Chester C.
Coffin, Abraham B.
Colburn, Waldo.
Clarke, John J.
Chadbourne, Paul A.
Choate, George F.
Crane, Samuel D.
Crosby, Nathan.
Clark, Augustus N.
Cushing, Matthew H.
Chase, Hezekiah S.
Churchill, Joseph M.
Campbell, James H.
Cooper, W. N.
Chandler, William E.
Claflin, William.
Converse, Elisha S.
Cummings, Thomas H.
Carter, C. Willard.
Cilley, Orran G.
Cushing, Benjamin.
Coe, Henry F.
Clark, John M.

Cogswell, William.
Cook, Benjamin F.
Clarke, Julius L.
Canterbury, Nathan D.
Conness, John.
Chapin, Nahum.
Cowles, Edward.
Cate, George W.
Colby, John F.
Coit, Henry A.
Connolly, William T.
Cummings, John A.
Crosby, Stephen M.
Candage, Rufus G. F.
Cross, William W.
Conant, Luther.
Cullen, James B.
Crane, Edward.
Cundy, William H.
Cutter, Benjamin F.
Chamberlain, Henry P.
Codman, Robert.
Crane, Horatio N.
Coffin, Charles C.

Deane, Charles.
Dwight, Thomas.
Dawes, Henry L.
Devens, Charles.
Dana, Thomas.
Dewey, Francis H.
Davis, J. G.
Devereux, Francis B.
Dearborn, Charles E.
Doane, Thomas.
Deblois, Stephen G.
Dewson, Francis A.
Drake, Lincoln S.
Drinkwater, A. C.
Dacey, Timothy J.
Davis, George L.
Denny, James H.
Dwyer, Wm. Whitton.
Dana, James.
Dunham, Charles W.
Dodge, John W.

Davis, Joseph.
Dickinson, John W.
Dean, Benjamin.
Dennis, Henry.
Davis, S. M.
Drury, Roger.

Evarts, William M.
Emery, George F.
Edwards, John H.
Emerson, Horatio B.
Eastman, Edmund T.
Edgerly, Martin V. B.
Endicott, Charles.
Ernst, George A. O.
Edmunds, George F.

Fuller, Henry Weld.
Fuller, Henry W.
Farnsworth, Ezra.
Fox, James A.
Fitch, Robert G.
Flatley, P. J.
Farnham, Roswell.
French, Jonas H.
Fay, Joseph S.
Fisher, Horace N.
Freeman, James G.
Forristall, George W.
Follett, John A.
Field, Walbridge A.
Farquhar, David W.
Fuller, Benjamin A. G.
Frink, Alden.
Flagg, John G., Jr.
Fitz, Eustace C.
Felt, J. Augustus.
French, Asa.
Fallon, Joseph D.
Fowler, George R.
Fiske, William O.
Foster, William L.
Fisher, H. G. B.

Green, Samuel A.
Grant, Ulysses S.
Greene, Charles G.
Getchell, Addison C.
Gridley, G. Fred.
Getchell, Jeremiah.
Gerry, Charles F.
George, John H.
Grinnell, Charles A.
Gallagher, Charles T.
Gunn, Levi J.
Gleason, Daniel A.
Gordon, William, Jr.
Gage, Isaac K.

Harris, Charles.
Hall, Andrew J.
Haven, Franklin, Jr.
Haile, William H.
Hill, Henry B.
Haddock, Charles.
Herrick, William A.
Haldeman, Cyrus S.
Hyde, George B.
Hoadley, John C.
Ham, Joseph.
Higginson, Louis.
Hobart, Francis A.
Hyde, Henry D.
Hewins, Edmund H.
Houghton, H. O.
Hall, Daniel.
Hitchcock, Hiram.
Hutchins, Stilson.
Hatton, Frank.
Hazen, Henry A.
Holmes, Frank H.
Hardy, William A.
Hall, Harmon.
Hathaway, John G.
Heywood, George.
Hall, Elisha W.
Harrison, Samuel J.
Hitchcock, Loranus E.
Hosmer, Alfred.
Hoar, J. Emery.

Holman, George H.
Harmon, Nathan W
Hicks, Samuel D.
Hubbard, Charles T.
Holmes, Frank M.
Hildreth, John L.
Hill, Jotham F.
Henry, John J.
Haskins, David G., Jr
Hoxie, Eduard W.
Hapgood, Lyman S.
Hesseltine, Francis S.
Harwood, Herbert J.
Haven, Franklin.
Holmes, Lucius.
Harwood, Joseph A
Hale, Edward E.
Haskell, Edwin B.
Hayes, Francis B.
Hague, William.

Ingalls, E. Herbert.

Jewell, Marshall.
Jordan, William H. S.
Joslin, James T.
Jenks, Thomas L.
Joy, Charles H.
Jarvis, John F.
Johnson, Samuel.
Johnson, George W.

King, George A.
King, William S.
Kidder, Henry P.
Kennard, Martin P.
Keith, James M.
Kittredge, Francis W.
Kimball, Richard B.
Kittredge, Charles F.
Kelley, Webster.
Keith, Ziber C.
Kinsley, Edward W.
Kingman, Bradford.
Kneil, Thomas.

Loring, George B.
Lincoln, Frederick W
Lewis, Alonzo F.
Long, John D.
Lunt, George.
Lord, Otis P.
Lodge, Henry C.
Lambert, Thomas R.
Lincoln, Robert T.
Ladd, Nathaniel W.
Little, Samuel.
Ladd, John S.
Locke, Warren E.
Longley, Henry W.
Lester, John E.
Ladd, Charles R.
Lockwood, Thomas S.
Lewis, Calvin W.
Loring, Edward P.
Lambert, Thomas E.
Ladd, William S.

Miner, Alonzo A.
Marston, George.
Morse, Leopold.
Motley, Thomas.
McKim, John W.
Morton, Marcus.
Monroe, George H.
Morgan, Edwin D.
McNeill, George E.
Miller, C. E.
Morse, Nathan.
McCollom, John H.
Morse, Godfrey.
Moore, Ira L.
McFarlin, Peleg.
Morse, George W.
Mason, Samuel W.
May, John J.
Merritt, Nehemiah T.
Morse, Asa P.
Morse, William.

Martin, Augustus P.
Montague, Samuel L.
Maynard, Elisha B.
Morris, Robert.
Martin, J. L.

Nelson, Henry W.
Noyes, Francis V
Norcross, Amasa.
Nesmith, George W.
Noyes, Horace.
Norwood, Francis.
Noble, Reuben.
Nichols, George H.
Nourse, Henry S.

Oliver, Henry K.
O'Riordon, Patrick.
Olmstead, John W.
Otis, Albert B.

Palmer, Albert,
Pillsbury, A. E.
Porter, Noah.
Pulsifer, R. M.
Palmer, Benjamin P.
Poore, Ben. Perley.
Pierce, Henry L.
Parmenter, William E.
Patterson, J. W.
Pingree, Samuel E.
Perry, Arthur L.
Phillips, Fred J.
Pettee, Benjamin.
Parker, Horatio G.
Phillipps, Alfred.
Perkins, Frank H.
Peabody, Dean.
Parker, Henry L.
Pettengill, John W.
Pratt, Charles E.
Pope. Charles.
Preston, James W.
Prince, C. Albert.

Pitman, Benjamin.
Proctor, Thomas E.
Powers, Charles E.
Parsons. Thomas.
Perry. Francis A.
Parker, Charles W.
Plympton, N. A.
Perkins, David.
Prang, Louis.
Pearson, George W.
Pike, John N.
Plunkett, William C.
Paine, Robert Treat, Jr.
Pearson, Thomas.
Pope, Charles G.
Paige, John C.
Pratt, Edward E.
Puffer, Loring W.
Peabody, Francis, Jr.
Powers, Charles.
Paul, Joseph F.
Pollard, M. S. P.
Potter, Burton W.
Pierce, Samuel B.
Parks, Clarence A.

Quincy, Josiah.

Richardson, George C.
Russell, Chas. Theodore.
Russell, Thomas.
Rice, Alexander H.
Russell, William A.
Robinson, George D.
Rice, William W.
Rolfe, Henry P.
Rollins, E. A.
Rollins, Daniel G.
Rodocanachi, John M.
Ranney, Ambrose A.
Russell, Alfred.
Rowe, George H. M.
Russell, John E.
Russell, Samuel H.
Reynolds, Rice M.

Riley, Thomas.
Russell, Daniel Webster.
Russell, Daniel.
Rollins, Charles.
Rollins, James W.
Ritchie, Edward S.
Robinson, Henry W.
Roberts, James A.
Richardson, William A.
Runnels, Moses T.

Seelye, Julius H.
Sargent, Horace B.
Stockbridge, Levi.
Stearns, William B.
Slafter, Edmund F.
Stickney, J. Henry.
Shurtleff, William S.
Safford, Nathaniel F.
Swift, John L.
Standish, Miles.
Smalley, Bradley B.
Smith, George O.
Simmons, George A.
Spalding, Edward.
Smith, John Edwin.
Sargent, J. E.
Slafter, Carlos.
Sanborn, Edwin D.
Stevens, Edward G.
Sawyer, Joseph.
Swan, William E. C.
Sawyer, Edward.
Sturgis, John H.
Salisbury, Daniel W.
Smith, Baxter P.
Smyth, Frederick.
Smith, Wellington.
Stockwell, James W.
Sullivan, John C.
Skillings, David N., Jr
Swallow, Calvin.
Stanley, Clinton W.
Swift, Lindsay.
Slade, Lucius.
Sumner, Charles W.
Story, Isaac.
Standish, L. Miles.
Sanger, Chester F.
Savage, Thomas.
Story, Augustus.
Shepard, Luther E.
Saltonstall, Leverett.
Smith, James.
Stevens, Charles W.
Stevens, George.
Sears, Philip H.
Sawyer, Timothy T.
Smith, Elizur.
Saville, Leonard A.
Smith, Charles.
Smith, George E.
Sanford, Baalis.

Tobey, Edward S.
Talbot, Thomas.
Taylor, Charles H.
Thompson, Francis.
Thompson, Ai B.
Temple, Thomas F.
Thornton, Charles C. G.
Thayer, Edward F.
Townsend, Luther T.
Tobey, James W.
Tompkins, Dexter A.
Tobey, Edward S., Jr.
Tarbox, John K.
Towle, Henry C.
Taylor, Simeon P.
Thompson, Abijah.
Trask, William Blake.
Tyler, Henry M.
Tarbox, Increase N.
Tuttle, Julius H.

Upham, J. Baxter.

Viaux, Frederick H.
Veazy, Wheelock S.

Winsor, Justin.
White, Charles Austin.
White, Charles A.
Worthington, Roland.
Walker, Francis A.
Wilder, Marshall P.
Webster, Ashburton.
Webster, Caroline S.
Warren, G. Washington.
Wood, William B.
Wood, William H.
Wheelock, Peter S.
Walker, Joseph B.
Warren, Lucius H.
Woods, Henry F.
Webster, Nathaniel S.
Welling, James C.
Wyman, Edward.
Wilkinson, Wm. C.
Winkley, Daniel.
Wood, Horatio.
Webster, Charles W.
Webber, Charles F.
Williams, G. Fred.
Warren, George W.
Winslow, William C.
Webber, Cushing.
Wright, William Burnett.
Wellman, J. W.
Wightman, Joseph M.
Wright, Isaac H.
Waldo, C. Sidney.
Warren, Samuel D.

Whitney, Henry M.
Warren, Joseph H.
Warren, Cyrus M.
Wright, Carroll D.
Wood, Rufus D.
Wallace, Rodney.
Whitney, Milton B.
Wyman, Morrill.
Willis, George D.
Waldo, John A.
Whipple, John Jay.
Warren, Nathan.
Woodworth, Albert C.
Weston, Byron.
White, Joseph.
Wyman, Stanley C.
Whipple, George A.
Wright, William J.
Wright, George W.
Whitcomb, B. D.
Williams, George F.
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Wilson, Charles B.
Watson, Robert S.
Whiton, David.
Wales, Nathaniel.
Warren, G. F.
Williams, John Howard.
Williams, Fred H.
Wells, William.
Warren, Moses C.

Yale, Rufus M.

Clark, Isaiah R.
Hunnewell, Francis.
Hudson, Henry N.

Parker, Harvey D.
Wakefield, Cyrus.
Willson, E. B.

LETTERS OF ACCEPTANCE.

The following letters and extracts from letters, received in response to notification of membership, are quoted to show the high esteem in which the objects of the Society are held: —

EXECUTIVE MANSION.
WASHINGTON, August 5, 1882.

My dear sir, — The President has received your letter of the 3d instant, and desires me to express his appreciation of the compliment of the proposed action of the Webster Historical Society in electing him an honorary member.

Very truly yours,
FRED. J. PHILLIPS,
Private Secretary.

STEPHEN M. ALLEN, Esq.,
President, &c.,
Boston, Mass.

[From Governor Chas. H. Bell, of New Hampshire.]

Please to make my warmest acknowledgment to the Committee for the honor they do me, and inform them that if admitted I shall esteem it a high distinction to be connected with the Society.

[From Rev. N. Porter, President of Yale College.]

I shall be happy to do anything in my power which will bring honor to the name and memory of the distinguished statesman and orator whom all Americans should be taught to venerate.

AUGUSTA, Me., Sept. 26, 1882.

Dear sir, — I beg to present my thanks for the honor conferred upon me in my election as an honorary member of the Webster Historical Society. I yield to no one in admiration of that great statesman, and in appreciation of the inestimable work he did for the union of the States.

Very respectfully,
JAMES G. BLAINE.

STEPHEN M. ALLEN, Esq.,
President, &c.

[From Chas. Austin White.]

I am honored by your announcement that I have been nominated for admission as an honorary member of the Webster Historical Society, and I desire to express the satisfaction which it will give me, as one who enjoyed a share of Mr. Webster's friendship in his lifetime, who was present in his house at Marshfield on the morning of his death, and who will continue to revere his memory while life lasts, to have this nomination confirmed. If the state of my health permits, I shall hope to be present at the coming celebration at Marshfield, to mark, however feebly, by my presence, my veneration for one whose patriotic sentiments and deeds will live forever in the annals of his country and the world.

[From Hon. Levi Stockbridge.]

I assure you that I highly appreciate the work your organization is performing, and should be pleased with the right of actual membership.

[From Hon. George W. Warren, of New York.]

I have been a Webster man since I was thirteen years old, hearing him then at Quincy Hall, my first caucus attendance. From that time I have never missed improving every possible opportunity of hearing him. I was privileged with a personal acquaintance with him, heard his 7th of March speech at Washington, 1850 — next in importance to his reply to Hayne, his most patriotic effort, if it does not even stand above that in its risking his own sacrifice. As President of the Webster Club of 1852, at the head of a committee, I had three interviews with him to obtain his consent to a call for an "Independent Convention of Webster men at Philadelphia, without distinction of party," believing, as we did early, that the "Scott delegates" would have a majority in the Whig Convention. Those interviews were interesting, and though our plans were negatived by him, we loved the man the more for the way and the why he did it. A member of the city government, I was present at his grand and solemn funeral; returning in the same carriage with Franklin Pierce, he told me that "Webster's nomination by the Whigs was the only one he had

feared. The Whig managers never realized the immense popularity of Webster with the people."

[From Gen. U. S. Grant.]

In reply I would say that it would afford me great pleasure to become a member of your Society.

[From Hon. Thomas Russell.]

I acknowledge with pleasure your favor of this date, and should be happy to accept the honor of admission to the Webster Historical Society as proposed.

[From Rev. Dr. A. A. Miner.]

I should certainly deem it a high honor to be admitted a member of your Society.

[From Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, President New England Historic, Genealogical Society.]

I shall feel honored by being made a member of the Webster Historical Society.

[From Hon. Marshall Jewell, ex-Governor of Connecticut.]

Many thanks for your polite communication of the 2d inst. I am a born Whig and Webster man, and am therefore not a little pleased at the prospect of being a member of the Webster Historical Society.

The publication of everything pertaining to Mr. Webster cannot fail to be beneficial to the present generation.

[From General Horace Binney Sargent, President Standish Monument Association.]

I accept with great pleasure the honor that your Society confers by nomination, and proposes to confirm; and I venture to express a hope that no one more reverently than myself has made a careful study of this opinion of the very great American whom your Society is instituted to honor. His works are an armory of every weapon that patriotism can use for loyalty to the Republic.

[From Ex-Gov. Alexander H. Rice.]

I have had the honor to receive your favor of the 2d inst., apprising me of the fact of my nomination by the Executive Committee as an honorary member of the Webster Historical Society; for which distinguished recognition, I return my thanks, and will accept such membership if conferred.

[From Hon. Josiah Quincy.]

I feel highly honored by my nomination as an honorary member of your Society, and if confirmed will accept with great pleasure.

[From Hon. Mellen Chamberlain.]

I find your official communication informing me that I have been nominated an honorary member of the Webster Historical Society.

For this nomination I am obliged, and if elected, I shall esteem it a great honor to be connected with a society whose objects are specially interesting to me.

[From Hon. H. B. Anthony.]

I have yours of the 2d, informing me of my nomination as an honorary member of the Webster Historical Society, an honor which gives me much gratification.

[From Hon. Nahum Capen.]

It was my great privilege to become acquainted with Mr. Webster in 1826, and my intercourse with him during the balance of his life, from that period, was most agreeable and instructive.

[From Ex-Gov. Thomas Talbot.]

Yours notifying me that I have been nominated as an honorary member of the Webster Historical Society is received. I shall feel honored by such a membership.

[From Hon. Sidney Bartlett.]

All efforts to perpetuate the fame and principles of one whom I knew so long and honored so much, have my most earnest sympathy.

[From Mr. Justice Otis P. Lord.]

It is always gratifying to me to be associated with any whose purpose is to perpetuate the memory of Daniel Webster, and to present, "for the instruction of the rising generation of young men," the principles which he advocated, and the many illustrious acts and incidents "pertaining to his life and services."

[From Thomas Motley, Esq.]

I enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Webster for many years, and considered it one of the great privileges of my life. I need hardly say that the confirmation of my membership will be a great pleasure to me.

[From Hon. G. Washington Warren.]

It will give me great pleasure to become an honorary member of the Webster Historical Society, as indicated by your letter this day received. Having had an intimate and somewhat confidential acquaintance with Mr. Webster, I will gladly do anything in my power to promote the stated objects of the Society.

[From Hon. Samuel A. Green, Mayor of Boston.]

I appreciate highly the compliment your Society has paid me in nominating me for admission as one of its honorary members. It gives me great pleasure to signify my willingness, if subsequently confirmed, to avail myself of its advantages.

[From Francis A. Walker, Esq., President Institute of Technology.]

It would afford me peculiar gratification to be elected to the membership of the Webster Historical Society, for which the Executive Committee have nominated me.

[From Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, ex-Governor of Maine.]

I may not be able to render much service, but if the Committee will take me as I am, I shall be glad to accept.

Great men are fountains and sources from which we ought always to draw inspiration and strength, and I cordially approve your movement in this matter.

[From Hon. Ben. Perley Poore.]

It was my privilege to enjoy Mr. Webster's friendship during the later years of his life, and I consider it a high honor to be associated with any organization of respectable gentlemen for honoring his memory.

[From Hon. Chester C. Conant.]

As a native of New Hampshire, as an alumnus of Dartmouth, and as a descendant of the old Puritan founder of Salem, Roger Conant, I claim a special interest in the good name and enduring fame of the "godlike Daniel."

[From Rev. S. C. Bartlett, President of Dartmouth College.]

I have received your letter announcing my nomination as an honorary member of the Webster Historical Society, with assurance of "confirmation, if agreeable to my expressed wish."

I should esteem it a privilege to become a member, and tender my thanks for the compliment.

[From Hon. F. W. Lincoln.]

Sympathizing most fully in the patriotic efforts to keep Webster's memory green, and believing that the war for the Union was fought in a great measure by the ammunition which was furnished by his great speeches.

[From Hon. Henry Weld Fuller.]

Nothing could be more agreeable to my wishes than the perpetuation of the memory and lessons of our greatest of statesmen, Daniel Webster.

His ponderous intellect and prophetic vision, his great heart and wonderful magnetism, are acknowledged by all; but they who knew him in his youth, and who had his friendship in college days, spoke of him with an admiration and affection altogether beyond our own.

I have heard my father extol him, and hold him up to us as one who never betrayed a trust or forgot a friend.

[From Ex-Gov. Geo. S. Boutwell.]

It will be a pleasure to me to be recognized as an honorary member of the Webster Historical Society, and with thanks for the consideration accorded me.

[From Rev. Ebenezer Alden.]

Please receive my acknowledgment of your personal kindness as President of the Webster Historical Society, and express to the Society my thanks for the honor conferred upon me in my election as an honorary member of that body.

[From Hon. Geo. Marston, Attorney General of Massachusetts.]

I accept the honor, with a sense of sincere trust that your Society may do much to make more clear to the American people how much they owe to the transcendent ability and patriotism of Daniel Webster.

[From Hon. Geo. B. Loring.]

I shall be most happy to be admitted as an honorary member of the Webster Historical Society, and am much obliged to you for considering my name in this connection.

[From Rev. Dorus Clarke.]

I accept with pleasure the honor which the Executive Committee propose to confer upon me, and will gladly do anything in my power to perpetuate the fame of Mr. Webster, who belongs to the brightest constellation of distinguished men who have adorned the history of our country.

[From Hon. Franklin Haven, a warm personal friend of Mr. Webster.]

The avowed objects of the Webster Historical Society are patriotic and commendable. The name by which the Society is isdtinguished is precious in the memory of Americans, and consecrated in the annals of the country.

[From Hon. Joseph M. Wightman.]

As long as he lived, Daniel Webster was the guide of my political life, and I have always revered his memory. In my heart he "still lives."

[From Prof. E. D. Sanborn.]

I shall esteem it an honor to be associated with the Webster Historical Society in the duties they have prescribed for themselves, if they should confirm my election.

[From G. Bradley Barrows, Esq.]

I accept the nomination with pleasure, as I am in hearty sympathy with the objects of your Society. I shall endeavor hereafter to add to your collection some facts relating to Mr. Webster's former residence in this town.

[From Hon. Samuel E. Pingree.]

I would say that the confirmation of the nomination by your honorable board would be very acceptable to me, as I regard the objects for which that Society is constituted something alike honorable and dutiful on our part.

[From J. W. Preston, Esq.]

I do not hesitate to say that I shall esteem it an honor and privilege to be a member of a society that has for its object the collection and publication of matter pertaining to the life and services of Daniel Webster, and other eminent men who have adorned the history of our country and illustrated its institutions. There can be no better way, it would seem, of inculcating the great principles which form the basis of our government, and inspiring the coming generations of our people with a genuine and intelligent love for them, than the method proposed by the Webster Historical Society.

[From Rev. A. L. Perry.]

As a native of New Hampshire, as having often seen and heard Mr. Webster in my boyhood at Dartmouth College and elsewhere, as being locally and historically interested in the Battle of Bennington, in which Mr. Webster's father was a captain, as a long-time student and teacher of the Constitution of the United States, of which he was a master, and as a believer in the large utility of keeping ever fresh the precepts and example of such a patriotic citizen and consummate orator as Mr. Webster was, I am thank-

ful for my election as an honorary member of the Webster Historical Society, and will do all I can to further its objects.

[From R. M. Yale, Esq.]

I am one of the old admirers of Daniel Webster — one who voted for him after he was dead, feeling that his dead body was worth more than any live one that was in the field against him.

[From Rev. Moses T. Runnels.]

I thank you for this undeserved honor, would signify my acceptance, and would be glad to co-operate with you in my feeble way for the carrying out of the design of the Webster Historical Society. Let the fame and the influence of the great statesman be perpetuated as widely as possible.

[From Hon. Peter S. Wheelock.]

I assure you that I shall feel highly honored if I am made a member of that Society. Daniel Webster was always greatly admired by me as a man, jurist and statesman. I sincerely hope my nomination will be confirmed.

[From N. S. Webster, Esq., of Boscawen, N.H.]

Many things connected with the first professional efforts of Daniel Webster in this quiet town, his intimate relations with my father's family, his elastic step, and pleasant voice, are among my earliest recollections. His friendship was firm and life-long.

[From Henry N. Hudson, Esq.]

Among all the public men of our country during my time, Daniel Webster is the supreme object of my regard and reverence; and nothing pertaining to this world lies nearer my heart than that the name and memory of him may be duly honored and cherished as our great teacher and apostle of American citizenship.

[From Gen. John L. Swift.]

It would be very gratifying to me to become a member of the Webster Historical Society, in honor of the great citizen whose fame increases as time enlarges the vision by which we view the magnitude of his ability and service to the country.

[From Henry Dennis, Esq.]

From early boyhood, or at least as soon as I was old enough to read and in some degree appreciate the published speeches of Mr. Webster, I eagerly sought them for study and information, a fountain of knowledge, from which the humble, like myself, could drink in some degree the truths sought to be inculcated by the great orator; indeed, so strong an impression was made upon my mind by his allusion to the slave trade in his Plymouth oration of 1820, that on arriving at my majority in 1848 my first vote was cast for the liberty party candidate for the Presidency. It was never my good fortune to hear Mr. Webster speak in public but once (and then only for a few moments), and this at Plymouth, at the opening of the Old Colony Railroad in 1845. The appearance of Mr. Webster at that time is still fresh in my mind, noble and godlike.

[From H. Noyes, Esq.]

I do not know the full extent to which your wishes may extend in collecting and publishing incidents, anecdotes and letters relating to Mr. Webster. I had many private letters of his, but by entreaty of friends the number has been much reduced; yet some remain which it would be no violation of friendship, now that he is gone, to publish. Living very near him at Elms Farm, and frequently attending to little matters for him, I may be able to give some incidents of his private life not heretofore published; and should confirmation follow my nomination as a member of your Society, I shall ever feel it a high privilege to be thus associated.

[From Rev. William Hague.]

I highly appreciate the aims and the spirit of the Webster Historical Society, and the honor of a recognized connection with it; believing in its great possibilities as an educational power.

[From Hon. Henry P. Rolfe.]

I believe Daniel Webster to be the most distinguished American, living or dead; but because he was a neighbor and schoolmate of my mother, and was baptized by my grandfather, Rev. Jonathan Searle, and was a member of his church, as was his father

before him, I may be the only person living whose parent attended the district school with Daniel Webster. I am in feeble health at the present time, but hope to be able to attend the Centennial Celebration at Marshfield on the 12th inst. I was present in 1852 as a representative of Concord, N.H., to attend the funeral obsequies, when Mr. Hillard delivered his eulogy in Faneuil Hall, and when Governor Boutwell in his reception speech to us from New Hampshire said, "New Hampshire has furnished no other such son, and Massachusetts no other such statesman, as Daniel Webster."

[From Prof. J. C. Welling, President of Columbia College.]

I have the honor to acknowledge the reception of your communication under date of the 25th inst., informing me that the Executive Committee of the Webster Historical Society have nominated me for admission as an honorary member of that Association.

As alike by my political training and my political convictions I belong to those who hold the name of Daniel Webster a highest honor, I beg leave to say that it will give me pleasure to accept the designation with which I have been honored, if it shall be confirmed by your board. A serious illness has prevented the earlier acknowledgment of your communication.

[From James T. Joslin, Esq.]

Please accept my thanks for this unsolicited, not to say unmerited, recognition of the estimation in which I was early taught to regard the name and character of Webster. A somewhat careful study of Webster's matchless literary works in maturer life has ripened a youthful estimate of his greatness into a profound veneration for the genius and exalted abilities of the historic statesman of America. I shall deem it an honor to be enrolled as an honorary member of the Webster Historical Society.

[From Rev. Luther Farnham.]

I have received your cordial invitation to attend the Centennial Celebration of the year of the birth of Daniel Webster at

Marshfield, on Thursday next, and it gives me much pleasure to accept of the invitation which was entirely unexpected, and which has been so politely extended. As early as last winter, I called on several distinguished friends of Mr. Webster, and suggested the special fitness of Marshfield as the place for just such a celebration, and October as the month for it, since it was the home that the great statesman most loved, and since he was buried there by the sea just a generation ago. I am very glad, therefore, as no other society was ready to enter upon the work, that the Webster Historical Society has so enthusiastically engaged in it. More than thirty years ago, just as I entered upon the work of the Christian ministry, I was for a considerable time the minister of the First Congregational Church in Marshfield, and Mr. Webster was by far my most distinguished parishioner, and in many respects the best. His sons, Col. Fletcher Webster and Major Edward Webster, were also valued members of the congregation.

[From Henry Barnard, Esq.]

It was my good fortune to have read, in the formation period of my taste and opinions, his grand discourses at Plymouth (1820), at Bunker Hill (1825) and at Faneuil Hall (1826); and to have listened to his Washington Centennial address (1833), his elaborate exposition of the Constitution (in 1833) in his own series of resolutions in the Senate of the United States in antagonism to those of John C. Calhoun, and to many utterances from that time on, from the political platform and in friendly intercourse; and I am happy and proud to owe my inspiration and standard of public duty, of appreciation of the singular greatness of George Washington, of the national character of our Constitution, to his teaching, written and oral. This teaching, in my judgment, fixed *the Union* in the hearts of the American people, and carried us triumphantly through the war of secession.

[From Justin Winsor, Esq.]

I appreciate the honor of the election, and shall be glad to be reckoned one of the circle thus associated to do honor to the fame and memory of Webster.

[From Cornelius N. Bliss, Esq.]

My early political education in old Boston was that of a Webster Whig; and it is gratifying to see that the principles instilled into our young minds years ago are to-day recognized as true and just. As Senator Dawes well said, "When right, one can afford to wait even thirty years for justification."

[From Hon. James Barrett.]

My knowledge of Mr. Webster, and my estimate of him as a man, a citizen, a jurist, a statesman, render any token of appreciation of him interesting to me — and especially such a token as is your Society.

[From A. N. Clark, Esq.]

Fully concurring in the objects of the Society, I shall regard it as a great honor to be enrolled with its distinguished members under its great historic name.

[From Rev. Julius H. Seelye.]

I do not know that, in the pressure of other duties, I shall be able to render the Society any service; but its objects meet my approval, and to have the relation to it which the Executive Committee propose, will be agreeable to me, if I do not thereby incur responsibilities beyond my power to fulfil.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON PERMANENT ORGANIZATION.

83 Equitable Building,

Boston, October 18, 1882.

To the President and Officers of the Webster Historical Society:

The committee on permanent organization, appointed by the Webster Historical Society at its meeting on the 12th inst., beg leave to suggest that the great success of the Webster Centennial celebration at Marshfield, and the union of so many of the large number of members who had not personally met before, have given rise to the universal opinion and desire that the purposes of the Society should be carried out on a much larger scale than was at first contemplated.

Many have supposed that the object was simply to perpetuate the works of Webster, as the Society took his name; but its purpose is to include the principles taught by all other distinguished statesmen who have taken part in the legislation of the Republic, without distinction of party. It is proposed to publish a volume every year for judicious distribution, which shall contain well-digested principles of government in such form as to interest statesmen of the present generation, but whose object shall be more particularly for the use of the rising generation, and especially young statesmen coming forward to carry on the government in future. It has been thought that a permanent endowment fund of at least $100,000 should be raised, the income of which should be annually expended in promoting the general work of the Society. Each volume published will, in such case, contain proper selections from the speeches really made, touching constitutional principles, by statesmen in the past, as well as the select papers read monthly by distinguished constitutionalists, who shall be chosen for the purpose. Thus a statesman's library will be formed for the use of all. The plan for raising the funds has not yet been determined upon; but as the sum cannot be raised from the annual assessment of members at one dollar each per year, it is thought

that it might be practicable to open a Founders' subscription list of 100 at $500 each $50,000 00
An Endowment Membership of 100 at $250 each . 25,000 00
And a Life Membership of 250 at $100 each . 25,000 00

Total $100,000 00

Which would make the sum required. This, with an accumulative donative library, would soon enable the Society to meet the needs and demands of the public in the proper direction.

We regard this as one of the most important subjects which can claim the attention of the American public. In the eloquent language of Gov. Long in his oration on the fourth of July last, "Who shall determine how far the maintenance of the integrity of our Union will depend on the memory of Webster?"

It is not expected nor desired that any person shall feel obliged to subscribe to this fund; for we do not desire the subscriptions of any save those who feel that it will be a pleasure and a satisfaction thus to become identified with this Society, and lend substantial aid to the work that is about to be undertaken.

N. W. Ladd.
Albert Palmer.
Stillman B. Allen.
E. S. Tobey.
Edward Wyman.
B. P. Smith.

CONCLUSION.

IT was an auspicious beginning for the Webster Historical Society to celebrate the centenary of Daniel Webster's birth as well as to take its own immediate rise on his farm, and at his old home, in the town of Marshfield. It was peculiarly fitting that the Society which was the whilom offspring of his own patriotic heart, and which was destined to gather up and perpetuate his memory and influence, should begin its work at the very threshold of Webster's tomb. Thirty years ago, all that was mortal of the great statesman was laid there beside the dust of the early Pilgrim fathers, and his friends turned away in speechless sorrow when the last sad funeral rites had been pronounced. They knew he had passed away amid great misunderstandings; that the passions of the hour had clouded the minds of his countrymen, to his great and valued services; that misapprehensions had arisen, and that prejudices had sprung up which time alone could remove. But, with an abounding faith in the future and in the abiding force of truth, they separated in silence to await that day when his justification was sure to come. That justification did come at last. It came through the fire and bloodshed of a four years' civil war. It came through a terrible martyrdom that cost the country the lives of more than a million of her best citizens. It came indeed at a fearful cost, but it came none the less surely for that. The morning of that long looked-for day has now dawned. January 18, 1882, saw its first gray light. October 12, 1882, was the noonday of its glory, and saw the sun of Webster's vindication at the zenith of its brilliancy. It was not the presence at Marshfield of so many distinguished persons from all parts

of the country that did the work, nor yet the brief though primitive religious exercises at the tomb, nor was it the genuine feeling that sought and found expression in the after-dinner speeches in the tent. What served most to resuscitate his memory, and to clear up the integrity of his fame and work, was the reading of that important state document called the Cabinet Circular, written ten years before our great civil conflict, and conceived in the same disinterested spirit that animated his famous 7th of March speech in 1850. In it Mr. Webster has fully asserted "the nullity of secession ordinances, and the right of coercion, sketching briefly but forcibly his well-known views of the true interpretation of the Constitution, and declaring the duty of the government of the United States to be prepared to resist the first overt act which should be intended to bring about the dissolution of the Union." This document is now published for the first time, and the Webster Historical Society has inaugurated its work under most favorable auspices. By giving it to the public at such a moment, and by a timely visit to Webster's grave, it has acted happily; for the act was doubly appropriate both because of the time as well as because of the occasion. At no time since his death could this have been done with so much *éclat* and honor to him without stirring up unpleasant prejudices. And it was eminently befitting that, at the portals of the tomb where his friends had bade him a last fond adieu, they should gather together again to greet each other and renew their homage to that "grand life of public service commemorated in this tardy awakening to benefits forgot."

It cannot therefore but be useful to direct attention here particularly to the publication of this document. "It stamps Webster anew," says a contemporary, "as a patriot to whom the unity of his country was the first of patriotic aims. It exhibits him in a new light as an interpreter of the Constitution and as a far-seeing statesman. The view which he took

is that now generally adopted; but it was his merit that he took it earlier than others, and that he had the courage lacking in the government of his day to announce it. Its effect will be to add still further to a reputation which is second to none other in the later period of our national life."

This publication, so remarkable in itself, and bearing so directly upon Webster's reputation as a patriot, was a worthy beginning of the special work undertaken by this Society. Every thought and expression, every opinion it contains, serves to set forth more brightly and clearly the power Webster represents to-day for the maintenance of the Union. He is now a recognized force among the higher influences that hold the Union together; and it has been very truly said that, in the growing expression of this power, does the inherent virtue of the Webster Historical Society lie. Daniel Webster is not only the defender, but he must likewise be regarded as the conservator, of the Union. In this light he must now appear, not so much on account of what this paper contains, as because of the heretofore meaning of Webster's life and thought which that document now reveals. Things that in his day were magnified into undue proportions by the passions of man, have since shrunk back into their true size, while the grandeur of his statesmanship and the patriotism of his views now loom up in all their relative greatness and importance. We know to-day that Webster truly had the courage of his opinions; and it behooves us now to build a worthy monument to the prophet whom our fathers stoned. This Society, begun in a quiet, unambitious manner four years ago, has arisen to its present grand proportions through the logic of events, and from a spontaneous and widely spread enthusiasm to Webster's memory. Truth must prevail. And with such a beginning behind it, the Webster Historical Society may well look forward to the future with an amount of confidence and trust measured only by time and the zeal and wisdom of its members.

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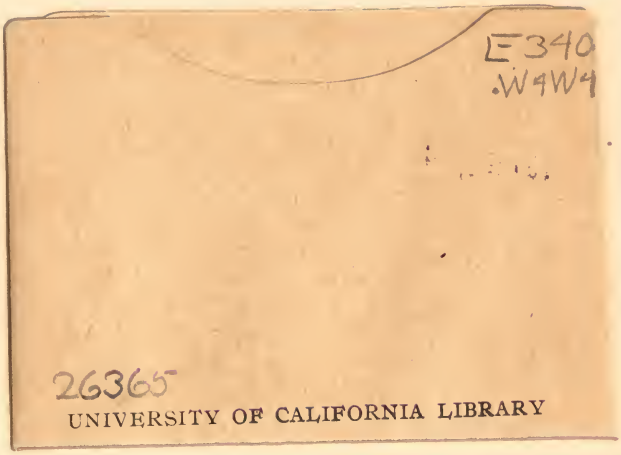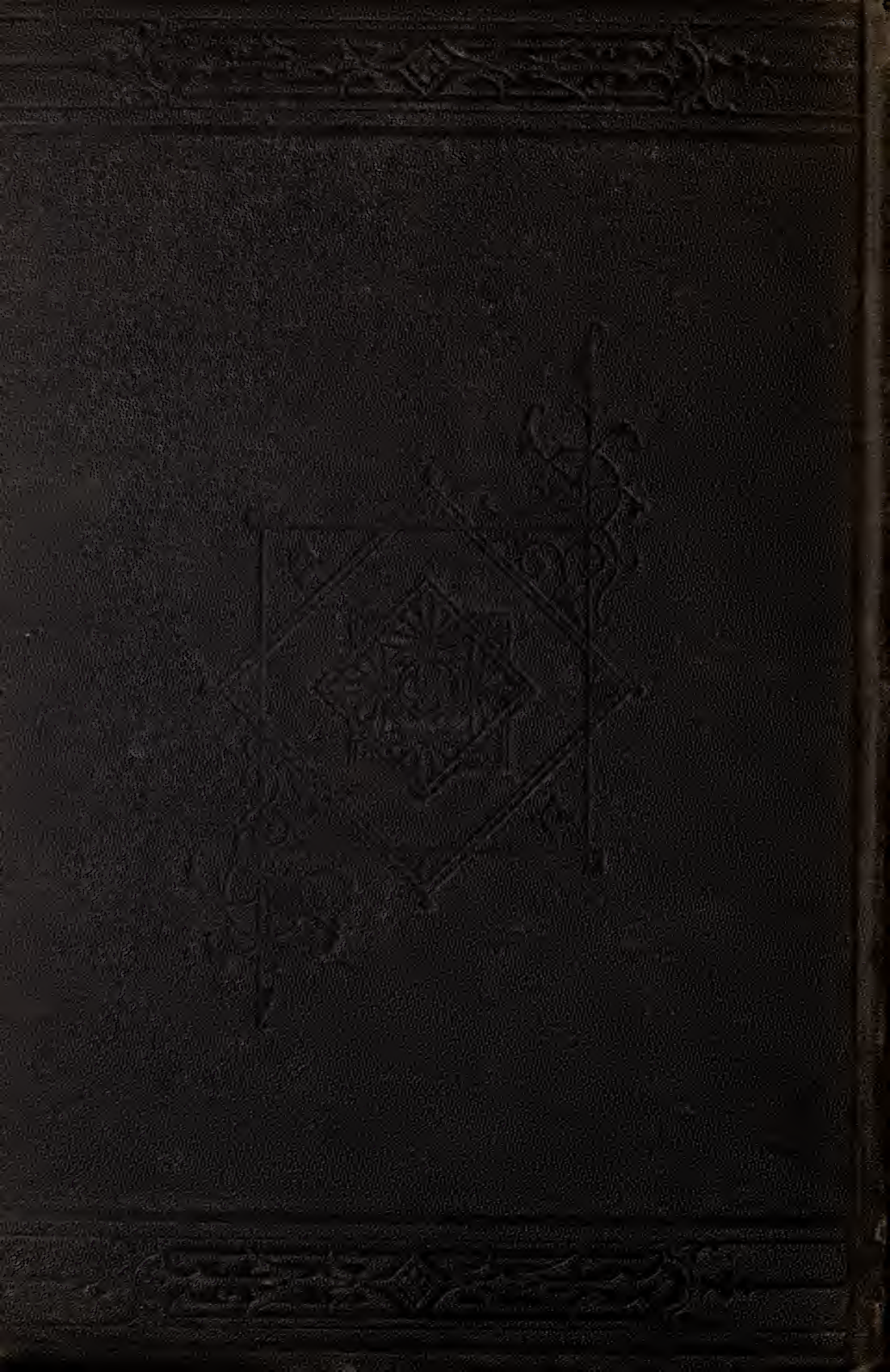
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